The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

WINNIPEG, MAN., MAY, 1920

TWO TYPES OF BEAUTY

It is Dangerous to Use Counterfeit Parts for the

BY allowing your garage man to use imitation parts in repairing your car you not only invite repeated repair bills and more serious breakdowns, but you actually endanger your own life and the lives of others. Cheap and inferior parts used in connection with the steering control are liable to cause accidents of a very serious nature.

You Risk Your Life When You Use Imitation Spindles

In a recent test the tensile strength of the genuine Ford Vanadium Steel spindle arm was found to be over 100% more than that of the counterfeit machine steel part. The arms were submitted to shock, and the counterfeit arm broke at a pulling force equivalent to 11,425 pounds applied to a cross section. The same pulling force applied to a corresponding cross section of a genuine Ford spindle arm did not even change its original size or shape. In order to separate the genuine spindle arm it was necessary to apply a pulling force of 25,000 pounds.

The spindle arm is one of the vital parts entering into the control of a car, and by using spurious parts in such places, Ford owners are risking lives and property.

Genuine Ford Springs versus Imitation Springs

Genuine Ford front and rear springs are made of Vanadium spring steel having a tensile strength of 210,000 pounds per square inch, and an elastic limit of 200,000 pounds. Every genuine Ford spring is tested in the factory. Front springs are subjected to a pressure of 1,850 pounds. In the fatigue test the average genuine spring will stand 60,000 strokes before breaking. Rear springs are subjected to a pressure of 2000 pounds and the average genuine spring will absorb 40,000 strokes before breaking.

Imitation springs are generally made of carbon steel having a tensile strength of only 130,000 pounds per square inch and an elastic limit of only 115,000 pounds. In ordinary service they soon flatten out.

You are merely protecting yourself and avoiding repeated repair bills when you demand genuine Ford parts.

Only Genuine Ford Parts Can be Used with Safety

Look for the Sign

9

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited

Ford, Ontario

BAKER'S COCOA

The Ideal Drink for the Children

PURE AND WHOLESOME

It has a delicious flavor and an attractive aroma of which no one tires, because it is the natural flavor and aroma of high-grade cocoa beans prepared by a mechanical process. No chemicals used.

Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free.

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The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XXII. | *Published Monthly By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Can.* | No. 5

The Subscription Price of The Western Home Monthly is $1.00 a year, or three years for $2.00, to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is $1.50 a year, and within the city of Winnipeg limits and in the United States $1.25 a year.

Remittances of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

Postage Stamps will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills.

Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their address changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

When You Renew be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address, and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat With Our Readers

The proud record of The Western Home Monthly since the first of January, 1920, is the addition of over 6,000 new subscribers. Surely a tribute to its merit seldom equalled by any publication. Every subscriber represents a good Western home—the very home that looms to-day as Canada's brightest hope.

Every additional name to our subscription list strengthens the bulwark of home builders, home dwellers and home lovers. If you agree with us that the home is the magnet towards which all good things should gravitate, then you are in a special sense eligible for membership in the great family that constitute our readers — and if already a subscriber we suggest that recommending the magazine to others will be accomplishing a good and helpful work. Our mail box, in a very special way, reflects the minds of our readers—and how the striving for an ideal home is the predominating thought. Not only do mothers bring their problems to The Western Home Monthly, the fathers ask many questions too; while hundreds of young folks are regular contributors. A magazine breathes through its correspondence. The more alive it is the more letters reach it. What is your home problem? If you are a woman with home interests read the Woman's Quiet Hour, Young Woman and Her Problem, Mother's Section, Kitchen Department, Home Doctor, Fashions and Patterns, etc. The young folks and even the small children in your home will find interest and profit in the special department arranged for them by Bobby Burke. The man of the house can keep abreast of current thought through the Editorial pages, many special articles, Philosopher, What the World is Saying, etc.

Don't stop at this, read what The Western Home Monthly advertisers have to tell you. Remember, many of the largest and most experienced advertisers of the day use the columns of the magazine regularly, and what they have to say is worth while.

The splendid work accomplished in the period of this year already passed we hope to continue, and with your kind co-operation we look for a much wider constituency before another year breaks in upon us.

The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg,

Gentlemen:—

Enclosed find $.....in payment for.....year's subscription.

Yours truly,

.....

.....

.....

Jaeger for Women

Includes underwear in combinations or vests and drawers, corset covers, night dresses, petticoats, bathing suits, stockings, shirt waists, pyjamas, dressing gowns, coats, golfers, sweaters, cardigans, spencers, hats, caps, shawls, gloves, slippers, etc.

A fully illustrated catalogue free on application.

For Sale at Jaeger Stores and Agencies throughout Canada.

DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woollen System CO. LIMITED
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg
British "founded 1883". 15

When they're in they're in

Eddy's "Silent Fives" strike right, and burn with a clear, bright, odorless flame.

When they're out they're out

They have been chemically treated so that when blown out they're *dead—lifeless:* No afterglow — No danger of fire.

EDDY'S Matches
"The finest matches in the world"
The E. B. Eddy Co., Limited
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Makers of everlasting wash-tubs, pails, wash-boards, etc. C36

For SORE THROAT • • • COLD IN CHEST *etc.*

Chas. F. Tilton, Fairville, N.B., writes:

". . . wish to inform you that we consider your MINARD'S LINIMENT a very superior article, and we use it as a sure relief for sore throat and chest. I would not be without it if the price was one dollar a bottle."

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Yarmouth, N.S. 3

NEW PERFECTION

Oil Cook Stoves and Ovens

Best Cooking Results

THE visible flame, the ease with which the degree of heat can be varied and the fact that the flame stays where it is set make New Perfection Oil Cook Stoves the favorites of all good cooks. Women who appreciate good cooking results, and men who all like to eat good cooking, will find complete satisfaction in New Perfection Oil Cook Stoves.

The Long Blue New Perfection Chimney turns every drop of fuel into clean, useful cooking heat. No smoke, no odors, and absolute relief from coal-hod and ash-pan drudgery are yours with the New Perfection.

New Perfection Oil Cook Stoves are ornaments in every kitchen. They are well made and well finished. For broiling, baking, ironing—for every cooking purpose—summer or winter, the New Perfection Oil Cook Stove has no equal.

The New Perfection Oven insures uniformly good results in baking or roasting. Its glass doors will not steam nor break. Baking always in sight. Uniformity of temperature is maintained throughout the entire oven. It's an inspiration to those who do household baking.

The "New Perfection" is sold in one, two, three and four burner sizes. Ask your dealer for a demonstration of the Long Blue Chimney, or write for New Perfection booklet.

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The Long Blue Chimney proved by scientific tests to be exactly the right length for best cooking results.

Editorial

CHURCH ATTENDANCE

A SURVEY of South and Centre Winnipeg reveals the fact that a great many people, even though they express preference for certain denominations, do not attend church anywhere. It is interesting and instructive to search out the reasons for this.

There are some who openly say that the church has nothing for them in its teaching or its practice, that the preachers seem to be living in another world, drawing their lessons from books rather than from life, and that the members do not seem to be more godly, more righteous in any way, than the men they meet from day to day. In other words these people who talk in this way have lost confidence in the organization as it is, and so they leave it alone. That is undoubtedly the wrong attitude, since if the church can be a helpful organization it is the duty of men to unite with it and keep it pure and active. Because some members are inconsistent, well disposed people should not keep away. That is only playing into the hands of the enemy.

There are some who say the church is to-day a capitalistic institution, that it dare not teach what its founder taught—the Brotherhood of Man and the Golden Rule. This is not true, of course, but it is a misfortune that some of the churches are so rich in their appointments and so exclusive in their membership that there seems to be in them no place for the poor man and the plainly-dressed woman. The paid pews and all that go with them are forbidding to men and women with a sense of independence.

There are some who say they have little use for any one-man concern, that they prefer to unite with an institution that gives them an opportunity to say something and do something. This is a proper attitude. The chief duty of a pastor is to direct the activities of his people. He should by no means do their work for them. Every church member should be a minister. Unfortunately many who attack the church on this ground are very careful that they never associate themselves with any philanthropic organization.

This leads to the conclusion that their are some in every community that do not attach themselves to churches because they have no room in their hearts for the woes and sufferings of other people. They will accept no responsibilities beyond those of the family. They are so wrapped up in their own affairs that they have no room in their hearts for God or Man. The real function of the Church is to arouse this great feeling of responsibility—to lift the individual to the species, to harmonize his will with the Will of God.

The last class of objectors worth noting comprises those who have affiliated themselves with some other organization than the church—a fraternal body or a trades union or a class brotherhood or something of the kind. Or it may be that they have so closely indentified themselves with their own business that they have no room for other thoughts. They cannot understand nor sympathize with the doctrine that "one can save his life only by losing it in the lives of others." They never know the bigger world and they can not understand those who are attempting to find it.

Notwithstanding the fact that so many keep aloof from the church, it is still the greatest force for righteousness that is in the world to-day. Christ was the first great Socialist. His doctrines and His practice were of the kind that will save mankind from self-destruction and degradation, and there is no substitute for the organization He set up to develop the feeling of brotherhood and teach the relationship of Man to His Maker.

THE REMOTE REGIONS

THE one class of people who have to endure hardships and privations are the settlers in outlying districts. The disadvantages are many and not the least of them is the fact that it is difficult to arrange for the education of the children. Few in numbers they have to pay a heavy local school tax in order to get a teacher. The teacher is usually of low grade—for it is natural that the best teachers should accept positions where there are greater social advantages. Nor can the teachers, such as they are, be obtained for less money than others with higher qualifications. One will naturally work for a thousand dollars in the town when she would refuse twelve hundred in the backwoods. This points to the necessity of rearranging school appropriations so as to make it possible for pioneers to educate their children. The children of the pioneers are as valuable to the state as children in the thickly-settled districts. As a rule they are even rugged and possess more individuality. They are, above all, the people that should be cared for. The last word in distribution of public aid to schools has not been spoken.

HIRED HELP

IS it any wonder that it is difficult to get girls to act as housemaids? Any one who examines into the conditions under which they are often compelled to work will understand how they must wish to fly to other occupations. Yet, there are few classes of people who do so much to add to the happiness and welfare of society, and they are needed at some time or other in almost every family whether in town or country. It is quite appropriate, therefore, that their peculiar problem should be considered.

Why should the work of looking after the home be considered less honorable than that of salesgirl or office worker? Why should a housemaid have longer hours than any other worker? Why should she be referred to as Mary or Bridget rather than as Miss Brown or Miss Black? Why should she have to do her courting in the back lane, and why should she be denied all social privileges? Why should she, as the hardest worker in the home, have the worst room and the least opportunity for culture? In the days of our mothers the household helper was a member of the family. Except when it was advantageous to have it otherwise she was treated just like the other members of the household. She sat at breakfast table, used the living-room in the evenings, joined in the family worship, and even on occasion went to the community dances. No one expects just that to-day, especially in larger city homes. Division of labor has caused divisions in society—even within the family itself. But there is no reason why the spirit of the old times should not be preserved.

There is another side to this whole question. The servant girl will find her position altered as soon as she becomes a recognized expert in her work. If training schools could be organized and certificates of efficiency given, and standards of excellence guaranteed, things would be very much better. It is not very satisfactory for a mother to pay thirty or fifty dollars to a helper and find that she can not keep house, nor cook, nor look after children. If on the one side the maid expects social recognition, opportunity for culture, privilege of entertaining the young man, short hours and the like, on the other side the mistress expects some ability to perform the duties of the home. The calling requires standardization. Everyone should read the article on this subject in another column.

Now that there are night schools for all classes of people, why not open up a night school for domestic help? There is no class in the community more useful and none requires greater consideration.

AMERICAN INCONSISTENCY

THOSE who have read the life of Abraham Lincoln will remember that his great doctrine was "The Union must be preserved." In a letter of Dec. 17, 1860, he said to Thurlow Weed: "My opinion is, that no state can in any way lawfully get out of the Union without the consent of the others; and that it is the duty of the President and other government functionaries to run the machine as it is." That is just the position Lloyd George takes to-day on the Irish question. His bill may be right or wrong, but he is going to preserve the Union. Why should Americans of 1920 differ from Americans of 1860?

GOOD ROADS

GOOD roads are to be encouraged, not only because they are necessary to transportation of farm commodities and a convenience to travel. They are necessary to social progress of all kinds. Without them good schools are impossible and church attendance greatly reduced. They cost money to build and keep in repair, but they increase the value of all the property through which they pass. Everything that saves time and labor and which eases the strain on men and animals is worth striving for. The decision of the Western Provinces to continue the policy of road-building in a large and comprehensive way is worthy of all commendation.

AFTER THE WAR

IT is very natural that France and Belgium should view movements in Germany with a degree of fear and suspicion. They have ample reason to feel alarmed. It is very natural, too, that a country which is actuated by strong political feeling should fail to perceive the world-significance of its actions. If we do not have further trouble, it is not because national fear and national jealousy have not done their utmost to bring about a repetition of horrors. Our own duty in the matter seems to be very clear. We shall not lose our national ambition but we shall remember that our success is dependent upon world-peace and world-peace is impossible unless the thought of humanity is concurrent with the thought of nationality. When a man is so intensely patriotic that he never considers any country but his own it is pretty certain that he is a poor type of patriot.

FREE DISCUSSION

IN an article in the Journal of Commerce, Dr. J. M. MacMillan in discussing the eight-hour problem lays down a few principles that should guide discussion of all problems affecting labor. He says:

"In a democracy the path to public opinion lies through free discussion. And law is worth little unless it represents the crystallization of public opinion. There are quite a number of sides to the question. It has a medical side, in which the effects of fatigue upon general predisposition to disease, as well as to nervous diseases, infectious diseases, and liability to accident should be considered. It has a civic side, for it is well that the uncrowned kings who govern through the ballot should have time and energy allowed them for the deliberate study of national issues. It is the overworked and ignorant labor "masses" who are liable to be stampeded by the hot gospeller of some violent radicalism. It has an ethical side, for the hours of labor bear on the drinking habits of the workers, and open or shut the door on wholesale recreations, which are antidotes to vice. On the economic side there is not only the question of amount of production but of its quality, and the question of the regularity of work as well as of the amount of it provided on any one day. And, back of all, is the question of morale, the mental attitude of the worker to his work.

THE LATEST COMEDY

HERE is how "The Nation" presents the 'Comedy of Kaiser and Constantinople'.

1. Mr. George prepared to hang the Kaiser and his generals and the French agreed.
2. He next got ready to drive out the Turks, bag and baggage, and the French hotly dissented.
3. He changed his mind about the Kaiser and generals and the French objected to his changing his mind.
4. The French allow him to change his mind about the Kaiser and generals on condition that he changes it also about the Turks.
5. In the final scene the rope which should have hanged the Kaiser pulls the drowning Sultan safely to dry land.

AFFAIRS IN RUSSIA

IN the minds of people generally the word Russia calls up a picture of Bolshevism. Yet Bolshevism is not the greatest force in Russia. It is endured by the Russian people for the time being, and that is all. The Supreme Council in Paris in its dealings with Russia has recognized this fact, and the happenings of the present time all indicate a change in internal management, whereby the will of the government will harmonize with the will of the people.

The greatest force in Russia is that known as the Co-operators. The various societies under this heading include in their membership 20 000,000 heads of families—not far from 100,000,000 individuals. They co-operate for purposes of production and consumption. Seventy per cent of the people belong to the organizations.

How does it come about then that they tolerate a political party that is opposed to its fundamental interests? Co-operation rests on the free will of voluntary members, whereas Bolshevism rests on compulsion. One acts through economic competition, the other through legislative decrees. One is based on the thought of people as consumers, the other on the thought of the people as workers. How can the majority tolerate the rule of the minority?

And how can an army which is led by anti-Bolshevistic leaders be true to a leader like Lenine? Even the rank and file of the Russian army are not committed to Lenine's theory of government. How do they tolerate his political authority?

The answer is very simple. They all take the stand that they will support any government that opposes the invasion of Russia by foreign soldiers.

That is why the Allies have withdrawn from Russia. They cannot act with Bolshevism, but they can enter into trade relations with the great majority of the Russian people, who are as opposed to Bolshevism as the Allies themselves—but for a different reason.

Co-operation is consistent with loyalty to one's land. Bolshevism ignores boundaries and aims at world-wide civilization. There is no doubt but that the Co-operators will take control when circumstances point the way.

A Case of Natural Selection

By Florence Woolston

WHEN Brady, the photographer, moved to Pearl Street his friends predicted failure. For Pearl Street was a neighborhood of poor people and money for luxuries was scarce. Photographers had come and photographers had gone but Brady was different. His studio was enriched by a variety of second-hand costumes, some of the more striking ones having been discarded by his actress wife, while others had been sold to him by members of the profession. Brady reasoned that soiled and discolored clothes, although unsuitable for the stage, might still do very well for decorative photography. Thus his patrons might appear in any character they desired. Few of the residents of the vicinity could afford the fashionable attire suitable for successful portraiture, but garbed as a Japanese, a Martha Washington, a fisherman, or an Indian, they shone resplendent in the eyes of their friends. Brady was also versatile in the matter of background, using with large prodigality Niagara Falls, the Alps, the ocean, or a snowstorm.

"These examples of Brady's skill captivated the neighbourhood."

Milly Linden, who secretly cherished histrionic ambitions, was taken as Camille and experienced thereby at least half the pleasures of a stage career. Mrs. Blish, whose nautical adventures had been confined to an occasional ride on a ferry, was equally delighted to see herself in yachting costume, seated on a coil of ropes, a life preserver at her feet. James Boyle, once ambitious to be an Indian fighter, was able to distribute post cards on which he appeared as a scout of the Custer variety. All these examples of Brady's skill captivated the neighborhood and nearly every family was taken, either singly or en-masse. Among those who followed these achievements with envious eyes was Mrs. Schwind, who ardently desired to possess a group picture of herself, Mr. Schwind, and the twelve little Schwinds.

On the day that Mrs. Middleton dropped in to show Elvira's latest picture in peasant costume, Mrs. Schwind's longing again asserted itself and she ventured to ask her neighbor's opinion on the subject.

"I hear," she said, "that Brady's takin' tradin' stamps for cash. I've got a book most done and I was kinder thinkin' of gettin' us taken. Eloise wants me to get the hand-painted picture over in the premium parlor instead—that one of the cats—but Jim ain't favorable. He says there's enough cats with kittens in the Alley without hand paintings of them."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Middleton, "I think a picture of your own folks would be more satisfaction than oil paintings. You'd make a grand picture, too, having so many children. Why don't you try for the prize?"

"I never heard there was any. Whose givin' prizes?"

'The Elite Ladies' World is offering prizes to the largest families. It was in last month, but I didn't read it careful; having only Elvira I seen it was not for me.'

"Could you give me the lend of the Elite Ladies' World?" asked Mrs. Schwind eagerly. "Maybe we could get in it. We're large enough, land knows."

The thought of a photograph with the possibility of a prize was new and delightful. Mrs. Schwind could hardly wait for her guest's departure that she might send Mary over to borrow the precious magazine. When it came, she turned over the pages anxiously, and breathed a sigh of relief on discovering a family picture of seven, with this inscription underneath:

IS YOUR PICTURE HERE?

IF NOT WHY NOT?

GRAND FAMILY CONTEST

FIFTY DOLLAR PRIZES IN GOLD

Mr, Thomas Blackwell, believing with ex-President Roosevelt that large families are a national asset, offers a prize each month for the best picture of a large family. Send your picture at once. This is the greatest contest of the age.

"Mother of Pearl!" exclaimed Mrs. Schwind, " if that ain't a gift from heaven. We can take a prize dead easy and it will more than pay for the picture."

She waited impatiently for Jim to come home, and as soon as he entered the house, she called to him:

"Say, Jim, how'd you like to make fifty dollars?"

"It was no small matter to get the entire family ready."

"You're talking big, ma. What's struck you?"

"Well," she affirmed, "we could do it easy."

"The easiest way I know of is to get life insured and then die," returned Jim skeptically.

In answer she put the Elite Ladies' World into his hand.

"Read that," she commanded triumphantly.

Jim read the brilliant offer of the magazine and then exclaimed contemptuously:

"Now, ain't that just like a woman. Of course it's dead easy, but how are you going to get the picture took? Brady ain't giving them away. How much does he charge?"

"I ain't sure, but he takes tradin' stamps for cash and I've got a book most done. Run over there after supper and see what he'll take us for."

"Ma," put in Eloise, "could we be taken fancy? The Sullivans are in Japanese, and it's grand, all wrappers and fans and paper flowers."

"No, sir," announced Jim firmly. "No Japs for mine. According to the papers there's likely to be a war any day, and then where'd we be in Jap clothes? No, sir."

"I thonght," said Mrs. Schwind, "bein' so many of us we might get a variety. Eloise, you could be historic and the twins as Indians. Pa and me could be like country folks. Mrs. George had one that was awful cute. Her in a big hat carryin' a basket of eggs."

"That might do," Jim answered somewhat mollified. "But Brady'll know best how we ought to look. That's his biz."

While Jim was over making inquiries, Mrs. Schwind organized a rehearsal and expressed great satisfaction as she viewed her family arranged as a series of steps, from tall Eloise to tiny Thomas Murphy, Junior.

"You're lots of bother," she declared, "but you're all right and I wouldn't care if they was more of you. Helene, run over and get Mrs. Middleton. I want her to take a look."

Mrs. Middleton responded at once, bringing Elvira.

"Jim's over to Brady's," explained Mrs. Schwind. "We may try for the prize, if it ain't too expensive. here was only seven in the picture that got the prize this month and there's twelve of us."

"It's too bad that little Mabel died on you," said Mrs. Middleton, who always remembered Mabel tenderly as she was just Elvira's age. "If you could get credit for her you'd have thirteen. Elvira, step in there between Mary and Willie."

"That's elegant," Mrs. Schwind exclaimed, viewing the completed steps with admiration. "It makes them just even. It does seem too bad if we're goin' in the Elite Ladies' World that Mabel should have to miss it. Maybe you'd be willing to let Elvira take her place. She favors Mabel and bein' her size, it helps out."

Elvira, who thoroughly enjoyed the excitement of a visit to Brady's jumped up and down with delight. Mrs. Middleton, always glad of an opportunity to exhibit the charms of her only child, readily complied. When Jim returned, he agreed that the group thus completed could hardly fail to out-distance all competitors.

"Brady charges according to the clothes," he explained. "It would be $3.50 if we was all in different styles, but he'd take us at the North Pole with the baby in furs for $2.50. I didn't make no bargain. I wasn't sure about your stamps."

"There's fifty cents in stamps," Mrs. Schwind assured him. "And the rest we'll get somehow."

She spoke with easy confidence, but in her heart she knew that raising $2.50 was a serious matter for the Schwind family. Jim earned $10 a week, and they had hard work to get along. Each successive Schwind meant a little less food and a great deal more pinching for the others, but Mrs. Schwind did not care. Why should she complain? Did she not love them and were they not welcome, one and all? In her philosophy, the chief need of a child is mother love, and this she gave abundantly, distributing bread, tea, shoes, stockings, and other necessities impartially, as the family purse permitted.

It is true that the neighbors were often compelled to lend a helping hand. Sometimes the Visitor from the Associated Charities supplied coal and wood; again, St. John's Mission, the Social Settlement, and Tom Murphy who kept the corner saloon, found their sympathies enlisted. But always, Mrs. Schwind felt justified in accepting aid from any source. She was the mother of twelve, and this in itself was sufficient compensation for any community. To be sure, the twelve were sometimes hungry, occasionally the rent was not forthcoming, but she bore all these vicissitudes with courage, looking forward philosophically to the time when the older children should go to work and help support the younger ones. For Mrs. Schwind believed in family co-operation. Her system of letting each child care for the one younger, leaving always the new baby for herself and the twins for Eloise, was very satisfactory. Equally successful was her method of allowing all the welfare agencies in the neighborhood to co-operate with her in times of financial stress.

As she reflected upon ways of getting together money for the photograph, however, she was conscious that this was a problem that she must solve alone. In view of the probability of the prize, it looked like a mere matter of investment, but she was not sure that her friends

"Eloise's rendition of her favorite selection netted her forty cents."

would regard it in the same light.

The stamp book was a good beginning and the fund was soon increased to seventy-five cents by a boycott on jam. Then Eloise was invited to appear at Solenski's amateur night. Once a week talented members of the community might occupy the stage, and if their efforts pleased the audience they were rewarded by showers of silver pieces. If they failed, however, they were hissed off the boards with scant ceremony. Eloise's rendition of her favorite selection, "'Mid the Orchard's Fragrant Blossoms," netted her forty cents.

It was three weeks before the silver in the teapot aggregated two dollars, and this represented innumerable sacrifices and the exercise of much ingenuity in household management. Then the stamp book was cashed and the long-coveted $2.50 was actually in hand.

On Jim's account, Brady agreed to give them a Sunday sitting. On the Saturday before there was great activity in the Schwind household. All the best clothes were laid out, pressed and repaired. It was necessary to borrow a few pairs of white slippers, but they were plentiful in the Alley and everyone was willing to lend. Then the washtubs were made ready for the bathing and the younger children were put to bed to keep clean. Preparations were resumed at four o'clock on Sunday, for it was no small matter to get the entire family

Continued on Page 64

You See Glistening Teeth

Everywhere Nowadays—Ask People Why

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

You see glistening teeth as never before among careful people now. They are conspicuously attractive, and you know they are cleaner and safer.

Ask your friends about them. Millions of teeth are being cleaned in a new way. Thousands of new people are starting every day. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

The teeth you admire are largely due to Pepsodent in these days. They are kept free from film. You will see the results on your own teeth if you ask for a 10-day test

Careful People Are Fighting Film

On Millions of Teeth To-day

There has come in late years a new era in teeth cleaning. And this is the reason for it:

Most tooth troubles have been traced to film—to that slimy film which you feel with your tongue.

The film is ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary dentifrice does not dissolve it. The tooth brush leaves much of it intact. So night and day, month after month, it may do a ceaseless damage.

How It Ruins Teeth

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

That is why so many teeth discolor and decay. That is why tartar forms and serious troubles start. Despite the daily brushing, teeth are not kept clean. The film — the great tooth wrecker—is not properly combated.

Dentists long have known this. They have urged periodic cleaning in the dentist's chair to remove the film and tartar. But they knew the vital need was a daily film combatant. And dental science has been seeking it for years.

Now the Way is Found

Now science has met that need. It has discovered an efficient film combatant, harmless to the teeth. Convincing clinical and laboratory tests have proved it beyond question. Countless dentists have watched it, and they now advise it. As a result, there are millions of teeth now benefited by it.

For home use this method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. It complies in all ways with modern dental requirements.

To quickly prove it to all people, a 10-Day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks. And this is to urge that you get it.

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Observations in North Russia

Written for the Western Home Monthly by C. W. Thompson

THOROUGH explanation into the state of affairs at the present time in Russia would fill volumes, but it must be borne in mind that in so vast a country the deplorable condition does not apply to all the provinces. In the vicinity of Archangel, the people have so much industry to keep them busy that good order prevails to a greater extent than would be imagined after such an upheaval in government. It is the intention here to set down the impressions formed, after a ten months' stay in the locality, of that portion in the north with its rich natural wealth and of the people who inhabit that region.

Solovietsky Monastery—Nicholasky Church on the Kond Island.

Nine days' travel by water, of an average from the British coast, the trip to Archangel by this route takes one through two oceans and two seas, consecutively—the North Sea, the North Atlantic ocean, the Arctic ocean and the White sea. From the latter, which is scarcely free of floating ice from September until June, is a further half day's travel up the Dwina river before reaching the harbor of the city. The river here, strange to say, allowing that it forms part of the Delta, is very narrow, merely a dredged passage of sufficient width for two large steamers to pass, whereas above the city itself it widens out into a great navigable stream. Along the banks for miles on either side until reaching the large basin which forms the fine harbor are piled many thousands of feet of lumber, lying there idle for the want of transportation to the outer world. Many saw-mills are also passed en route, some idle and others in active operation adding to the amount of lumber on hand, and providing for trade which is expected to open up as soon as normal conditions are resumed, whereas, less than a hundred miles up stream people may be seen in the tedious task of hewing their boards out with axes, or by the equally slow method of sawing by hand.

The first objects which catch the eye on sighting the city of Archangel, are the gilded minarets of the many church towers. With the sun shining, and from a distance the place gives one a quick thought for the storied Orient. It is customary, it may be added for every church building in Russia, no matter the size to be thus made prominent, after the architecture adopted by the Greek-Catholic faith there, so largely followed. For lack of quantities of stone and brick, the wood for large buildings and churches is often carved and turned, then painted white in imitation, which gives them a solid and imposing appearance. The Russian as a rule devoutly follows his religion, and seldom fails to attend the Sunday services. Religion with him is not only a matter for Sunday, but is observed during the week as well. It would indeed be unusual, on entering a dwelling, not to find an ikon the first object which meets one's gaze from its stand in the corner opposite the doorway. Before it, on coming into a room, the custom is seldom failed to bow in obeisance, to make the sign of the cross, and to mutter a prayer. Frequent religious holidays are held, and occasional well attended processions are held in the streets, ending with church service in the Cathedral. A Russian regiment before leaving for the front, is formed up in a hollow square for benediction, and blessed with holy water from the priest's hands.

Archangel is a city of approximately thirty thousand people, not including the suburbs of Smolney, Solombola, Holmagory, and Bakaritza. The principal streets are cobbled with stones gathered from along the shores of the river. An electric railway, operating small four wheeled German made cars, provides transportation. The private vehicle is the "Droisky" or squat little cab, seating two passengers and the driver. In winter this is replaced by a similarly built sleigh.

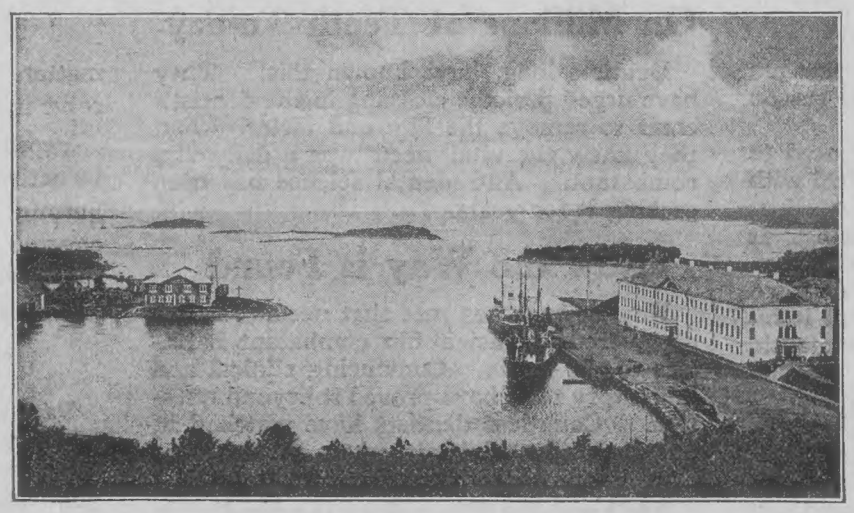
Two banks are situated on the main thoroughfare. Troitsky Prospect, a street running parallel, and a short distance from the river. The Law Courts, Cable Office, two or three moving picture theatres and some fair sized stores are the main buildings of interest to the casual observer, although well patronized restaurants draw attention by the sound of the music within, of the orchestras floating on to the street. The public baths are features, because of the interest taken in them by the public, and are different from baths as we understand them, as the process of washing is more by the use of steam than by warm water.

The mind of the uneducated class of Russian is generally conceded to be on the verge of childish. This, however, applies almost to all uneducated people, and nothing delights them more than to be enthralled by exciting melodrama or amused by the antics of performing clowns. However, in this country as in most of others, an eye for beauty and the desire for pleasing surroundings prevail. This is evidenced in the attempt to make the city as attractive as possible; statues of notables are placed in outstanding positions; the street lamps would do credit to any European city, and the parks they have made, greatly improve the city's appearance. It strikes one, that these must be zealous people to attempt fine parks for the four short months of mild weather when they are possible to be enjoyed. Further evidence is the pleasant promenade for almost the length of the waterfront, which affords a fine view accross the harbor and the shipping at anchor and in dock. The city has splendid wharf accommodation, although there are no dry docks of sufficient size to accommodate large boats, nor supplies of coal for their needs. The railroad engines are wood-burning for the most part, and are of lighter build than the Canadian type.

Archangel is connected with Petrograd and the south by rail via Vologda; with Moscow by water to Kotlas, two hundred and fifty miles up stream, and thence by rail. The operations of the Allied forces in this region during the winter months of 1918-19 were greatly hindered by the lack of rail communication to the Murmansk coast where the port is open the year round. Archangel itself during the period mentioned, kept in touch by water with the outside world until well on into January, by means of icebreaking steamships, although ordinary vessels are unable to get through from October until May.

Russian young people have most of the amusements indulged in by the younger set in Canada. Their skating rink is a part of the river cleared off. Several very high "Gurkahs" (toboggan slides) are yearly erected, the principal one being built on a side-street connecting with the river, right off Troitsky Prospect. Down this they slide along the prepared pathway for a quarter of a mile, out into the frozen river. The "Gurkah" is well lit up by electric lights along the route and a crowd of people nightly attend the pastime. One might well call Archangel a modern city, for as can be gathered, electricity is their mode of lighting, and water-works have been installed.

Cut off from extensive fishing during the months of long winter except by the tedious method of fishing through holes in the ice, the inhabitants bring in a product which is likely to acquire a large return for the country; viz, an immense supply of furs. During February and March teams of reindeer driven by Laplanders in their gaudy one-piece fur garments trimmed and inlaid with brightly colored cloth, come down from their frozen homes to sell their furs. They bring sealskin in abundance and many fine fox furs. These may be bought very cheaply, the main difficulty preventing their easy use arises from the poor facilities for curing the hides. When this is overcome and transportation becomes less inexpedient there is no doubt that the future will see great developments in this section of Russia for trade with other countries.



Solovilts Monastery. View on the Bay of Good Receipts.

Going inland from Archangel up the Dwina one experiences a change in the life of the people and much of interest. For two hundred and fifty miles, the range of the writer's knowledge, as far as the before mentioned town Kotlas, there are a great number of villages, large and small, on the banks of the river. The territory is well watered by good sized tributaries emptying into the main stream. A mile and a half strip of land on either side of the river marks the limit for cultivable land, the rest forming a stretch of mostly soggy and marshy ground. The trip up the river is pleasant. On some places, however, sandbars give reason for caution, but on the whole the river is like a lake trip. The countryside is in the main wooded with small pine trees, and is low lying. In places there are steep, chalky cliffs rising to a height of forty or fifty feet, yet in others is a sandy shore. It is a great navigable waterway with long stretches, and is in some places, over a mile in width.

The peasant people who inhabit this district are farmers in a small way with perhaps a few cows and horses, while some of the more fortunate possess sheep. The tame fowl, as well as the horses, are noticeably small, and the latter are not quite the size of our western ponies.

The customs of the country are very simple and their farm implements crude. From the land small crops of flax, potatoes and beans are gathered, for the soil is light. The people live, and no more. They spin their own linen and hew down trees to build themselves dwellings. The only tool used practically to build a house in these parts is an axe, with which both men and women are adept. There are no stores, no proper medical attention, simply what the people get is from the land. For all that, they seem contented enough. The women are very strong and hard-working, helping the men on the land by day and busy with needle-work in the evening.

These people in this part of Russia are not Bolsheviks as we understand the term, merely simple people disposed to be friendly with everyone, and only anxious to be left unmolested. They are unable to defend themselves or to set up a government. They have neither sufficient wealth or knowledge, but are forced to accept the rule of those set in authority over them. Happy will be the day for them when stable government is restored to forward their interests and establish their right to live.

Law Courts, Archangel

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Where The Trail Ended

Written for The Western Home Monthly by H. Mortimer Batten

I.

BELLMAN Ward was in Canyon Reach for stores when he happened across the following small advert. in "The Nugget": "Wanted, large grizzlies for exhibition, must be uninjured, highest prices and all expenses paid," and after that the address of the 'Frisco offices of one of the largest wild animal dealers in the world.

Ward pondered it over, then sent a night lettergram which the bartender at the Smithson House helped him draw up. "Bellman Ward, Deadland Gulch, has two exceptional grizzlies under observation. ("Better say two," observed Ward, "though they ain't only one.") Have I to trap them for you?"

"That ought to hit them," observed the bartender. "Sounds as though you're so dead sure that you've nothing to do but step in and do it, easy as kiss my hand!"

Next day a reply came. It was peremptory and to the point. "Stay in town. We will meet you at post office tomorrow mid-day."

"Gee wizz!" muttered Ward. "They're bringing along the whole board of directors." And little he dreamt that his whole future career was in the mould.

At the time appointed Ward was sitting on a soap box in the central store and post office, idly chatting with the Indians, when there entered at the door the tallest, lankiest man he had ever seen. He was dressed in city clothing which somehow seemed out of place on his giant, bony frame, and his quick grey eyes seemed to take in everything at a glance.

"You Mr. Ward?" he enquired in a voice of thunder.

"Yep!" and Ward jumped out. He was a man of medium stature, thin, wiry, quick as a panther, but against the giant animal dealer he looked the merest pigmy.

"Come outside," bellowed the latter, and with Ward trotting behind he crossed the road, seated himself on a rampike almost the height of the mountaineer's shoulders, and began — "My name's Soo Pettit. Now about these grizzlies — are they both exceptional specimens?"

"No, only one, the male probably."

"Hur, sure the female belong to him? An exceptional grizzly usually lives alone."

"Maybe she do, maybe she don't. There's a whole outfit of them along my range. I see the big one most."

"Is he a silvertip?" enquired the dealer.

"Yes."

"Good! What do you guess his weight?"

"He'll tip the beam at well over one thousand."

The big one whistled, and invited Ward to "come off the roof."

"I tell you plump now that he's the biggest grizzly I've ever seen," asserted Ward, coloring. "I ain't asking you to accept my statements, but since you asked me——"

"All right," the big man cut him short. "How long have you seen this grizzly about?"

"Quite a while. I reckon I can trap him without breaking him up any."

A thoughtful look came into the big man's eyes. "With a grizzly, what you've got to guard against ain't so much breaking his bones as breaking his spirit. If you treat him roughly he may just die of a broken heart." He rose abruptly. "What do you want for that grizzly delivered in good shape?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"You shall have it. Want anything on account?"

"Nope."

"I'll send a man along to lend you a hand."

"Don't want that neither," retorted Ward. "I reckon I know all about grizzlies there is to know."

"How are you going to portage him out?"

"I got to get him first, then the Injuns will help me."

The big man was thoughtful. "Blame unwise," he muttered under his breath. "When do you pull out?"

"To-night," and there and then final arrangements were made and the agreement signed.

At sundown Bellman Ward, mounted on a wiry cayuse and with the pack horse, loaded high with traps and gear, following behind, rode out into the grey loneliness of the foothills for his distant hunting grounds. He arrived at noon next day, and set his cabin in order for a busy spell.

Ward was one of those trappers who don't believe in baits, and in the process of circumventing a wild animal his first act was to make himself familiar with all its runways. Already he knew pretty well the chosen routes of the bear he was now out to catch, for he had watched the brute as a disinterested spectator for months past. More than once they had met in awkward places, and between them there stood a tacit understanding that on such occasions the one who could most easily do so should turn back. Bellman had possessed no quarrel with the big grizzly, and hitherto they had lived on perfectly good terms. The great animal had more than once come down and fed at the mountaineer's garbage heap, when Ward could, had he chosen, have shot it with a revolver from his cabin window. Thus, since he had entirely won the confidence of the brute, it is not to be wondered at that already he regarded that two hundred dollars plus expenses as a cinch.

During the first few days Ward spent his time loafing about the range with a prospecting pick, while from his saddle there hung two No. 8 Whitehouse grizzly traps. He was not long in picking up the grizzly. From a wind-swept ridge he commanded a view of the valley below, of the long and narrow lake, winding in and out among its countless fairy islands between the dark uplands of spruce. At the lake margin something was moving —something clearly visible in the dead clear atmosphere in spite of the immense distance. It must have been nine miles away, yet it looked like an omnibus.

"That's him," muttered Bellman aloud. "Coming along the lake margin, looking for fish, then to-night he'll climb out by Crooked Leg Fissure, on his usual route, cross the sheep range, strike Cranberry Creek, and as like as not pay my rubbish heap a visit on his way out. I'll set for him in the fissure."

At its north end, in which direction the bear was heading, the lake ceased in a vast bowl of the mountains, the naked cliffs rising skywards on every side. There was but one way out, the Crooked Leg Fissure, the rugged course of a torrent forming, as it were, a staircase through the cliffs, and towards the head of this cutting Ward now made his way. Reaching the brink he was compelled to descend on foot, for it was terribly rough going, and about one hundred feet down two giant boulders barred the way save for a sandy patch between them. Under the sand Bellman set his traps, confident that the bear could not pass through without encountering one or the other of them, then he spilt water over the sets, brushed out the last of his tracks, and made his way by devious routes back to his cayuse.

At dawn next day Ward went back to look at his sets. He was unarmed, save for a heavy automatic pistol. With him he took four stout posts, a trip hammer, four stout rawhide lariats, and an immense hemp net. These things he left with his pack horse and saddle horse at the crest of the fissure, then silently, cautiously, began to descend to a point of observation.

No, by gad, the bear was not there, but the sandy space was torn up for a dozen yards all round the traps. Ward was about to creep from his hiding when a sound like a human sigh caught his ears. He turned to see an immense grey shape hurtling down the mountain side towards him—an avalanche of flesh and bone, travelling at the speed of a galloping cayuse. He must have passed within a few feet of the hiding grizzly. It had waited till he was well below, his back towards it, then it had charged.

Ward's hand slipped to the big automatic at his belt, but he was loath to use it. He marvelled as he stood, in that moment of deadly peril, that the bear, in spite of its weight and speed, was moving over the loose rocks without so much as disturbing a pebble. For perhaps two seconds he stood, then, leaping from ledge to ledge, he gained the chaos of sage bush lining the south bank of the fissure, and bending low he dodged from bush to bush, back-tracking criss-crossing, tying a hundred knots in his trail. The bear gained the shelf where he had stood, and lost ten priceless seconds sniffing the breeze. Ward, as he looked, saw that it stood with one paw raised, then he uttered a breathless curse as he saw the immense brute come on, straight towards him.

The hours that followed were not very enjoyable for Ward, though he soon succeeded in increasing his start. The bear had lost him, and systematically set to work beating the scrub—falling on every thicket and watching each time for the man to bolt from the other side. He kept it up for nearly an hour, and Ward, thirsty, sweating, covered with sand, crept from point to point like a hunted jackal, guided as to direction by the crashing of the bush.

Finally the bear mounted the fissure and was lost to view, while Ward, his nerves somewhat shaken, went to his traps. One of them, he found, had been shattered to fragments against the rocks, the other remained unsprung, then climbing to the crown of the ridge the mountaineer found that both his ponies had been stampeded. There remained ahead of him a twelve-mile tramp over the roughest country in all the range, and added to this was the knowledge that between him and the bear there now existed a deadly feud which made the task ahead of him endlessly more difficult and hazardous. But Ward was one of those men who, having set himself a task, would pursue it long after all sane judgment and common sense had commanded its dismissal.

II.

On his way home Ward saw the smoke of a camp fire rising skywards from a sheltered gully, so went that way in the hope of borrowing a horse. As he approached he saw a huge man seated by the fire, and something in his poise struck Ward as familiar. Drawing nearer still he recognized the camper—it was no other than Soo Pettit, the man with whom he had come to terms.

Pettit had relinquished his city gear, and now wore the leather kit of the cowboy mountaineer. As Ward drew near he uttered a bellowing laugh, then rose with a friendly hand extended. "Have some grub," was all he said.

Bellman scowled. "This is my range," he answered gruffly, placing his hands behind him.

"The range is free," came the quiet response, and Pettit went on with his cooking. He had seen that wild look in Bellman's eyes, and knew what it meant. Bellman had lived too much alone. The solitude was getting him down, and the most commonplace event might send him off at a tangent.

"That's my grizzly, anyway!" roared the trapper, now thoroughly irritated. "We've come to terms on a proper footing, and you ain't no right butting in."

The other smiled. "Talk sense, Ward," he recommended. "Game belongs to no man till its taken." He dropped another egg into the pan. "Go ahead and get the grizzly," he advised. "I ain't standing in your way. You'll get your money, and if you want help I'm right here to lend a hand."

"You're here to get the grizzly yourself!" bellowed Ward.

The other shrugged his huge shoulders. "Even so," he muttered quietly. "The best man gets the bear. The range is big enough for both of us."

Ward was silent for a moment. "I see your ding dong game!" he muttered. "You advertise to find the locality of what you want, then, having gulled the local trapper, you step right in and do the job yourself, and he gets nary a cent! Pretty low down I call it, and I expect there's a whole outfit of you."

The other shook his head. "I'm alone," said he. "If you hadn't been so blamed selfish we might be hunting together."

Ward stepped back, and when next Pettit looked up he could see down the barrel of the trapper's .450. "Get out!!" roared Bellman. "Get out! you low down son of a gun, and if I catch you monkeying around again I'll pump you as full of lead as a porcupine is of quills!"

Pettit shrugged his shoulders. "Pump away," he advised. "Blow a hole in me the size of a walnut, for that's what it means to shoot a man. As for the grizzly you ain't dealing with me, but with the firm. I'm merely obeying orders, and I got to see the job through. I'm just a hunter like yourself."

Ward's big automatic clattered back into its bolster. He stood with his hands behind him, a look of admiration on his parchment face. "Bully!" he murmured. "The range is free, and the best man gets the grizzly. Now give me some grub, then lend me your pack horse to ride home on."

They ate together. Neither spoke. At the end of the meal Ward rose. "Sonny," he said, "you may as well go home and save your time. The range of that grizzly is over fifty miles, and you don't stand a lame duck's chance. You'll only get in the way and spoil sport for me."

"I shan't spoil sport," vouched the other. "I've hunted grizzly and cougar twenty years—caught more of 'em alive than most men have ever seen."

Ward mounted. "That may be so, but you don't know this range and you don't know this grizzly. I had him trapped last night, but he broke loose, and now he's as vicious as sin. If you happen to run up against him accidental, it might be awkward, you savee?"

The other smiled, and Ward rode away. He came back at sundown on one of his own horses, leading the one he had borrowed, and as he rode back in the gathering gloom it was to be noticed that, for the first time, he avoided the cliff shelves which afforded the swiftest and easiest way of passage.

"Poor beggar," thought Pettit, who knew the wild and the men who dwell therein. "Another six months and he'll be as crazy as a loon."

That night a mammoth grizzly peered down from the heights of Sheep Mountain at a tiny camp fire flickering among the trees. There he stood, swinging heavily from side to side, his great head lowered, one bruised paw upheld, and as he stared his little eyes seemed to narrow, and took on the red light of the fire. It was Pettit's camp he saw, and Pettit sat alone by the fire, poring over an ink drawn map, his rifle at his side. He was a brave man—brave in that he feared nothing on earth, if such is bravery.

Slowly, cautiously, the grizzly began to wend its way down the mountain side, making no more noise than a cat, and looking more like a buffalo than a bear. Fifty yards from the camp it paused and sat upright. The wind blew from the man to it, and now the savage gleam of hatred shone like fire in the small, unblinking eyes. To attack the man would be folly, but directly behind him his two horses were tethered to a windfall, moving restlessly as the flies

Continued on Page 11

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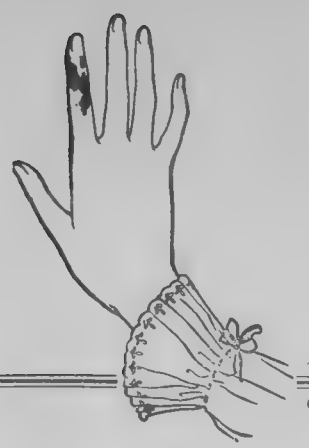
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A touch of Blue-jay ends a corn, as easily and surely. Then why pare and coddle corns, and let them stay for years?

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B&B Blue-jay
Plaster or Liquid
The Scientific Corn Ender

BAUER & BLACK, Limited Chicago Toronto New York
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

Where The Trail Ended

Continued from Page 11

liness takes men in different ways, but generally there is an obsession. This was Ward's obsession —the fulfilment of a purpose from which no useful end could come, this endless following, following of a mystic theme through the great abandonment. The loneliness had got him down, and was grinding him to powder. Most of the mountaineers asserted that "there weren't no bear at all," but others swore they had seen it, a giant silvertip, though they refrained from speculating as to its weight for fear of ridicule. Once, it was said, the brute scattered a band of surveyors, bursting upon them unmolested, and a few hours later Grizzly Bell rode grimly by like a spectre of death on his own ghostly funeral. He was unarmed save for his automatic, but from his pack horse hung the usual array of grizzly traps.

The end of the two years found them back where the hunt had started—the bear ambling southward, Ward a few hours ahead of it. They knew each other pretty well in these days, and Ward, who had developed a racking cough, knew that his time was becoming short. He had exhausted all the sets he knew; the bear knew each and every one of them, and there remained but one desperate venture.

Ward went to the place where he had seen Pettit meet his fate, and close to the spot at which the ledge terminated at the brink of the shelving cliff, he set six bear traps in a wide circle. Very soon the bear would come this way, passing by the shelf as in his younger days, but the traps were set to the right of the trail he would take. Then, in the centre of that uncrossable ring, Ward flung himself down upon the earth, his face to the ground, his arms outstretched. His garments fluttered in the breeze, his bony frame lay like the image of death in the pale evening sun. High overhead two vultures soared.

The grizzly came along, paused at the cliff edge, and looked at the motionless man. It slouched to windward, and sifted every gust.

Yes, the scent was the same. Could it be that the awful game was ended, that the man had played his last card, that he had laid down his arms and retired from the field?

For fully an hour the bear moved back and forth, gazing, sniffing, wondering. The man never stirred. The big brute came nearer, circling now, and slowly as the minutes passed the circles narrowed. "Thud!" The vicious snap was followed by a roar. The bear reared up, raised the great trap with the heavy drag high above its head and crashed it to earth. Thud! A second trap closed upon one of his hind legs as he made to charge the man, and Bellman Ward got up.

He roze and looked into the grizzly's eyes, not a dozen steps between them. He had everything planned in his mind—how he would throw his lariats and peg them down at different points till the grizzly was firmly held and helpless, but now, when the moment came to act, he found himself spell-bound. There he stood, his rugged hands on his hips, looking at his majestic captive. For two years they had lived together—two years of wind and sun and rain and snow, and now the end was come at last.

Yes, this was the end of the chase, this the crowning achievement after close upon three thousand miles of uphill toil! Bellman could not understand. But the grizzly knew! There was not fear in its eyes, no menace, but an unspeakable shame. It was cowering in the dust, whimpering a little, but now it rose, dragged the heavy traps from their settings, and with a strength that was superb dashed blindly to the south.

Ward saw the whole thing from where he stood. He saw the grizzly reach the brow of that dizzy drop into space, he saw it hurtle over, unwaveringly, unafraid. He went to the edge and looked down, to see a spinning speck in the gloom below. Then he heard a thud and the clash of steel, and a look of endless admiration came into his eyes.

"You great old warrior," he muttered thickly. "I've followed you half my life, and you've broken me, but I knew from the first I could never take you alive. Farewell!"

And at the point where the shelf peters out Grizzly Bell built a great cairn of stones in memory of the hunter, and of a noble beast, both of whom had fallen within that fateful mile, and whose remains lie to this day in the canyon depths where the foot of man can never tread.

Children Should Be Taught Music In Public Schools

Music makes its appeal to us all through the medium of the ear, and if we are to fully enjoy its beneficent influence, and appreciate and understand its message, the ear must first be properly trained. The earlier in life this is done the better, for this faculty, like most others, is much more easily cultivated in childhood than in later life. To make a community or a nation musical, therefore, we must direct our attention to the children and if our coming generation is to be a musical one the seeds must be sown in our public schools, and good music, well performed, brought within the daily reach of the scholars.

How is this to be done? Obviously by the training of the teacher. In each school there should be at least one teacher who is not only a good musician, but also a well trained singer. The wise teacher never sings with the pupils, but to them while the class is taught to listen attentively and think independently. Children have naturally a great faculty of imitation; give the infant classes the opportunity to listen daily to attractive melodies sung with beautiful tone and fine diction, and they will not only soon sing like angels, but a great improvement will be noticeable in their speech.

As fresh from the package as from the oven.

McCormick's
Jersey Cream Sodas

Factory at LONDON, Canada.
Branches at Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, Kingston, Winnipeg, Calgary, Port Arthur, St. John, N.B.

98

Children Should Never Drink Tea or Coffee.

They are harmful to growth and development and have a particularly bad effect on the nervous system of the child.

Give the children

INSTANT POSTUM

and avoid tea and coffee's harm

"There's a Reason"

How I Learned to Swim

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Private Robert Chaloner

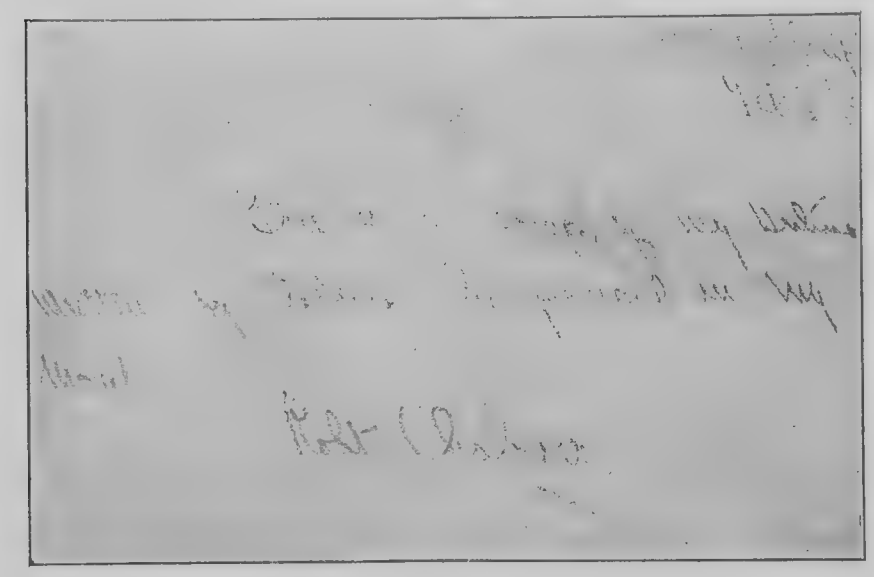
Private Robert Chaloner enlisted in a Winnipeg Battalion in the year 1916, and four days after he donned the king's uniform he broke his neck while diving. From that day his body became paralyzed and so far surgical science has been able to do but little for him. Determined to overcome his difficulties and make as much of his life as possible, this plucky boy taught himself to write by holding his pencil in his teeth. The following little story, taken from an incident in his own life, was written in this way, and is the brave author's first effort for publication.

Private Chaloner writing his story at Tuxedo Hospital

How I Learned to Swim

I suppose before I tell you about how I first learned to swim, I had better tell you something about myself and my early childhood.

My mother died when I was five years old. I was the second youngest of seven children, three sisters and two brothers older, and a baby sister of only a few months. My father worked up north and only came home once or twice a year, so things were pretty hard, and my oldest sister, only eighteen, worked in an office and so left the sixteen year old one to bring up the family.



The baby took up most of my sister's time, and I, being considered well able to look after myself, was given more liberty than is good for little boys, and I got very disobedient. It was all right for mother to tell me what I should, and should not do, but when my sister started to boss me (as I called it) I didn't like it, and wouldn't do anything she told me to. However, there are ways of impressing upon little boys, the consequences of disobedience, and I was duly impressed while lying across my sister's knee, face downwards, while she tried her best to wear out one of Dad's slippers across me. After a few impressions such as this, I decided that obedience was the best policy, for as long as I did what I was told I would be able to sit down with comfort. Of course I thought my sister very unjust and cruel, being too young to understand that it was all for the best.

After these experiences I always obeyed my sister while at home, but when I got away I used my own judgment in most things. One day she sent me with my next older brother to pick blueberries. I liked picking blueberries about as well as I liked castor oil, and would have told her so, only I had not forgotten what the slipper felt like, so I went without a word, but before going I slipped my bathing suit into my berry pail. I hoped I would be able to get my brother to go down by the river, and I knew that once there, the blueberries would be forgotten. I had a hard time coaxing my brother to come with me, but finally got my way, and he said perhaps we might play on the shore for a while before picking berries.

When we arrived at the river, (only half a mile from home) we met two other boys, neighbors of ours, and they asked if we would like to go for a boat ride. We had been forbidden to go on the river without our older brother, but we thought no one would ever know if we only stayed a few minutes, so we got into the boat and started to row around the shore. It was a very hot day in the latter part of July and we soon got very warm. I took off all my clothes and put on my bathing suit so that I would be cooler. I, being the youngest of the four, and the smallest, got lots of abuse from the others. One of the boys threatened to throw me in the water if I did not jump in. Of course he was only fooling, but I thought him in

Continued on Page 64

At Sleep-Time

Bubble Grains

Millions of happy children, at bedtime, get Puffed Wheat in milk. And think what a dish it is.

Whole wheat with no element omitted. Every food cell blasted, so digestion is easy and complete.

Wheat puffed to bubbles, eight times normal size—thin, flimsy, flaky morsels, like fairy foods.

Never was a whole grain made so enticing, never so fitted to digest. What good-night dish compares with this?

The Supreme Delights

Puffed Grains hold first place among all cereal dainties. Each is a food confection. The grains are so nut-like that people use them in home candy-making—as garnish on ice cream.

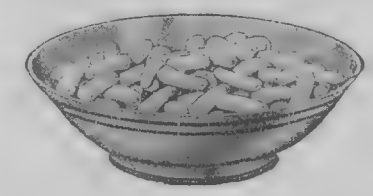
Yet they are whole grains, and are scientific foods invented by Prof. Anderson.

Every food cell is blasted by a steam explosion. Every atom is fitted to digest.

When you have foods so delightful, so hygienic, serve in every way you can. Children revel in them.

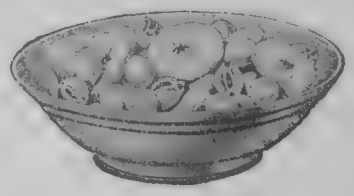
Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**

Steam Exploded—Puffed to 8 Times Normal Size



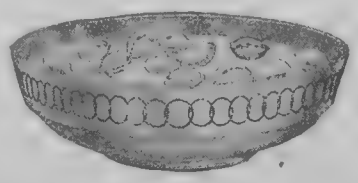
At Breakfast

Serve with cream and sugar. The airy grains taste then like toasted nut meats puffed.



Mix With Fruit

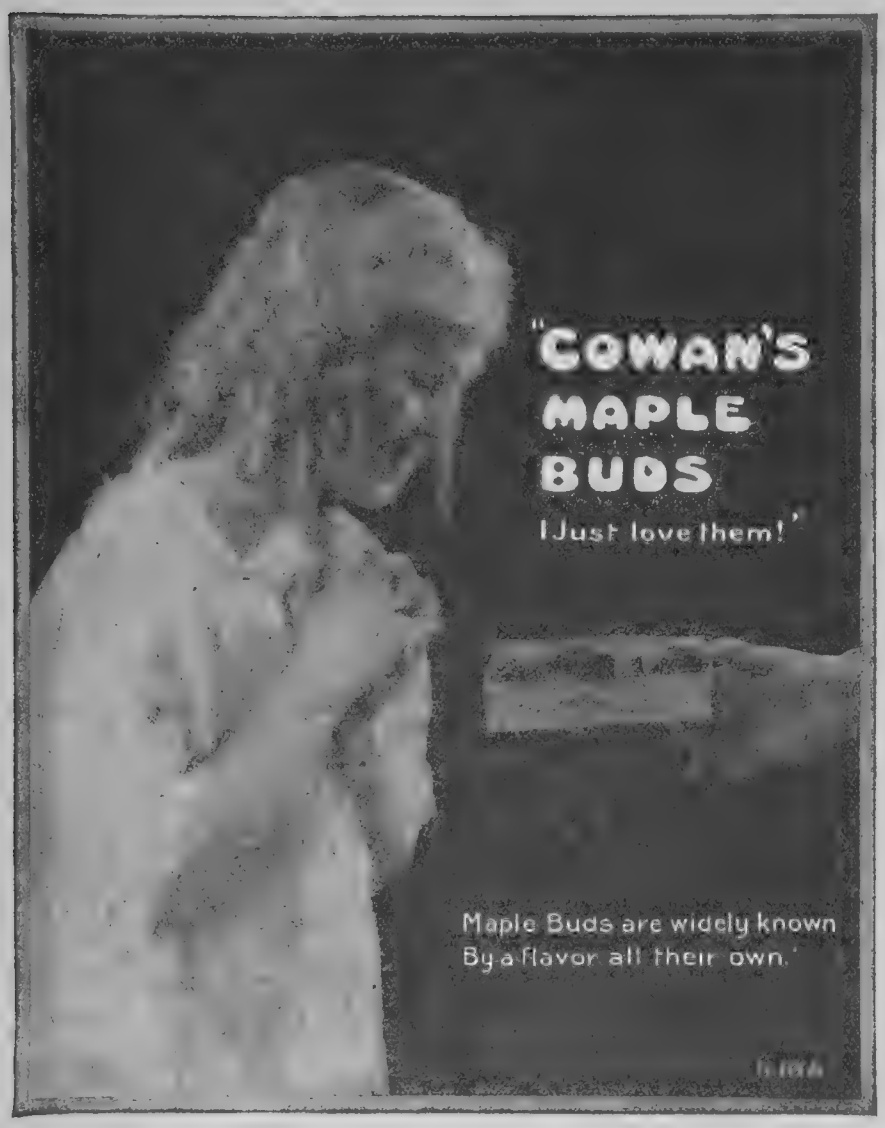
The blend is delicious. And these crisp, flimsy morsels add what crust adds to a shortcake.



The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Canada 3372 Saskatoon, Canada



The Servant Girl

By Elizabeth Kampman

THE servant girl problem is a vital one of the day. It is a problem that the Women's Clubs and the Women's Institutes should take up and consider. That this class of help is on the decline is brought home to us every day. In fact, the servant girl is, and I say without fear of contradiction, she might vanish like the North American Indian. This ought to make us sit up and take notice. Alas, it does nothing of the sort! Instead, we sit with folded hands, calmly watching domestic service go on its downward course.

We all know that domestic service is held to be a drudgery; that the servant girl, who, through no fault of her own, is called upon to perform its office, bewails her humble lot and imagines herself a martyr.

It is apparent that little is done to remedy the working conditions under which the servant girl labors. Unless this is done and household work elevated to a more dignified position, we are doomed to be left with only the memory of her to cherish. Then will those, because they did so little when they might have done more, come boldly forth, ready to acknowledge the usefulness of such a valuable article to humanity and at the same time to show their genuine regret at her passing, by suggesting that a monument be erected in her honor for good deeds done. Lest we forget!

In recent years more and more foreign born women were being employed, but during the war immigration was stopped, consequently there is a shortage of domestic help.

This state of affairs would not have come to pass had the servant girl been put on the same level with the shop or factory girl. As it is, domestic service has come to be regarded as a downtrodden job, wherein one loses her caste with other girls. Viewed from such a gloomy angle, it is not surprising that girls flee from it as they would from the plague.

In the Eastern cities there is a famine of servants and like the "flu", it may come west. The old proverb: "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure", holds true in this case. What is to be done? Why, let household work become an organized profession and girls will take to it like ducks to water, because household work is her sphere of labor—she did it from the beginning. To go back to the days of our grandmothers, when women knew no other forms of employment, it was not considered a disgrace to work in someone else's kitchen. Now that new forms of employment open up, Bridget no longer glorifies in household work. The Bridget of to-day finds such work monotonous and at the same time, beneath her station in life.

Most girls will, as soon as they have the means, take up a business course to fit themselves for a commercial career. Nearly all want to get out of domestic service and the moment they can they will do so. Not unfrequently a girl will take a poorly paid job, which barely subsists her, rather than go into domestic service, and many girls will only take it when every other means of living-hood has failed and starvation stares them in the face. The office girl goes to her work at nine and is through at six. After that she is free—to do what she will. Her time is her own. But not so with the servant girl, who is still on the job. She lacks freedom and moreover, companionship as well.

It is a recognized fact that most girls would rather go to a hotel or other public place to work than in a private home. The reason is that in the former places they will find other girls for companions. Her friends do not call for her at the back door as is the case in a private home, where also she is made to feel her position more keenly. I have talked with a number of girls on this subject and in each case I got the same answer: "I wouldn't go into a private home."

Now, as a matter of fact, as long as the servant girl is compelled to receive her visitors at the back door and entertain them in the kitchen, she will always detest her environment and forever try to get at something better. The fault lies with the mistress who employs them. It is her's to see to it that the back-door calling is abolished; that the kitchen becomes an attractive place for her servant to work in; that she have companionship, and if musically inclined, allowed the use of the piano.

It is the prevailing custom to address the servant girl as Mary or Bridget while the business girl is addressed as Miss Smith or Miss Jones. It makes one wonder if the latter class are more of a lady simply because their work requires more talent. Certainly not! To be able to turn a baking of good bread is an accomplishment that requires for its foundation some of the material that talent is made of to make it so. Yet it is not an uncommon thing to hear a girl say: "No, I cannot bake bread." The saddest part of the whole thing is that she is proud of it. Household work is an art and should be regarded as such, for it calls for considerable imitation to manage successfully the household duties. Yet girls get married every day who know next to nothing about household work and its management, with the result that they are certain to make a dead failure of it. And then people wonder why there are so many unhappy marriages! Not that a knowledge of household affairs creates blissful marriages, but it is a potent factor in bringing about this happy result.

A course in domestic service ought to go along with every girl's education, and without it, her education is not complete.

In one of our Western Cities there is an organization known as the Housewife's League. The aim of this league is to make household work more attractive. The employment of a servant is a business contract. The servant or maid cannot leave at a moment's notice, nor can her mistress dismiss her without previous notice. The maid works at stated hours, receives her visitors at the front door and is addressed Miss Smith, not Mary. Any difficulty between mistress and maid is adjusted by the league. At last reports this method was meeting with excellent results. I hope the day is not very far off when such a league, conducted on similar lines, will flourish in every city in the land. By putting domestic service on an organized basis, we not only raise the work to a higher standard but we instil in the feminine mind a more lofty opinion of the noblest and most honorable professions—household work.

MOTHER

By Isa. Grindlay.

When mother hears the clanging of the gate,
And steps come briskly down the garden walk,
She lays her needles down to pause and wait,
And does not listen if her friends should talk.
But, ere the stranger knocks, the vision dies,
And leaves her lone and wistful as before.
The feet she longs for tread 'neath distant skies,
And wander round the dim, old home no more.
Dear Mother. How longing thoughts take flight
And hover round the homesteads in the West,
Or steal away, in silence of the night,
To France, where one dear son is laid to rest.
'Tis hard to have her children rove so far,
But not in word or thought does she demur.
Her love is lighted by a peerless star—
When all is well with them 'tis well with her.

Education Out of School

By W. A. McIntyre, LL.D.

WHEN Dr. Suggalls visited Western Canada last year he said among other things that two kinds of school were required in Canada. and the United States—schools for children and schools for adults. There are things that cannot be done in the ordinary day schools, and unless they are done by some other agency our civilization is imperilled.

Among the schools for adults the following are typical. (1) For workers in departmental stores. (2) For factory workers. (3) For workers in rural communities (4) For non-English citizens. (5) For fathers and mothers. The nature of the work to be done in each of these schools and the plan of organizaton can not be determined accurately without trial and experiment, but it is not difficult to give a general outline that may serve as a suggestion.

The Department Store

Here there are hundreds of young people from fifteen to twenty-five years of age. They have to wait on the public. They should therefore be intelligent, courteous, refined and well-informed regarding the wares they have to sell. It is a pleasure to meet at the book counter a young lady who knows books, authors and publishers. It is an equal pleasure to find at the flower counter one who knows the bulbs and flowers as if they were her friends. A greater pleasure still it is when a young lady is well-dresed, well-spoken, free from affectation and paint-powder, and cheerful in her manner.

All of these bright young people are in the store for a few years. Then they leave to take positions in homes. What opportunities have they to prepare themselves for their life-duties?

To meet the problem, it is proposed to establish in the departmental stores classes of instruction open to all clerks. Such classes can be held during the regular hours of the day, each clerk being relieved for a few periods each week. The following outline of study is suggested.

(1) Lessons on Salesmanship. The management of the stores will naturally see that these are given. They include lessons in receiving, arranging and displaying goods. Lessons on manufacture and quality of goods. Lessons in selling —including such a wide range of topics as selecting goods to meet customers' needs, and fitting—in such departments as boots and shoes, millinery, dressmaking and the like. In such departments it is more necessary that the clerk should be a good adviser than a good sales-girl.

(2) Lessons in speech and behaviour. These are not only necessary to salesmanship, they are necessary for those who are later to become wives and mothers and members of society. It is important to know how and what to read, how to speak, how to meet people, how to dress, how to behave on the cars, on the street, in a public gathering. Above all is it necessary for a salesgirl to be so gently-mannered and courteous as to commend the store to the customers. Often one goes back to a store, or keeps away from it because of the clerks. Care of the person, language, voice, manner, dress are factors in inducing or preventing custom. One doesn't care to buy goods from a girl who chews gum. It will clearly pay employers to relieve their clerks from duty for a few hours each week, to take lessons in behavior.

(3) Lessons in home occupations—such as cooking, ornamentation of the home, choice of clothing, sewing and repairing, care of children, first aid. The list may be indefinitely extended. It may be thought that this is not part of an employee's duty, but it surely is not right that any young lady should for five or six years shut herself away from home life and then plunge into it without preparation. It will cost something to give such instruction of course, but this should be considered as part of an overhead expense. An employer who arranges for such instruction will have no difficulty in getting good employees. He will save money by spending it for such a purpose.

(4) General education—in English composition, art—as may be necessary.

All of this work is profitable and possible and the day is coming when in every large store there will be schools of instruction. Smaller stores will continue for the same purpose. It will be easy to find in the staffs of the stores competent instructors.

Factory Hands

The instruction of these will be somewhat similar to the last.

(1) Technical instruction—related to the work in which they are engaged.

(2) General Education—English, mathematics, science and history as may be necessary.

(3) Civic duties as citizens, as partners in industry. Most of the troubles in trade and industry are due to ignorance and suspicion.

(4) Department—Every factory hand looks towards promotion. His chances are small unless in speech, manner and general behaviour he commends himself to his employers and to the public.

In most factories specialization is carried out to a wonderful degree. It takes over thirty-six operatives to make a pair of boots. Each one of these is likely to become narrow in his outlook and sympathy. A broad course of instruction is necessary to offset the evil of the present system. It has been found that the large factory is not a good place to train apprentices, unless instructional classes are provided. Where instruction is carefully given the unanimous testimony is that the employees adopt a new attitude to their work. There is a great difference between an intelligent workman and a drudge.

For non-English Citizens

The night schools have been doing a good work among these, but night schools are not organized in many places. In every non-English community there can be provision made in the winter months for teaching.

(1) English language—speaking, reading, writing.

(2)—Canadian history and Government.

(3) The elements of household management, care of stock, agriculture, and the like. There lessons should be arranged to meet the needs of both men and women.

The schoolteachers, the doctors and the best mothers of the districts can be instructors. It is just as necessary to keep a school of this kind going as it is to teach the children in the day school. Each school has its own function to perform.

School for Parents

It is not necessary to elaborate on this here. In the effort to get elementary education established, schools for parents have been overlooked. Conferences between teachers, parents and others specially qualified, would be of great value. Such topics as health, private and public morals, public entertainments, reading, recreation, occupation of children out of school, might all be discussed. It is clear that education is so broad that no one person alone can direct it. All the institutions of civilization must co-operate in their effort to shape young lives right. Hence conference. The idea that education is ended when one leaves school must give way to the idea that it is a never-ending process, demanding the attention of every good citizen. In the ideal community everybody teaches and everybody goes to school.

GOOD TESTIMONY

A good tale is told of how a simple country fellow silenced a barrister. It was the question of the age of a mare.

"How do you know that such is the age of the mare?" shouted the barrister.

"I had it from the mare's own mouth, replied the witness.—Tit-Bits.

Westclox *America* – *trim, alert, honest*

THE *America* paved the way for Big Ben's success. Thirty-four years ago it was the only Westclox alarm. It entered the field as the unknown product of an unknown maker and pushed to the front on sheer merit.

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Trim, alert, honest, this clock laid down a policy which has stood the test of time. A policy all Westclox follow—quality.

We are proud of *America* and of the construction principle that America pioneered which stands back of Westclox success: needle-fine pivots of polished steel that reduce friction. *Westclox*, on the dial and tag is the mark of a faithful timekeeper.

Western Clock Co.—makers of Westclox
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Will Save the Meats

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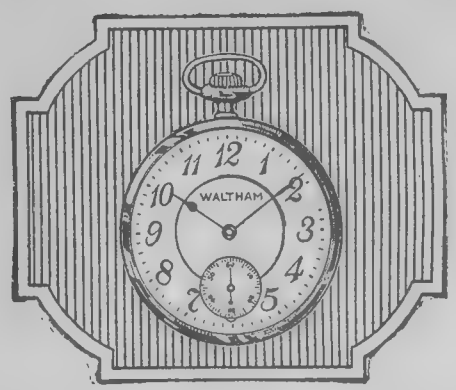
DIME brings five SELECT COLORED PICTORIAL POST CARDS British Columbia's Wonderful Scenery including Famous Canadian "Rockies." Real "Beauties." Walter Bailey, 856 Eleventh Ave. East Vancouver, Can.

FREE Lavalliere or Rose Bud Ring. Ring set with Rose Bud. Lavalliere set with rex stone, green gold leaves. Your choice for 12 cents. Both for 22 cents. Warranted for three years Rex Jewelry Co., Dept. 3 , Battle Creek, Mich



The Waltham "Riverside" model. Priced from $70.00 upwards. Many other Waltham Models — Ask your jeweler.

The basic reasons for Waltham supremacy

IN 1854 the first factory in the world to manufacture complete watch movements was opened at Waltham.

Before that, plates were fashioned in one place, screws in another, springs in another. All the parts, produced by different people in different places, were finally assembled somewhere else. As a result, the time-keeping qualities of completed movements were by no means reliable.

Waltham altered this condition.

Waltham replaced hit-or-miss methods with standardization.

At Waltham were evolved those marvellous automatic machines which replaced much hand-work, resulting in greater precision.

A modern Waltham Watch is the world's finest achievement in watch-making. To own a Waltham is not only to be assured of time accuracy, but to have the prestige which comes from possessing a watch that commands respect everywhere.

Waltham Grandfather Hall Clocks, Mantel and Leather (all colors) Desk Clocks for homes of refinement. Ask your jeweler.

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

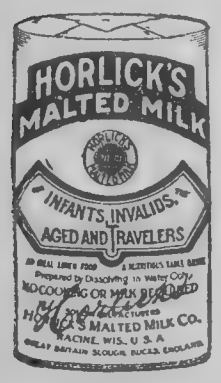
WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, LIMITED

MONTREAL

Makers and Distributors of Waltham Products in Canada

Factories: Montreal, Canada; Waltham, U.S.A.

The DIET *During and After* INFLUENZA



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Used successfully over ¼ century. Endorsed by physicians everywhere.

Ask for and get Horlick's The Original

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Washing Machines for this wonderful $2.00 Vacuum Washer

Regular Price $4.00. This advertisement worth $2.00 if you order at once.

This wonderful vacuum washer will pay for itself the first wash day you use it—we guarantee satisfaction or refund your money. It will wash a tubful of clothes in three minutes. It will wash anything from the heaviest blankets or overalls to the finest laces.

It prevents the wear on clothes—prevents back ache and does away altogether with the old drudgery of washdays.

No more rubbing—throw away your washboard.

This washer can be used for washing, rinsing, blueing or dry cleaning with gasoline.

Send this advertisement and only $2.00 to-day, and we will send the $4.00 Vacuum Clothes Washer, complete with long handle and exhaust protectors, postpaid to any address. We want to prove to every woman that this is the best Vacuum Washer. Don't Wait—Order one to-day. Agents Wanted.

GRANT & McMILLAN CO., Dept. M.W. 4, 837 Clinton St., Toronto

"Wearyin' for Peace"

By Marie Oemler

CAROLINE shaded her dark eyes with her brown hands, and gazed long and earnestly down the winding mountain road. In the walnut tree by the well a blue jay fluttered, scolding raucously as, like a flying blue flower, he flitted from bough to bough.

The small house perched upon the mountain side, the stubby cornfield behind it, the road, the wooded heights beyond, wavered in the hot streaming sunlight of the early autumn afternoon.

The road stretched vacantly into the far distance; dad's slouchy figure failed to appear. Caroline crossed over behind the well, waved a friendly hand to the scolding blue jay, and climbed the worn fence half buried in golden-rod which bounded her small domain. She followed the path running like a ragged yellow-brown ribbon through the mountain woods, her pink sunbonnet and red calico dress a flaming bit of color against the universal green density.

She moved with the lithe, tireless grace of an Indian, keeping up her easy swinging stride for some miles until she had reached a ledge of rock overhanging a deep and narrow gorge. Looking down, she caught a glimpse of swirling brown mountain water racing over its rocky bed; its steady rushing sent upward an insistent silvery whisper full of tinkling notes.

Caroline's shrill, far-reaching call receiving no answer, she dropped down upon a flat rock, her hands folded in her lap, and waited.

The sunlight flickered brokenly through the trees and a breeze, sweet with the mountain's breath, swept her cheek caressingly. She took off her sunbonnet and leaned her head against the tree by which she sat. In the dreamy solitude her dark beauty softened into musing tenderness. She knew he would come presently, tall and strong and splendid, his rifle across his shoulder, his blue eyes full of passion and tenderness, his stern face mild and smiling—for her. Lost in pleasing day dreams, her dark head with its hanging braids dropped forward, her eyes closed.

She was roused by the sound of a gunshot in the woods on the other side of the gorge, and leaped to her feet, every nerve alive and alert, turning her head with the stealthy grace of a panther. A puff of white smoke rose, hung lazily in the air, and melted away. Something heavy fell in the bushes, although the sound was deadened by the thick underbrush and the musical murmur of the water in the gorge.

After an interval a man emerged from behind the trees on the other side, and faced her, rifle in hand.

"Hit's me."

"Hit's yo'," she returned quietly. "What'd yo' shoot at?" He dropped his gun to the earth, muzzle up, and stood leaning on it.

"Ca'line, yo' know I love yo', honey-chile?"

"Yo' say so," assented the girl, her dark eyes fixed upon his with piercing intensity.

"Yo' know I do," said he quickly. "Ef I didn't, yo' reckon I'd run the risk o' a bullet, meetin' yo here? Yo' know I love yo'! Now I want yo' to sw'ar yo' love me, too. Sw'ar hit, Ca'line!"

"I ain't one to go back on my word," said the girl with fierce earnestness. "I tole yo' I did, an' I do. I love yo'. Yore people kill mine, an' mine kill yore's. But I love yo'! What'd yo' hit when yo' fired?"

"He was watchin' fo' me. I got sight o' his gun when he moved, an' I shot—fust. Hit was him or me, Ca'line—an' 'twas him went down."

"Who?" she cried in a shrill whisper. Her face had gone deathly white, her eyes were wide and terrified. He looked from his gun to her, helplessly.

"I saw his face when he jumped—an' fell, he said. "An'—hit was yo' dad, Ca'line."

Caroline gave a choking cry, putting up her hands as if to ward off what had already come upon her. She had not been unaware of its possibility. It had been one of her risks, but with the optimism of youth she had thought it but a remote one. Now that it had actually befallen her, she was unprepared.

"Dad!" she shrilled. "An', O my Lawd Gawd! hit's yo' what killed him! Yo'!"

"Hit was him or me," said Rollins desperately. "Ef I'd 'a' waited. I fired to save myself, 'thout knowin', Ca'line."

Her slim young body swayed to and fro, precariously near the edge; she wrung her hands, but without the relief of tears.

"Yo' know thah's bad blood atween us-all, Ca'line. Thah's always been bad blood—Gawd A'mighty knows why. 'Tain't none o' my willin'. I wanted yo' to go 'way with me an' have done with all this kin' o' business. Yo' know I did. I been aimin' to take yo' 'way with me ever since I knowed yo' loved me."

Caroline looked at him vacantly. "D' yo' know thah's none o' we-all lef', 'cept me?" she asked mournfully.

His fine bronzed face turned white.

"Hit was him or me," he said sternly. "Ef yo' don't b'lieve that, I'd as lief go with the sheriff."

She shook her head with quick negation. Her sense of justice told her that he had but acted in self-defense, that only the fact that he had drawn first had saved him and sent the dad on the Long Trail.

"She listened intently for a moment."

"Yo' bullet oughter hit me' stead o' him," she said huskily. "Yo're a Rollins. I knowed hit; an' yet I met yo'—an' loved yo'!"

"Hit's right an' good for us to love each other, Ca'line," he said passionately. "Them that comes atween us is sinnin'. Gawd A'mighty made us for each other, an' I'm plum right in claimin' my own." He came to the brink of the dividing chasm and lifted his pleading face.

"Ca'line! come 'way with me, an' let's leave these murderin' ways behin' us. Come out West, Ca'line, whah we kin work in the open 'thout fear o' a bullet in the back. Gawd knows I never meant nor wanted to kill him, Ca'line. I ain't one for spillin' blood, nohow. I wanter foller the ways that young preacher feller talked 'bout las' spring, an' I want yo' to foller 'em with me. I ain't goin' nowhah 'thout yo'. Say yo'll come, Ca'line, darlin'."

"An'—an'—the dad—" she whispered fearfully. "Is he——"

"Sho'. Thah's no hope, Ca'line. He's gone a'ready. Went 'thout a struggle," he answered regretfully.

"Dad's friends'll know 'twas a Rollins done hit, an' they'll be after yo'," she said, after a long pause full of painful thought. "An' I'm sho' wearyin' for peace," she said wearily. "Wearyin' for peace!"

"An' yo'll come, Ca'line?" he asked eagerly.

"Thah's blood atween yo' an' me," said Caroline somberly. "But I'll meet yo' to-night, an' I'll go with yo'. Gawd forgive me ef I ain't doin' right, but He's jest got to know I can't stan' hit no mo'! I can't stan' hit no mo'!"

"An' yore mar?" he asked hesitatingly.

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"Wearyin' for Peace"

Continued from Page 16

"She wont worry none too much once I'm gone," said the girl, without emotion. She lifted her dusky eyes to his almost pleadingly. "Gawd knows I've loved my people—but I love yo' better'n them—or Him. I can't help what yo've done, I've got to rise up an' foller yo'," Her voice quivered and broke.

"Them people o' yourn ain't never been none too kin' to yo', Ca'line," he remarked tentatively.

"No, they ain't," she assented, but without resentment. His eyes rested upon her lingeringly.

"Yo' ain't never going' to be sorry yo' come to me, honey-heart," he promised, with honest passion. "To-night, Ca'line."

"To-night," she repeated.

He waved his hand, slung his gun across his shoulder, and disappeared among the trees; she stood still until his tall form was lost to sight, then turned swiftly toward home. And in the underbrush across the gorge lay the dead man, his gun beside him, his face buried in the grass and drifted leaves.

Caroline walked quickly through the waning evening, her pink sunbonnet on her arm, her thick black plaits hanging over her shoulders. Her lips, full and red, were compressed into a firm crimson line, her eyes smoldered like banked fires; deep in their brown depths one saw a glint of a flaming soul. Tiny spots of red, like little tongues of flame, burned in her cool, dusky cheeks.

Her mother was sitting on the doorsill, smoking a short corncob pipe, when Caroline reached home. Used to her daughter's whim of wandering around in the woods, she made no comment upon her long absence.

"Over the dead girl they confronted each other, panting."

"Yo' dad ain't home yet, Ca'line."

"No?"

"Ef he meets one o' them Rollinses he won't come home; or they won't, one or 'tother," said the old woman calmly, between puffs of her pipe.

"Did he 'spec' to meet a Rollins?"

"Uh-huh. That fool boy o' Baker's, Jed, tol' him somethin' las' night, an' this mawnin' yo' dad took his gun an' went out. I 'lowed he was on a wrong trail, but yo' know he's plum bent in his ways. Yo' heah anything like a gunshot, Ca'line?"

Caroline lifted her eyes dauntlessly. "No," she said.

"Which way'd yo' come?"

"By the sweet-gums an' the spring."

"Yo' ain't been by the gorge, mebbe?"

"No," said Caroline, tensely.

"Yo' dad was thah," said her mother.

Both relapsed into mountain taciturnity. The old woman smoked in stolid silence. Caroline sat on the sill beside her, her large eyes fixed mournfully on the waning glories of the skies above the pines.

Red, gold, and blue, with wavering glimmers of green; then a settled pearl-gray, rose, and silver on the edges; then a sadder gray, with fading rose and silver; and more and yet more gray; then darkness; and presently above the woods the misty beauty of the Milky Way, sewn with stars like seed pearls; and a little young moon, wandering in the big sky like a lost child. Now an owl hoo-hoo'd from the deepening dark, and katydids and crickets chirped shrilly from the clearing. Caroline sat in silence, awed and saddened. Somewhere down by the gorge a silent figure was lying, its stark face couched in the cool, sweet-smelling grass.

The old woman's pipe began to gleam like a red sinister eye peering out of the gloom.

"Seems like I heard a shot, 'bout a hour 'fore yo' come home, Ca'line," she remarked, removing her pipe and knocking out the ashes. "Hit was far off an' faint like, but I reckon hit was sho' a gunshot."

"I never heard it," said Caroline steadily.

Her mother turned her head and shot a sudden keen glance at the girl, but as well as her sharp eyes could detect in the twilight, the face was as calmly indifferent as the voice.

"Yo' better fix supper now, Ca'line," she remarked, after another silent interval.

Caroline moved lightly about the kitchen, and the supper of corn bread, coffee, and bacon was soon upon the table. They ate in silence, sparsely, Caroline removing the dishes when the meal had been finished.

"Yo' dad's sho' late," said the old woman, glancing out at the dark mountain side. "I don't reckon we'd better wait up no mo' for him."

"No," said the girl almost inaudibly. "'Tain't no use waitin' no more'."

She undressed, flung herself across the bed, and slept, knowing that she could and would wake later, and that she must rest. The old woman lay beside her, with her eyes shut but with every sense wakeful. How cruelly long those hours were!

He had met one of the Rollinses she knew quite as well as if she had seen him fall. A flood of bitterness—the undying mountain hatred, the savage vindictiveness of a race which knows no forgiveness—welled up in her heart, and under her shut lids her eyes burned and smarted. Her strong old hands clenched. He was down! Her sons, also, had been shot by the Rollinses, after killing two of them. The quarrel had begun further back than her time, nor was she even aware of its cause. She only knew that when Hudson and Rollins met, some one died.

Jed Baker had foolishly told her husband that one of the Rollins boys had been meeting Caroline at the gorge. He, in hiding near by, had seen them once himself, he said. The dad, grim, relentless, fierce, had taken his shotgun and set out to watch. She knew that had he not fallen he would have come home. Somewhere out in the dark he was lying stark and alone, and Caroline——

Of Caroline she was almost afraid to think; anger and fierce hostility smoldered in her heart against her own child, the last one left her. She knew now that Caroline—knew. Her mouth hardened grimly as she lay, quiet and watchful; no coiled snake was ever more alert, more deadly with venomous intent.

Caroline stirred, and rose softly, then leaned lightly over her mother and touched the hard cheek with her soft lips—so might a falling flower have brushed against a granite ledge. The old woman made no movement, and Caroline, with a breath of relief, stepped lightly about, putting on her few garments. The listener heard the door cautiously opened and closed, and an instant later Caroline had gone.

When the light step had died in the distance, the mother rose, dressed in a fury of haste, and thrust her feet into her coarse shoes. In a corner behind her bed hung her dead boy's guns, which she loaded and slung across her shoulder. Stepping outside the house, she listened intently for a moment, and then sped after Caroline like an evil shadow.

The moon was high in the heavens now, its pallid light falling fitfully between the trees. The road was in spots filled with wavering shadows of trees. At either side beneath the trees the blackness was unbroken, and she kept to the side. Far ahead a slim figure fled through one of the silver lakes of light. The mother said, "Ca'line!" and fled after it.

The slender figure in its dark-red dress stopped at last by the ledge of rock beside the gorge, and the pursuing vengeance dropped in a pool of blackness farther back among the trees. Deep

Continued on Page 18

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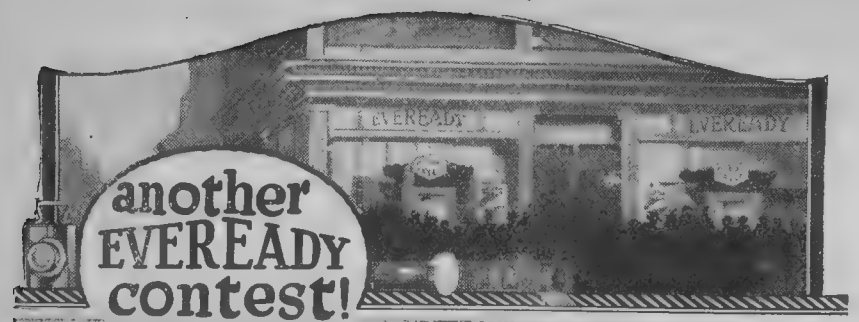

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"Wearyin' for Peace"

Continued from Page 17

in the gorge the mountain water murmured as it rushed over its bed of stones, sending upward its crystal whisper.

Caroline called, her voice sounding shrill and faint and far, like an elfin horn blowing in the forest to summon sprite and fay to a midnight tryst. The winds born between midnight and dawn lifted the sound and sent it to die among the rustling, whispering trees. A screech owl, unchancy bird of evil, answered with its frightful cry.

Caroline called again, with a new note of nervousness in her voice, and this time a deeper, truer note answered reassuringly. Out of the darkness stepped a tall figure.

"Hit's me, Ca'line, honey. Yo' ready?"

The watcher heard Caroline's sobbing cry of relief and rapture as she ran up to the taller figure and was drawn into his protecting arms. He bent his curly head and kissed her again and again, drawing her closer to him.

"Darlin' heart! Yo'll be far from fright an' danger in the mawnin'."

"Oh, let's go, quick!" urged the girl. "I don't know why, but I'm—I'm 'feared."

He swept her to him again, and then with arms entwined they turned and started down the road toward the distant railroad station. Once Caroline turned and looked backward, her face, like a magnolia flower, glowing luminously out of the gloom.

Keeping always in the shadow the watcher followed, the struggling light glinting dully on the rifle's metal barrel.

The path cleared and widened. The two young figures were in plain sight, a brawny arm in a blue flannel sleeve around a lithe, red waist. Walking with the stealth of a beast of prey, the trailer drew nearer, gliding soundlessly in the shadows. She could hear the man's voice, vibrant with hope.

"An' we'll live like Christians, Ca'line, in the open. In the open, like Gawd A'mighty 'tended folk to live! We'll forget the bad blood an' the killin', little gal, an' jest remember thah's yo' an' me—an' love." He added thoughtfully: "Somehow I'm reckonin' yo' dad knows better now, an' ain't a mite sorry hit was him 'stead o' me."

The follower stood still in her tracks and lifted the gun to her shoulder, the barrel sighted with deadly certainty to a spot between those broad, blue-covered shoulders before her. Her finger was upon the trigger when Caroline turned and saw her.

It may have been the faint click of the trigger which warned her quick ear; it may have been some subtler, surer sense she shared with the kindred of the wild, for she had leaped back and sidewise, panther-quick, even as the avenging finger pressed down.

The brooding peace and solitude were shattered, a red streak flashed hissingly forward. Caroline wavered and fell between her mother and her lover. Her small brown hand beat upon the ground, her startled eyes stared for a fleeting second at the two bending above her.

The man had wrenched the gun from the woman's nerveless fingers and sent it crashing through the trees. Over the dead girl they confronted each other, panting. Neither spoke.

Presently the mother squatted upon the ground and took the fallen head in her lap, smoothing the long black braids with shaking fingers. She bent lower and peered into the pallid face.

"Ca'line! Ca'line! O Gawd, my baby-chile! Lawd Gawd she's all I got! Ca'line! Ca'line! Yo' mammy ain't mad with yo' no mo'. Wake up, baby-chile!"

"Ca'line! Ca'line!" burst from the man's tortured breast in a deeper cry of anguish and despair.

Caroline lay silent. The two stared at each other with horrible intensity.

"Whah's her dad?" asked the old woman presently, in a low whisper.

Rollins waved his hand, vaguely, toward the gorge behind them.

"I seen him fust, Mis' Hudson. An' he's yander, 'tother side," he said apathetically. She nodded.

"I'll sen' for him in the mawnin'," she said briefly.

He knelt beside Caroline and kissed her lingeringly, folding her little hands on her breast. Her mother offered no resistance, and showed no aversion, although his bent figure touched hers. She studied him speculatively. In the open road where they were, the moon-light showed his blue eyes and curling hair. She admitted his virile beauty, his lean sinewy grace. Her eyes went swiftly back to Caroline.

"Was yo' much took with her?" she asked him curiously.

Unable to reply, he beat upon his breast and tossed his arms upward in a gesture of pain and despair. A gleam of satisfaction lighted her dull eyes, a grim exultant smile curled her lips.

"'Twarn't 'tended for Rollins an' Hudson blood to mix," she said grimly. "But she warn't like any o' her people, Ca'line warn't. I reckon she's happy this minnit she jumped quick 'nough to save yo'. Hit was yo' I aimed to git, yo' know."

He nodded indifferently.

"Yo' better let me carry her home, Mis' Hudson," he suggested in a tired curiously gentle voice. He felt youth and hope slipping away from him; they had belonged to Caroline, and they were following her out into the unknown. He felt no anger; only a vast unreasoning pity for the Horror squatting beside the dead girl.

She waved him aside. "No!" she said fiercely. "I'll tote my chile myself." Her restless, twitching fingers played with the long braids.

"N' yo' be off!" she ordered sharply. "Ef yo're a-goin' West, go quick, 'fore some o' us-all gits yo'. Though I reckon," she added with a terrible smile, "thah ain't nothin' none o' us kin do to yo' wuss'n . . . this." From her lap Caroline's face peered at him, now glimmering whitely, now lost in shade.

He moved away, with hanging head, slowly; he walked like an old man. At a distance he turned and watched her, a silent monstrous shape, bent double beneath the limp burden hanging supinely across her shoulders, plodding heavily through the fragrant moonlight night toward her ruined home.

DREAMER AND DOER

By Bartlett Brooks

A dreamer and a doer
Were born the selfsame day,
Grew up and dwelt together
In comrade work and play.

The dreamer sent his fancy
On classic fields to roam,
The doer fashioned temples
From common clay, at home.

The dreamer saw a kingdom
Where right ruled everything,
Where justice dwelt with liberty
And every man was king.

The doer fought, triumphant
Through hatred, pain and dearth,
To bring the Kingdom nearer
Of peace, good will on earth.

The dreamer saw his Master,
Compassionate and mild.
The doer toiled and suffered—
Lifted the crippled child,

Led forth the blind and erring,
Till in his face men saw
The Master's spirit shining
And touched his robe in awe.

How could that mystic dreamer
Such wondrous visions see?
How could the toil-worn doer
Rise to such mastery?

How could the dreamer triumph?
How could the doer plan?
Ah! You have read the answer!
They were the selfsame man!

Fare forth, my valiant doer,
Where storm-tossed pennons gleam.
But lose not. in thy striving,
The vision and the dream!

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"The New Woman"

By Robert Jukes, Fellow Colonial Institute

The silent revolutions of today are the accomplished facts of tomorrow. The progress of startling thoughts that yesterday shook the timid and the vacillating, will, a generation hence, be regarded as the commonplaces of everyday existence.

The unimaginative, the staid, and the conventional dearly love to wander along pleasant shaded paths. Today the daring and the intellectual constantly push them toward the banks of that stream of progress on which, if they would only boldly embark, there would open to their astonished eyes vast fields and new pastures possessed of an infinitely wider range of possibilities than their poor dreams ever revealed.

With the silent evolution of new thought and new angles of view, their hearts and minds would open gradually like the flower to the dawn.

The men and women of tomorrow, who are the children of to-day, will ponder in amazement over the terror and the turmoil that such advances caused, seeing, as they will do, that the goal, if reached, has been attained only through the wounded hearts and hopes of a human mass wandering in the mist of ignorance.

Some of us view with apprehension and misgiving, that mysterious form now emerging on a startled world, the intellectual emancipation of that inscrutable entity—Woman.

Woman, that from the dawn of existence has been regarded as an inferior unit, in the drama of life: Woman, upon whose life the breaking of a new light, so long witheld, will exercise a new influence upon a new generation.

The bigot and the fanatic may regard such changes with alarm, but to the brave of heart, to the lovers of Truth and Justice, the opening of a new era in Woman's life should be greeted with enthusiasm.

Let us for a moment examine the meaning of those words, "The New Woman. What do they convey? Have they any meaning? Or is it merely the foolish patter of that shallow crowd ever thirsting for novelty, ever craving for excitement of new sensations? I venture to think that it does not fall within that dreary category. I dare to hope that it reveals the dawn of a new spirit, a hope based on that intellectual force that impels large groups of women in every country, to realize the possession of dormant faculties and latent power, urging them to action in the interest of their fellow creatures, a force that gains in power, reinforced as it is by that natural instinct of their sex, and to which we, as men, owe so much—tenderness of heart.

If, therefore, through the mysterious evolution of nature, a type of woman should evolve, exhibiting increased intellectual strength, without impairing that divine gift of tenderness, a new agency would arise possessed of direct influence for good in the world.

The sympathetic union of men and women, together linked in loyal faith to meet life's temptations, its dangers, its sorrows and its joys, but also linked to solve the problems that encompass the unthinking mass steeped to the lips in the contemplation of their own interests alone, would present an irresistible combination of altruistic energy.

That this new and higher type of woman in complete union with man, and engaged with him in those affairs of life, that were previously his exclusive domain, will fail to beneficially react on both, is hard to imagine.

The man should not sink into the slough of effeminacy. The woman should not fall to that ghastly level, the masculine female. On the contrary, each retaining their marked characteristics, the result should be a moral and physical improvement in the race, at every point.

Such are my reasons for hoping that the "New Woman" will achieve,—that she will achieve much I frankly believe. That she will commit many blunders I feel convinced, That she will "make good", as the expression goes, is almost certain. That she may electrify a curious world by the sudden exhibition of one of her leading peculiarities,—contrariness,"—is entirely possible.

But, that under new and strange influences, she will lapse into a mere bundle of nerves and emotions, I refuse to believe, and I refuse to believe that she will fail to make a real effort to "play the game," in conjunction with that creature,"mere man". But of all things I am sure of, I know that she will still remain the enigma she has ever been since the day she enjoyed the Apples of the Garden of Eden.

Perhaps, however, it is too early to predict. Let us therefore extend to her that chivalrous support that is her due from every fair and loyal man.

The opponents of the modern woman contend that her entrance into the rougher avenues of the world, will act detrimentally upon her character as a wife and a mother. I firmly believe that the direct opposite will result. Contact at close range with some of Life's darker problems should, if she is possessed of any force of character at all, react favorably both on her husband and her children. The former would be conscious always of the presence of a kindly critic competent to analyse his disposition and tendencies, from an intelligent angle.

The children, while in no danger of the risk of a lack of maternal tenderness, would in their early training, probably be less exposed to the influence of pure sentimental emotion in excess, resulting in greater strength of moral fibre—an immense advantage when they step into the struggle of life.

Moreover, in the selection of their careers, the father's decision would not be final, as it would be the claim of the mother also to judge, a claim based on the experience gained by her more direct contact with some of life's deeper problems.

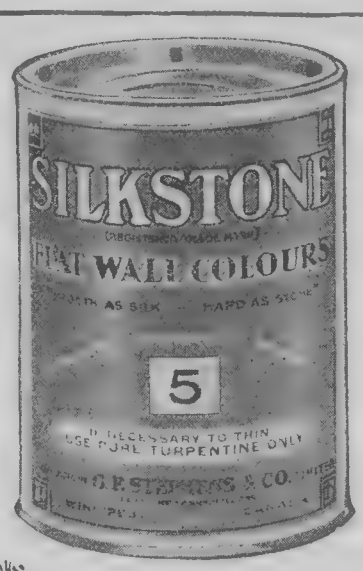
This, however, opens other avenues of thought and discussion, so I must now, for a time, take leave of our fair pioneer—"The New Woman."

"Which New England state has two capitals, Jack?" asked the teacher.

"New Hampshire," quickly answered the boy.

"Indeed; name them."

"Capital 'N' and capital 'H.'"—What To Do.



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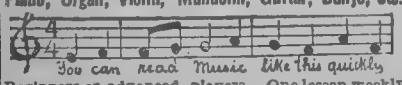

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Rural Postman Completes Fancy Palace After Laboring Forty Years

By Francis Dickie

This is the story of the oddest palace probably in the world. It sounds like a fairy tale, but is instead a tale of modern truth that has hardly an equal in history. The palace and the builder are shown in the accompanying photograph. No prince nor person of royal blood, nor ordinary wealthy man erected it, but a poor postman named Ferdinand Cheval. The palace stands in France in the little borough of Hauterives, in the beautiful valley of the Galaure

Forty-three years ago, when Ferdinand Cheval was 40 years old, he found in his consignment of mail which he distributed to the rural community around Hauterives, an illustrated book, the cover of which had been lost in transit. As no one claimed the book Cheval took it home. The volume was a magnificently illustrated one, showing various castles, mosques and palaces throughout Europe and Asia. Such is the strangeness of the human brain this book awoke in the heart of the humble postman the maddest ambition; he desired to have a palace of his own. The idea grew stronger and stronger, till he gave way to it and started laying plans which resulted in time in the huge structure shown in the photo, the most fantastic in the world.

Six miles from the village where he lived along the river bed were some beautifully colored stones. Every night after he had finished his labors of postman Cheval took his wheelbarrow and walked six miles to the river, put on a load of these brightly colored stones and wheeled them home—twelve miles of walking after his day's work. Then on nearer hillsides and from the sea he gathered other pebbles, stones and shells. All this material he piled on his quarter acre of ground in the village of Hauterives, just beyond the square house in which he lived.

Cheval was forty years old when he began building the strange structure. He worked early and late at it, seldom getting more than six hours sleep a day. He is now eighty-four years old, and has just recently completed the palace. He kept a diary of work all through the years, which shows he has worked nine thousand days, each one averaging about seven hours of labor, a total of 67,500 hours. In addition to the stones he gathered, he paid out of his savings for four thousand bags of cement and lime. The stones total one thousand cubic yards. As the years slipped away and the building took shape curious people from the surrounding country came to see the palace, and in this way the builder earned a little money by showing people through it. All this money was put back into the building.

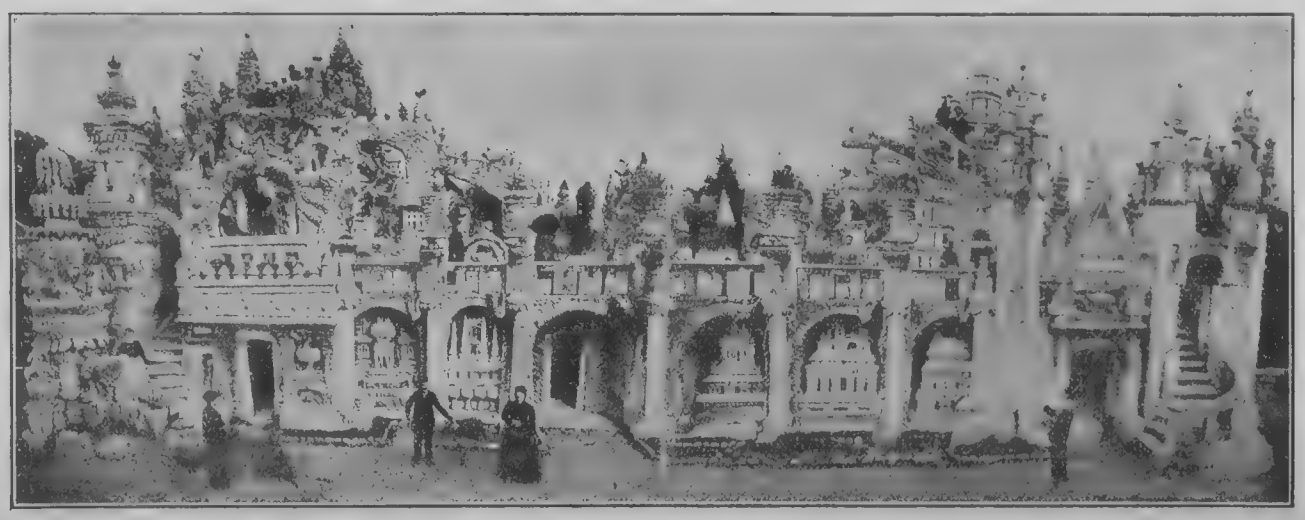
The palace is rectangular in shape. The north and south sides are forty-five feet long, the east and west eighty-five feet. The eastern facade is here shown. The whole building is a queer jumble of all the various buildings which Cheval saw in the book, with a few extra ideas conceived by himself through the years.

An oddly shaped tower taken from some feudal castle rubs shoulders with a bit of architecture suggested by an Oriental mosque. One tower is made entirely of stones selected for their red color and brilliant shine. A Swiss chalet is formed completely of seashells. Over the entire facades on the four sides are scattered a weird assortment of rudely sculptured figures of animals, giants, eagles, ostriches and smaller birds.

Owing to the time put on his palace Cheval claims that he has not had more than six hours sleep in each day for forty years, but he is still very healthy and strong though eighty-four years old. The queerest thing in connection with his palace is that though he has completed it, he continues to live in his old square house.

Recently he conceived the idea of making the palace his wife's mausoleum, so he went ahead and built two magnificent tombs. But when he got them completed the authorities would not grant him a license to make of the place a burial ground.

As an example of what perseverance and a few hours work each day can do, the palace is a striking example. Fantastic and foolish as it seems the palace has brought pleasure to its builder. At first the rest of the villagers laughed at him, but it is different now, for Cheval's palace has put Hauterives on the map. Tourists are beginning to come from all over France to see this strange place, and the builder is reaping quite a nice little sum in fees for showing people over the building.



Eastern Facade of Postman's Dream Palace

Music, Love, God.

"To make a home out of a household given the raw material, to wit, wife, children, a friend or two and a house—two other things are necessary. These are a good fire and good music; and inasmuch as we can do without a fire for half the year, I may say music is the one essential. Late explorers say they have found some nations that have no God; but I have not heard of any that had no music. Music means harmony, harmony means love, love means God" Sidney Lanier.

About Music As A Disabled Soldier's Vocation

From the Hamburg War Hospital Gazette, under the date of Aug. 1, 1916, we find the following warning with regard to music as a vocation for the cripple: "It is believed in certain quarters that music offers a suitable vocation for the disabled soldier. By way of example, several successful blinded or crippled musicians are shown. (Count Zichy, the one armed pianist, visited the war hospital in person to demonstrate how he overcame his handicap.) Whoever uses these examples overlooks the fact that these men were accomplished musicians before they were disabled. It is wrong for war cripples to assume that by taking up the study of music they can acquire an easy life vocation. On the whole, the music profession offers even to the strongest and most ambitious only small pay."

Training a great number of cripples to be musicians would be equivalent, in reality, to turning out beggars in the guise of musicians. It would be a great crime to our disabled and a step backward in the social position of our professional musicians.

With regard to the musician crippled in the war the situation is different. here, as in all trades, the most important thing for the director of vocational education is to refit the disabled man for his former occupation. Should a musician be unable to resume his own instrument, it would be easier to teach him to play another instrument than to train him for an entirely different career.

High School Orchestras

"When the musical aptitude of pupils is properly fostered by means of music courses which will bring out all latent musical ability, we may well look to the high schools for our future guidance in matters musical."

Such is the optimistic outlook for the future as seen by Mr. George H. Gartlan, Director of Music in the New York City schools, in a recent article on the musical situation in the educational system. He believes that the possibilities in the development of musical talents among the students during their high school course have as yet barely been tapped.

Summing up the former status of music in the high school curriculum and contrasting it with that of the present and immediate future, Mr. Gartlan says:

"Until a few years ago music in the high school meant one period per week devoted to sight singing and choral practice for all classes of pupils alike—with or without musical aptitude. After hours the talented student who received his musical training outside of school hours was expected to devote a great deal of his time to choral and orchestral practice which redounded to the schools' credit, but for which he received no credit. By a process of education the high standards set and maintained are now giving, our orchestras are the nucleus about which the musical talent in the school can gather, and they offer their members the same opportunity for individual prominence as is given the athletic stars."

Mr Gartlan looks to the establishment of classes in all the instruments of the orchestra, so that from these and the school ensembles may later be recruited the players for the many municipal and other symphony orchestras which now so largely draw their membership from foreign sources. If the school orchestras, after studying the various compositions could then have the benefit of hearing them interpreted by a professional organization of high standing their training would be valuably supplemented. This is already being done for the high school orchestras in New York with the aid of the New York Symphony Society and the Philharmonic Society.

Helpful Household Hints for Busy Women

For Hot Bread and Cake

When cutting hot bread and cake heat the knife slightly.

To Bleach Faded Cotton

A badly faded cotton dress may be made white by boiling in cream of tartar water.

Keep Your Floors White

Hot water tends to make a floor yellow, while cold water will keep it white and clean.

To Wash Tumblers

If tumblers have contained milk they should first be rinsed in cold water before being washed in hot.

Keep Your Bird's Cage Dry

Damp perches give a bird rheumatism. When cleaning the cage, be sure everything about it is perfectly dry.

To Prolong the Life of a Candle

If candles have been kept in a very cold place they will burn much more slowly than if they are allowed to become soft.

For a Too Hot Oven

If the fire becomes too hot while you are baking or roasting, a dish of cold water placed in oven will lower the temperature.

A Warm Bed

Several thicknesses of newspapers laid smoothly between the mattress and the bed springs are equal in warmth to another blanket.

Don't Sweep the Sickroom

Instead of trying to sweep an invalid's room, wring a clean cloth out of cold water in which a few drops of ammonia have been added, and with it carefully wipe the carpet, matting or floor.

Fruit Jar Covers That Stick

If the cover of a fruit jar sticks, do not attempt to wrench it off, simply invert the jar and place the top in hot water for a minute. Then try and you will find it turns easily.

To Remove Stains From Hands

If your fingers are stained from peeling fruit or vegetables, dip them into very strong tea for a few minutes, and then wash them in clear, warm water.

A Reminder on Wash Day

Hang over the laundry tubs a card on which you have plainly written the directions of removing common stains such as rust, ink, oil, grass and wagon grease.

Medicine for the Cat

Medicine can easily be administered to a cat by mixing it with lard and rubbing it on the forelegs near the shoulders where it can be licked off, but not rolled in.

For Down Pillows

When making down pillows, go over the wrong side of the case with an iron rubbed well with beeswax each time it is applied to the cloth, to prevent the down working through the cloth.

A Bag for the Ironing Board

Make a calico or cretonne bag to slip over the ironing board when it is not in use. This will keep the cover of the board clean, and will make a handy receptacle for holders and wax.

A Stair Carpet Hint

When buying stair carpet, always get an extra half yard. Turn this under at one end or the other, and when the carpet becomes worn at the edge of the steps, shift it along so that the wear may come at a different point. It will last much longer.

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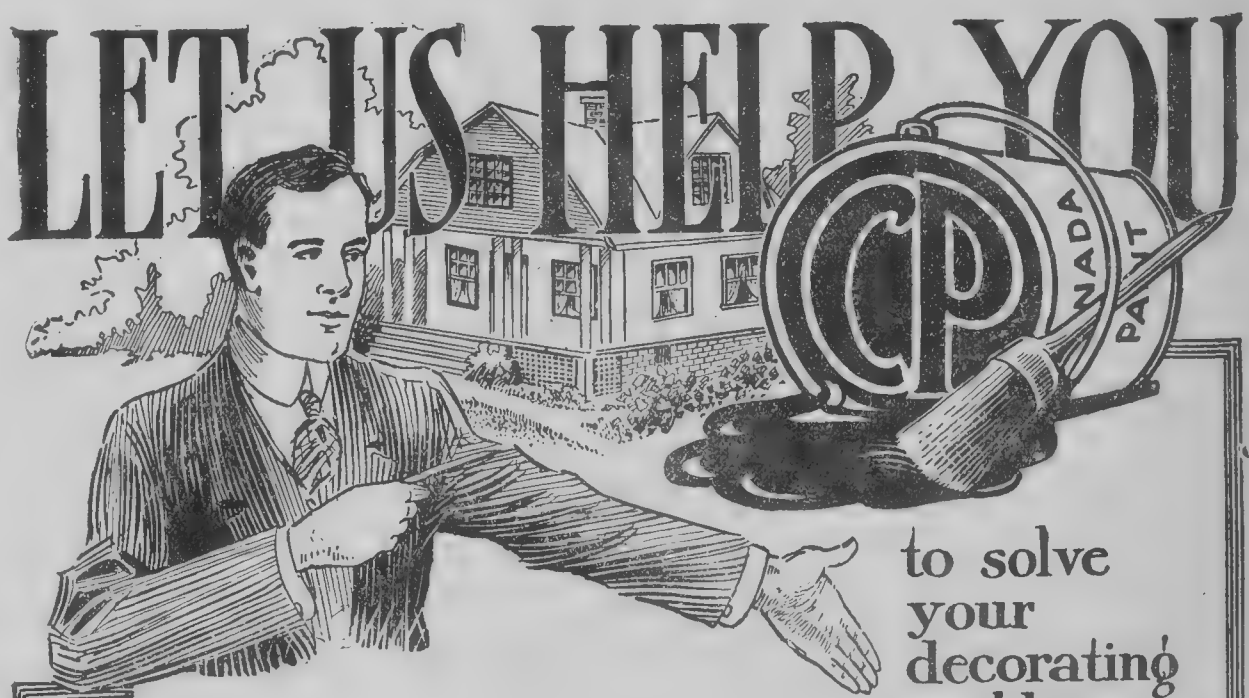

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men sometimes give for failing to take out life insurance is that they are buying a home and want all their money.

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Provide the necessary income by means of Life Insurance. Give your wife a **monthly** income, as she has been accustomed, by means of the Monthly Income Policy issued by The Great-West Life. Thus the home may be preserved, and the funds left for the support of dependent ones be beyond the possibility of unwise investment or loss.

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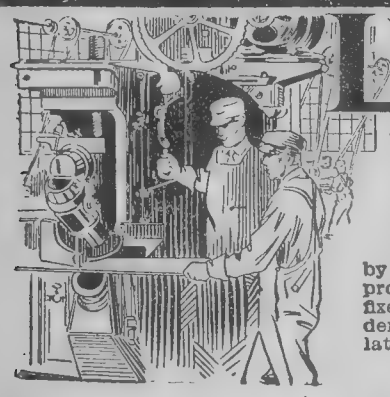

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

THE easiest way to bring on hard times is to talk about them, to expect them, to tell the other fellow to look out for them, and still do nothing yourself to keep them away. Hard times and trade depressions are not accidents—they are brought about by force of circumstances. We often hear of people contracting certain diseases because they literally lived in daily dread of catching those diseases. In other words, the very fear of the disease cut down their powers of resistance to such an extent that when the crucial moment arrived and the dreaded germ entered their system they were unable to throw it off. The financial situation to-day is creating a similar feeling among business men to that which exists in a community when an epidemic appears. People are afraid of what may happen. There is a feeling of uneasiness abroad.

The man with common sense takes precautions when an epidemic appears to guard himself against its effect. The business man of to-day should guard himself against the future. But there is nothing new in this—the business man should always guard himself against the turn of the tide. He is not a business man if he does not. Let us get down to "brass tacks" on this much talked of depression. You know that Canada is a land of opportunity. You know that with her vast resources and energetic business men this country has nothing to fear in the world of commerce if she does not abuse her powers. We all know these things—then why should we look for a depression?

There are reasons for the prevailing feeling of uncertainty. Reason No. 1: The whole world is undergoing a tremendous upheaval. There is unrest, dissatisfaction, a yearning to change everything—look around in your own community. Is there not more criticism of everything than there ever was before. People are in a grumbling mood. Why are they grumbling? Is it not the after effect of five years devotion to a struggle for the liberty of mankind. We heard so much of that liberty during the days of the great war that we enthroned it on high and created an ideal. To-day we are trying to compare the liberty we have with the ideal thus created and, as is always the case, the conditions we have do not measure up to the ideal. After a while we shall be contented with the knowledge that we are striding forward towards our ideal and that it takes time to achieve all that we hope to achieve. In the meanwhile we shall have unrest. In other words we shall eventually be compelled to deal with facts and not theories—we are fast approaching that point.

Reason No. 2: We are living at a time when the cost of living is mounting higher and higher and careering upwards in what has been aptly called "a vicious circle." The laborer asks for more pay because he cannot exist on his present income. If he gets more pay, the employer has to charge more for the things which he sells. As a result the very fact that the laborer gets more pay results in the cost of living going up again and the laborer comes back again to the employer with the same story, and so wages go up, the cost of living goes up and still we are no nearer a solution of the difficulty.

Reason No. 3: This country has a huge war debt—over $200 for every man, woman and child in the country. This fact must be faced—grumbling and complaining will not pay debts. If they would our debts would have been paid long ago.

Reason No. 4: As a nation we are suffering from a wave of apathy among the industrial classes. The old adage that an employer is entitled to "a fair day's work for a fair day's pay" is being abused. Just as much as a similar adage, "a fair day's pay for a fair day's work" was abused in days gone by. The shoe is on the other foot and the nation as a whole is suffering. We could continue to give reasons for the existing feeling of uncertainty in financial circles, but space will not permit.

The remedy is of more importance to us all. Why was it necessary for this country to send $70,600,000 to the United States for coal during 1919 when Canada possesses one-sixth of all the coal in the world? Because our coal industry has not been developed as it should have been and one of the reasons why it has not been developed is because the people of Canada, and particularly the residents of Western Canada, have not been educated in the matter of coal. In Alberta alone, the mines in operation to-day are capable of supplying all the coal needed in Western Canada. Keep your money at home, support home industries, learn of the great resources of this country—that is one way to ward off depression. We cannot afford to send over $70,000,000 of good Canadian money out of the country each year when we have billions of tons of coal lying idle in our own country.

Nearly $4,000,000 was sent to the United States for binder-twine during 1919; $3,000,000 for commercial automobiles; $10,000,000 for passenger automobiles; $4,300,000 for eggs; $1,467,00 for canned salmon; $1,121,000 for apples; $4,331,600 for raw furs; $11,000,000 for bacon; $1,000,000 for moving picture films; $9,000,000 for tobacco leaf; $1,244,000 for railway ties; $3,000,000 for wearing apparel. Just go over these figures again and you will see many opportunities for Canadians. Over $4,000,000 for eggs and $11,000,000 for bacon! And Canada recognized the world over as an agricultural country. Total importations from the United States during 1919 were valued at $734,000,000 of which only $195,000,000 were essentials. In other words we could have done without $539,000,000 of these imports. We must do without these non-essentials if we are to stave off a period of depression.

During the year 1919 Canada had more strikes and lockouts than it ever had before in any one year; 4,000,000 working days was lost as a result of 298 strikes and lockouts, involving 139,000 employees. Although these 139,000 employees lost 4,000,000 working days they had to be fed and clothed—who paid for those lost days? The people of Canada as a whole paid for them. Labor troubles usually result from misunderstanding or sheer cussedeness. Employers stand afar off and hurl arguments at employees and vice versa. They fight with long distance cannon and the public pays the bill. Men must be more reasonable with one another. They must get together and thrash their problems out in a rational manner always remembering that the national interest should be placed before private and selfish considerations. We cannot afford to repeat the labor troubles of 1919—if we avoid a repetition of them we have taken one more step to avoid a depression.

Our watchwords should be "confidence, courage, caution." Confidence in our country, its wealth of opportunities, and confidence in our fellow citizens; courage in our ability to face the future whatever it has in store for us; and caution in our business dealings. Keep your money in Canada, support home industries, spend every dollar on something that you need, not on something you desire but could do without. If you follow this policy, you need not fear a depression, for even though one does come you will be prepared to meet and overcome it.

How Much Insurance Should I Carry?

One of the first duties of the breadwinner is to secure as much life insurance as he can afford. Life insurance is so cheap that no man can say it is impossible for him to secure it. How much

Continued on page 23

The Royal Bank of Canada

The Farmer's Wife should have a Bank Account.

Sometimes the money received from the sale of her eggs and butter is not deposited in the bank and she gets no benefit from them.

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The Financial Situation

Continued from Page 22

life insurance should a man have? That of course, will depend upon what expenditures he has to provide for. Suppose the living expenses of a family amount to $2,000 each year—the death of the breadwinner will probably reduce those expenses to, say $1,500. This means that the insurance carried by the head of the house should be sufficient to produce an income of $1,500 each year, unless he has other sources of income such as government bonds or other gilt-edged securities.

The widow left with a family to support cannot afford to gamble with the insurance money she receives. The investments she makes must be absolutely safe, and safe investments do not bear a very high interest rate. Gilt-edged investments to-day bear from 5 per cent to 6 per cent. If we take 6 per cent as the average interest to be earned, we find that it would need an investment of $25,000 to produce an income of $1,500 per annum, which plainly shows that the man who wishes to provide an income of that amount for his family should carry at least $25,000 of life insurance. This looks like a lot of insurance, and so it is—far more than many men carry. The cost of it would be comparatively small. A man of 25 could secure it on a straight life basis for $415 per annum, a little more than $1 per day.

Business Terms—What they Mean

A Joint Stock Company. A joint stock company is a concern which consists of a number of shareholders, the company being formed to carry on business in one form or another. The first step in the organization of such a company is for a number of persons to agree to form the company and to subscribe for a certain number of shares therein. These persons decide upon the name of the company, what its objects shall be, where its head office is to be located, and how much its authorised capital shall be. They also prepare and agree upon the by-laws and regulations which are to govern the company's business; always keeping in mind that the requirements of the law must be complied with.

The next step is to apply to the provincial government, if the company is to be a provincial one, for a charter. This charter, sometimes called the letters of incorporation, is recognized as the authority for a company to exercise its powers. The charter shows that the provincial government recognizes the concern as a joint stock company and will continue to recognizes it as such so long as it lives up to the requirements of the law. It will be found advisable to employ a lawyer to attend to these preliminaries because the powers of the company will depend materially upon the manner in which the original petition for incorporation has been drawn up.

(To be Continued)

Unusual Letters

A native clerk employed on the west coast of Africa, says an English paper, considered himself to be entitled to an increase of salary, and accordingly he addressed this corteous note to his chief:

"Much respect to point out to you about my salary. As a matter of fact that to calculate my boarding and lodging and the other expenses, then it leaves me pennyless always. Therefore I should like to put this matter before you very plainly, for being given any fibs of excuses, or any kind of sort. And I do hope that you will attempt to see to it, say this month or next. And if there should be no goodlings at all, I beg to put same before me at the end of this month, sir. Hoping to hear good result."

That calls to mind an amusing letter, written in reply to a circular sent out by a head master who favored the flogging of backward children:

"Der Sir,—I hav got ur floggin sirkular, and you have my sanckshun to thrash my son Jhon ass mutch as u like. I no Jhon is a bad skolar, his spaling is simply atrochs. i have tried to tech him maself, but he will not lern nothing, so i hop you will put it into him as mutch as u can.

"P. S. Jhon is not my son, he is by ma wife's first husband."

The English superintendent of a hospital for Indian women recently received the following testimonials to her efficiency:

"Dear She My wife has returned from your hospital cured. Provided males are allowed at your bungalow. I would like to do you the honor of presenting myself there this afternoon, but I will not try to repay you. Vengeance belongeth to God. Yours Noticeably,—"

The second reads:

"Dear and Fair Madam. I have much pleasure to inform you that my dearly unfortunate wife will no longer be under your kind treatment. She having left this world for the other on the night of the 27th ulto. For your help in this matter I shall ever remain greatful.

Yours reverently,—"

WORLD'S BIGGEST CHINAMAN RETURNS HOME AFTER THREE YEARS OF WARRING

All Chinamen are not little. This is to introduce Sergt. Ting-u-Wang, Manchurian chief, biggest Chinaman in the world, and one of earth's tallest men. Wang is seven and a half feet high, twenty-eight years old. He served three years in France as one of the "Coolie Labor army," a corps which

gave the Allies great assistance. Wang was used for quite a while guarding German prisoners on the march. One look of him assured docile behaviour. The picture was taken a few days ago just before Wang boarded the steamer "Dollar" for China. Wang has a farm in Manchuria. He was looking for a job as a bodyguard for some rich man, but as no one hired him he is on his way back to his farm.

To Be Exact

A recruit, on night guard for the first time observed a shadowy form approaching. Following his instructions he cried:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Shut up!' a husky voice replied with some impatience. "I ain't going; I'm coming back."

It Would Be a Little Awkward

A rather good looking young chauffeur applied for a position with a newly rich family that aspired to be considered of great social importance. The mistress of the house, says London Opinion, "interviewed" him.

"We call all our servants by their last names," she announced. "What is your last name?"

"You had better call me Thomas, ma'am," replied the applicant.

"No; we insist that you shall be called by your last name. Otherwise you won't do at all."

"Oh, I'm willing, ma'am, but I don't think the family would like to use it."

"What is your last name, then?" said his prospective employer, somewhat coldly.

"It's Darling, ma'am."

Achieve Greater Prosperity

by owning a farm in Western Canada, where bigger and better crops are grown and where the cost of land is low. The man on the land never had a better chance of becoming more prosperous than he has to-day. Ready markets await all he can produce. The depleted herds of Europe insure a profitable market for live stock and live stock products for years to come. Increase your profits by decreasing your cost of production. The low cost of the land in Western Canada enables you to do this, because crops and live stock can be raised most economically.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

has thousands of acres of fertile land, suitable for mixed farming and live stock raising, for sale at low prices and on easy terms. Land that will grow grain and fodder crops of various kinds may be had at prices averaging about $18 an acre. Only one-tenth down and twenty years to pay the balance.

IRRIGABLE FARM LANDS

capable of producing large crops of wheat and other grains, alfalfa and all kinds of fodders, beets, potatoes, tomatoes, vegetables, every season, and supporting maximum number of live stock per acre; for sale at prices averaging $50 an acre, including water rights. One-tenth cash and twenty years to pay balance. Loan of $2,000 towards buildings, fencing, etc., on these lands.

Free booklets containing full information gladly furnished by

ALLAN CAMERON
General Superintendent of Lands, C. P. R.
911 1st Street East, CALGARY
Write now.

IF YOU NEED MONEY

why not make your Mortgage an asset rather than a liability. We have $1,000,000 to loan. Foreclosure in event of death is impossible.

YOUR MORTAGE WILL BE AN ASSET RATHER THAN A LIABILITY.

The NORTHWESTERN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY
HEAD OFFICE WINNIPEG, MAN
W. R. S. McCABE, M.A., D.D. President
G. O. MABEE, Sec.

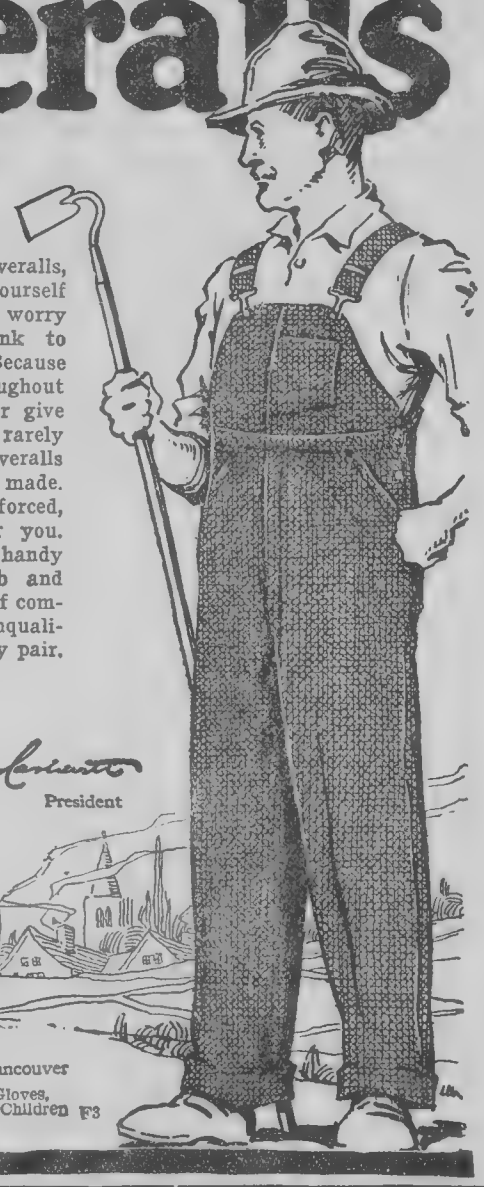
95

Don't Throw it Away — Does Your Granite Dish or Hot Water Bag Leak?

USE MENDETS
A PATENT PATCH

They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them; fit any surface, two million in use. Send for sample pkg., 10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25c., POSTPAID. Agents wanted.
Collette Mfg. Co., Dept W Collingwood, Ont.

Carhartt Overalls



WHEN you buy overalls, madam, you'll save yourself a lot of bother and worry if you'll just think to ask for Carhartt's. Because they are double stitched throughout and have plenty of room for give and take, Carhartt Overalls rarely rip or tear or "give out" as overalls often do that are not so well made. Every button, too, is reinforced, which means less work for you. Sizes are correct. Extra large, handy pockets, high back and bib and generous seat provide plenty of comfort and protection. My unqualified guarantee goes with every pair.

Hamilton Carhartt
President

TRADE MARK

HAMILTON CARHARTT COTTON MILLS, Limited
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver
Manufacturers of Men's Overalls and Work Gloves, and Carhartt's Allovers for Men, Women and Children F3

Curiosities in Explosives

By Hudson Maxim

THERE is no subject about which there is more popular error than there is about the action of high explosives. One amusing fact is that no two witnesses of an explosion ever agree about what actually happened.

Whenever a disastrous explosion occurs there are as many different accounts of it as there are persons who witnessed it. The main reason for that strange psychological phenomenon is undoubtedly that the peculiar shock of the experience confounds the senses.

Action of Explosives

About ten years ago, while the government was preparing some fulminate compound for detonating fuses at the Washington Navy Yard, an explosion occurred that resulted in some fatalities. Among the witnesses who were examined during the investigation into the cause of the explosion was a negro laborer who had been working just outside the building when the fulminate exploded.

"Where were you when the explosion occurred?" asked the officer who was conducting the investigation.

"Just outside the building, sah," said the negro.

"Was there one explosion or were there two?"

"There were two explosions, sah—two of 'em."

"How much time passed between the two explosions?"

"I should think about half a second, sah—about half a second."

"You say you were just outside the building when the first explosion occurred. Where were you when the second explosion occurred?"

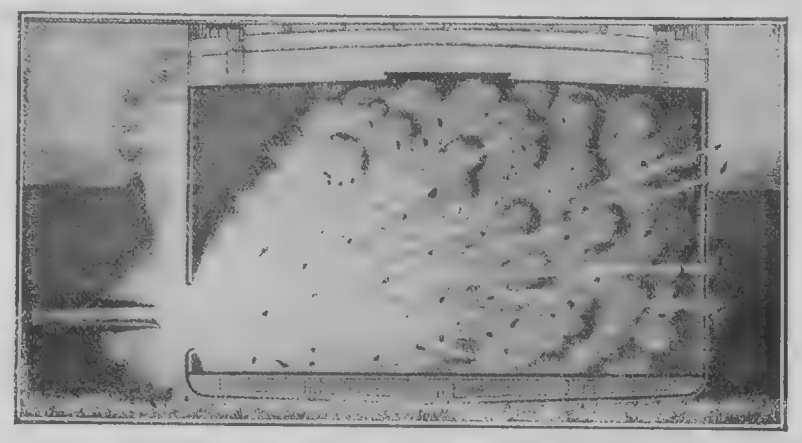
"I was going by Station B, sah, headed for the main gate."

As Station B was a quarter of a mile away from the scene of the explosion, the negro must have been going at a high rate of speed.

It is popularly believed that in whatever position a body of explosive may be placed when detonated its action is mainly downward. The crater that an explosion makes in the earth has led to that belief. Nothing, however, could be more contrary to the truth.

When a mass of explosive is placed on the surface of the earth and detonated, its action is mainly upward. At the instant of detonation the ball of incandescent gases, under enormously high tension, expands outward in all directions, and as the gases strike the earth they rebound into the atmosphere, still expanding in the form of an inverted cone.

The explosion sends outward in all directions a wave of atmospheric compression that, in fact, is a huge sound wave, and that moves exactly at the speed of sound—about eleven hundred feet a second. Although the wave may be so bass that we cannot hear it, it is nevertheless, in its nature, a sound wave, The expanding gases and the immediate atmosphere that they propel forward like a projectile can inflict serious damage in only a very circumscribed area—not much more than a few hundred feet in any direction from the explosion. The great sound wave, however, may travel to a distance of many miles.



What happens when a torpedo strikes the hull of a ship

On July 30, 1916, several hundred tons of high explosive materials blew up in New York Harbor, not far from Ellis Island. A large quantity of shrapnel and other ammunition went up in the blast, and the fragments rained all over the surrounding water. There was very little loss of life, however, and the actual material damage to buildings in Jersey City, Manhattan and Brooklyn was astonishingly small, except for broken glass. About a millon dollars' worth of glass was broken in New York City alone.

You would naturally suppose that the fragments of window glass broken in that manner would fall inside a building, but they do not.

Almost always they fall outside into the street. The reason for this is that the wave of compression striking a pane of glass, forces it inward nearly to the breaking point. Then the wave of compression moves on and is followed by a partial vacuum; the glass, springing outward to fill the void, breaks, and falls into the street.

The terribly destructive action of a torpedo upon a vessel is a subject of great curiosity to most persons. The torpedo that struck the Sussex in the British Channel broke the ship clear in two, and the two parts separated and floated away; the forward part quickly sank.

The illustration graphically shows the action of a torpedo against the hull of a ship. A torpedo carries about 400 pounds of the high explosive known as T. N. T. —trinitrotoluene. The explosion instantly develops 40,000 cubic feet of gases, which, finding the hull of the ship the line of least resistance, burst through it, breaking the hull wall and steel beams into fragments and hurling the fragments forward, often clear through the ship, as was the case with the Gunflight. The mass of water that surrounds the war head of the torpedo, being highly resistant, directs the explosive blast for-

Continued on page 26

The Most Beautiful Women

in history have been those superb creatures with the magnificent figures. A poor figure will spoil the loveliest face. But a well developed form will redeem the plainest features. All women can have the allure and charm they so rightly covet. The French CORSINE Treatment, evolved by Mme. Thora, will bring shapely lines to the thinnest figure. A simple home treatment of bust development, guaranteed to increase the bust by six inches, and to fill all hollows in neck and chest. Used by society and stage favorites for twenty years. Full particulars sent *free* in Mme. Thora's beauty book — in plain sealed cover. Write for it—*to-day*. All letters strictly confidential—and answered by women.

For the convenience of our United States clients we have an agency in that country.

Begin this treatment—*at once*—and make yourself beautiful.

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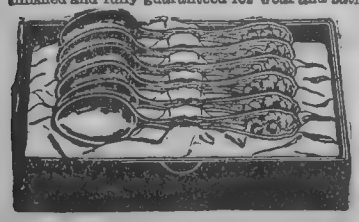
97 Piece Dinner Set

and Lovely Set of

Rogers Spoons

A MARVELLOUS OFFER TO QUICKLY INTRODUCE A DELIGHTFUL NEW PERFUME!

YOU can secure without a penny of cost this magnificent 97-piece English Dinner Service and a lovely set of half-dozen Wm. A. Rogers teaspoons. Each dinner service is guaranteed full size for family use, its 97 pieces comprising 12 cups and 12 saucers, 12 tea plates, 12 dinner plates, 12 bread and butter plates, 12 soup plates, 12 sauce dishes, 2 platters, 2 oval covered vegetable dishes, a cream jug, covered sugar bowl, a gravy boat, pickle dish, and a salad bowl. It is handsomely decorated in rich floral design and will surely delight the most fastidious housekeeper. The beautiful set of teaspoons are in the famous Wm. A. Rogers Rideau Castle design beautifully finished and fully guaranteed for wear and satisfaction.



Read Our Wonderful Offer

We have just produced a delightful new perfume known as "Coronation Bouquet." It is so delicate and fragrant that we know every woman who tries it once will use it always, so we are sparing no expense to secure representatives in all parts of Canada who will help us by introducing this lovely new perfume to their friends and neighbors. That is why we offer to give away these magnificent and costly pre-

Will you sell just 16 bottles among your friends at only 25c. each?

You can do it quickly and easily in your spare time as everybody you know will gladly try a bottle of this lovely new perfume at only 25c. Send us your name and address to-day and we will send you the 16 bottles all postage paid, and trust you with them until sold. Then return our money, only $4.00, and we will promptly send you the beautiful set of spoons, and the handsome dinner set you can also receive without selling any more goods by simply showing your fine reward among your friends and getting only seven of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did. We arrange to pay all delivery charges right to your door.

REMEMBER YOU TAKE NO RISK. You do not spend a cent of your own money. We trust you with our goods until sold, and if for any reason you cannot sell them we will take them back and give you beautiful premiums or pay you a big cash commission on the quantity you do sell. Write to-day. Address: 15D

THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. D 39 Toronto, Ont.

Make Blue-Monday a Workless Washday

A good washing-machine is not only a labor-saver but also a health guardian. It starts the week right for every woman

IT is quite surprising when we stop to think about it, how little was done until recent years to lighten work in the kitchen. We have seen better methods of communication, better methods of manufacture, better ideas in medicine, surgery and agriculture, and a wonderful expansion in the use of labor-saving appliances. But in the home—that was a different story! Only in very recent years has modern invention turned its attention to the over-worked housewife. At last we are making up for lost time, and modern ingenuity has brought forth a thousand inventions for saving time and labor in house and kitchen.

No single invention has done more to lighten the load carried by the women of the house than the power washing machine. And the success of the power-driven washer has been phenomenal.

This is certainly not to be wondered at. Of all work, perhaps washing is the most tiring.

Bending over a tub, to begin with, means standing in a cramped unnatural position, and one that is trying to any woman. Then, the work of rubbing away on a washboard and wringing the clothes is fatiguing to both the arms and the back. In order to wash the water must be hot, which means that the poor housewife stands in a column of hot steam for hours. This opens the pores of the skin, and combined with the exertion makes her hot. Then, out into the cold and wind to hang out the clothes, a sudden chill and bad colds or worse. No statistics are available to show us just how much sickness of one kind or another is traceable, directly or indirectly, to the unhealthy features of the old method of washing—but it is most certainly considerable. Apart altogether from the definite diseases which result, there is that tired out, weary feeling that all women are only too familiar with after putting through a washing by old-fashioned methods.

So, the power washer has leaped in one bound to a leading position in the realm of labor-savers.

Electric Washers

Where electric current is available, of course, electric machines are universally used. These districts are mainly in the towns and cities, although farms are rapidly adopting home electric plants for lighting purposes and for running the domestic machinery, such as washer, churn, separator, pump, etc.

The different varieties of washing machines on the market are so numerous that a detailed consideration of them is impossible. The fundamental requirements of any good washer are:

1. It should do good work.
2. It should be safe and simple to operate.
3. It should be strong.
4. It should be easy to move and handle.

Practically all the well-known and better advertised makes will do good clean washing. The essential feature is to use plenty of good hot water and good laundry soap. All washers are marked with a "water line" to which the tub should be filled. It is impossible to do good washing if the machine is overloaded, has not enough water in it, or if the water is not hot enough. Since hot water is such an important factor, machines in which the tubs or containers are made of wood are preferable, because wood is a fifteen times poorer conductor of heat than metal. For this reason the water stays hot far longer in a wooden tub.

It is sometimes well to rub a little extra soap on specially soiled parts, such as cuffs or neckbands, to make sure that the dirt will be thoroughly dislodged.

Machines with many complications should be avoided, as should machines with cranks, gears, or shafts in exposed and unprotected places where children or the operator herself could get injured. In most houses it is found advisable to move the machine from time to time, so that the heavier or more cumbersome types should not be used unless there is plenty of room and it is intended to clamp them to the floor permanently.

As an indication of the growing use of these machines in farm homes, it is interesting to note the figures obtained by the Iowa State College. They made a survey of a typical rural township containing altogether 142 homes. Of those 142 homes, 48 per cent had power washers. We have scarcely reached that point anywhere in Canada yet, but we are approaching it rapidly.

Engine Driven Washers

Although there is an increasing demand for electric-driven washers on the farm, because of the electric power plants, still the engine-driven machine is very popular and has proved a most economical labor-saver.

Generally speaking, washer manufacturers make their machines so that they can be fitted for either electric or engine power.

Engine-driven washers may be divided into two principal divisions: those which have a small engine—usually ½ horse power—attached to the machine, and those which are driven from larger engines, which are used for other purposes as well.

The machine with engine attached costs rather less in the first place. This type is economical, and is a favorite model where electric power cannot be obtained.

Then there is the washing machine separate from the motor, which is best handled by putting in a line shaft and running it from a 1¾ or 2½ h. p. engine. From this line shaft the washer, churn, separator, pump jack, pulper grindstone, etc., can all be operated.

The Care of Power Washers

Washers should always be left with about an inch of clear water in the bottom between wash days, and the lid should be propped open a couple of inches to allow air to circulate.

A drop of oil should be put in all oil holes every wash day. Good sewing machine oil is satisfactory. Be sure to oil your washer regularly—nothing will add more to its life and satisfactory service.

Do not overload the machine, and always use enough water.

Be careful with the wringer. Remember that there is enough power to pull a pair of overalls with a heavy jack knife in the pocket through the rolls—but the rolls will go with them. When using a hand wringer, you naturally lessen the tension if the article is extra bulky, but a power wringer pulls the article through regardless. Watch therefore, and see that you do not overstrain the rolls, that buttons are folded inside, and that nothing bulky is left in pockets. Between wash days, loosen the tension on the wringer springs and see that the machine is not kept in the cold, as extreme cold spoils the resiliency of the rubber.

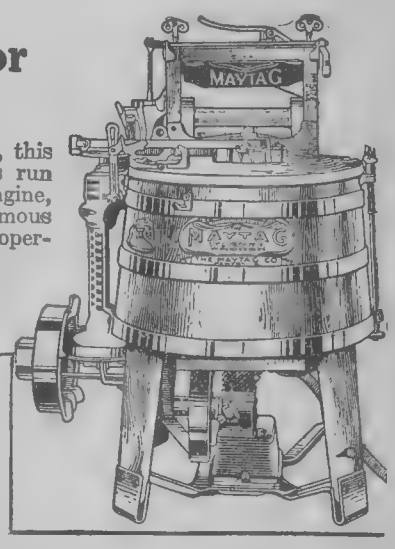
If you want particulars as to the best machine for your requirements write the Household Editor of The Western Home Monthly and we will endeavour to assist you fully in solving your wash-day problems.

Choose the Right Washer First

Let one of the Maytag Trio Do Your Work

THE word "MAYTAG" has brought joy to thousands of women to whom wash-day has meant long hours of hard work. Women who have given up hope of owning a real power washing machine, because their homes are not equipped with electricity, find that either the MAYTAG Multi-Motor Washer, or the MAYTAG Belt-Power Washer, offers all the advantages of the electric motor, and where electric power is obtainable, the MAYTAG Electric Washer emphasizes electric washing machine perfection. MAYTAG Washing Machines are perfect labor-saving units, and they sell at a price within the reach of every buyer.

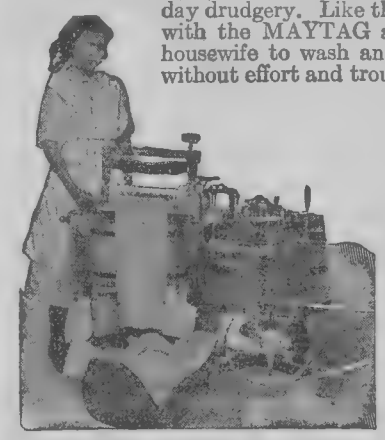
The Multi-Motor MAYTAG



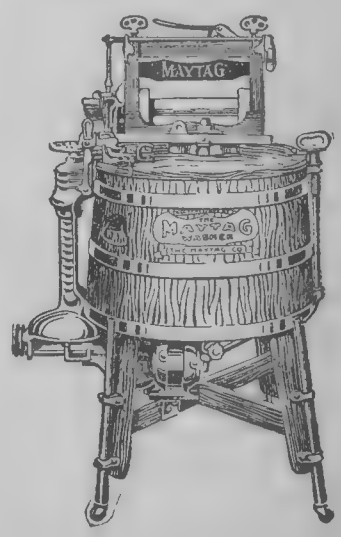
As smooth running as an electric, this MAYTAG Multi-Motor Washer is run by a wonderful air-cooled gasoline engine, which is portable. It has the famous MAYTAG reversible wringer, which operates while the washer is going or alone. It costs so little, and saves so much, that you cannot afford to be without it.

The Belt-Power MAYTAG

If you already have a suitable gasoline engine or other machine, belt this washer to it, and eliminate wash-day drudgery. Like the Multi-Motor machine, it is equipped with the MAYTAG adjustable wringer, which enables the housewife to wash and wring the clothes at the same time without effort and trouble.



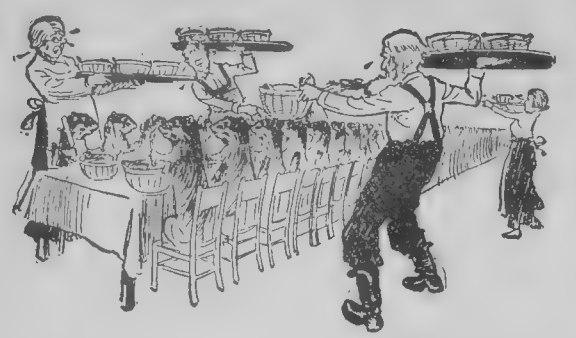
The Electric MAYTAG



This sturdy, wooden-tub electric, is built on the standard MAYTAG lines of MAYTAG excellence. It is equipped with the MAYTAG swinging reversible wringer, the motive power for both washer and wringer being supplied by a standard general electric motor. Simple and efficient, it does your work quickly and without fuss; reasonably priced too.

Household Manual Free Write for particulars regarding these machines, and also receive the Household Manual FREE. Gives hundreds of household hints. Every home-maker should have it.

WINNIPEG *The Maytag Company Limited* CALGARY



Cut Out Feeding Gophers!

You and the family feed gophers. Cut it out. Kill gophers—don't feed 'em. Save for yourself what gophers now eat. And since gophers destroy from 2 to 10 bushels of grain to the acre, you can save from $400 to $1,000 or more, by spending $1.20 for a package of

Kill-Em-Quick

No farmer should use anything else. It's the strongest. It's the quickest. It's the ***most power*** wrapped up in a ***small package*** of anything sold.

Kill-Em-Quick is known by the company it keeps. It's bought by the best farmers in this Province. The Manitoba Agricultural College says it is the strongest and "most efficient gopher exterminator made. The analysis of gopher poisons by the Provincial Government proves it to be the most concentrated and strongest. You can ***rely*** absolutely on Kill-Em-Quick. It does the work so well that its sales almost double each year.

We are offering cash prizes of $250 to Boys and Girls of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba under 21 years living on farms, who will take the best photographs of dead gophers killed by our Kill-Em-Quick.

100-acre size $1.20
40-acre size 60c

Go to your Druggist or Dealer in town and get one of the Contest Blanks for your Son or Daughter. If you can't get a blank, or can't get Kill-Em-Quick, write us and we'll send you some blanks and mail you direct and ***postpaid*** a package of Kill-Em-Quick on receipt of the price quoted.

Kill-Em-Quick Company (Canada) Ltd., Regina, Sask.

Curiosities of Explosives

Continued from Page 24

ward into the ship in the form of a cone.

When, however, a submarine mine explodes at a depth of, say, fifteen or twenty feet below the surface, the action is entirely different. In that case the column of gases, bursting upward through the water on the line of least resistance, mounts higher and higher in a shaft of nearly uniform diameter. You will see, therefore, that when such an explosion occurs under a ship the blast is very destructive.

The recent terrible explosion in Halifax Harbor was the most disastrous known. The ship was freighted with probably more than a thousand tons of T. N. T. besides a great cargo of munitions charged with high explosives. I understand also that there were large quantities of inflammable liquids on board, especially gasoline. It would be hard to imagine a more dangerous cargo.

Volcanic Explosions

A Jacky on an English destroyer about half a mile away happened to be standing by an open porthole watching

A submarine mine exploding

the vessel when it took fire. At the instant the great explosion occurred—before the shock and the sound reached him—there was a vast blinding glare. Not knowing what it was, he turned to a companion to ask him to take a look, and at that moment the blast hit the destroyer and keeled it over, nearly bottom up. Small fragments of the wreckage came through the porthole, badly lacerating the Jacky's face and neck.

In that case the explosion was so tremendous that the destruction on shore was wrought, not by the sound wave of the explosion, but by the blast of air propelled by the expanding gases. The blast of air travels, not like a wave of sound, but like a shot from a gun. In most explosions, of course, it would not have done damage at such a great distance.

Tremendous as are such explosions as those at New York and Halifax, they are little indeed compared with the explosions that sometimes accompany volcanic eruptions. Mother Earth is the greatest manufacturer of explosives. Water seeping down into the crust of the earth and trapped in large quantities in the neighborhood of volcanoes sometimes becomes heated to high incandescence—heated until it is no longer water or steam, but mingled oxygen and hydrogen, with a temperature far above that at their dissociation. The gases may occupy a space no larger than the original water, and they consequently exert a pressure as great as the strongest dynamite.

The most notable volcanic explosion that ever occurred in historic time was when that old extinct volcano, Krakatoa, in the Strait of Sunda, which had been sleeping for two hundred years, was literally blown into the sky, by the pressure of the pent-up gases beneath it. That great eruption occurred in 1883—thirty-seven years ago.

FOREARMED

The Town Corporation has resolved to lay out a new park.

"We have not only resolved to do it," said a leading alderman; "the preparations are already under way."

"What have we done?" asked an unenlightened colleague.

"Done?" exclaimed the alderman. "Why, we've got the 'Keep Off the Grass' signs all ready."

HE COULD PICTURE IT

Jones had just returned from his "annual" trip in his yacht, and was recounting his experiences.

"I never saw such a storm in all my life."

"Pardon me, my friend, since you saw the storm, no doubt you can tell us what color it was."

"Certainly. The wind blew and the storm rose."

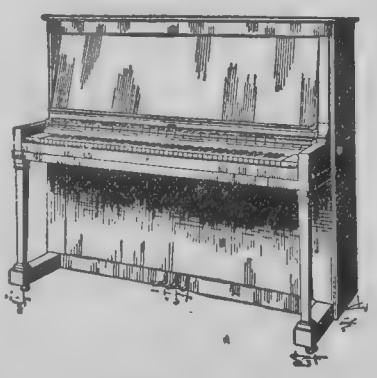
THE ESSENCE OF GOOD SENSE

Very strong peppermints are grandpa's favorite confection. One day he gave one to four-year-old Marjorie and waited slyly to see what she would say or do when she should discover the pungent flavor of the candy. A few minutes later he saw her take the partly eaten peppermint from her mouth and place it on a small table beside an open window. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Don't you like the candy?" "Oh, yes," replied Marjorie, "I like it, but I thought I'd let it cool for a little while."

Special Summer Terms Buy Your Piano Now

$50 IS ALL YOU PAY NOW BALANCE IN Three Fall Payments

This is your opportunity to select your piano right away—enjoy it all through the summer months, and three years to pay for it when you are best able.



Any Piano in Our Store on Equally Attractive Terms

We have the largest and best assorted stock of pianos and player pianos in Western Canada. This affords almost unlimited choice in your selection, and we are prepared to offer special summer terms on any style you choose.

GREATEST PIANO SELECTION UNDER ONE ROOF

Steinway, Gerhard Heintzman, Nordheimer, Haines, Bell, Sherlock-Manning, Doherty, Lesage, Canada, Brambach, Autopiano and Imperial.

Ninety styles from which to choose
Write for Illustrated Catalogues to-day

WINNIPEG PIANO CO LTD 333 PORTAGE AVE.

One Trial of Grape-Nuts

will do more than many words to convince you of the goodness of this wheat and barley food.

But it's worth saying that Grape-Nuts contains all the nutriment of the grains, is ready to eat, requires no sugar and there's no waste.

Grape-Nuts is a Builder

Poultry Chat

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Helen Vialoux, Charleswood

The results of the various egg-laying contests held this winter of 1919-1920, at different points in the Dominion, are most interesting and encouraging to poultry raisers, demonstrating that our Canadian hens are becoming more productive, and also, that strain and condition count more than breed. All the utility breeds, as well as the leghorns, have made good records. In Nova Scotia, at Truro, the first egg-laying contest was conducted this past season, from November 1st to March 20th, in spite of the intense cold (37 days the thermometer registered below zero) a splendid official record was made by the hens. R. I. Reds were in the lead, followed by two pens of Barred Rocks. At Ottawa the contest has become a feature of the Experimental Farm, 49 pens of 10 hens each entered the contest on Nov. 1st. Severe weather conditions prevailed throughout the period of 21 weeks. Johnston, of Meaford, Ont., was one of the most successful contestants, his Barred Rocks winning several prizes, laying 18 more eggs than any other pen during the four coldest weeks of the winter, when 29 below zero was registered sometimes.

Westerners have been greatly interested in the egg-laying contest now being conducted at Brandon Experimental Farm, which commenced on Nov. 1st 1919 to run for 52 weeks. Up to March 21st two pens of white Wyandottes, each containing 10 birds are in the lead with a record of 673 eggs for No. 1, and 668 for No. 2. Single comb Anconas, with 658 eggs to their credit, took the third place. The egg breed "White Leghorns" have not swept off the honors, though they have done fairly well. No doubt the little birds with their high combs feel the cold more than the heavy utility classes. A pen of white Leghorns, owned by Howell, of Brandon, laid 453 eggs during the contest, to March 21st, at Brandon.

The members of the Winnipeg Poultry Association are quite excited over "The Sexometer" which is being exploited in this country at present. It was patented in 1909 in London, England, and the inventor claims sex in eggs, as well as fertility, can be determined by its use. The Agricultural College, poultry department is testing the value of this little device in their hatching operations. Considering the Sexometer has been on the market 12 years, it has been a long time making a name for itself, and I "hae me doots" of its value in poultry raising. L. J. Fellows gave a demonstration of its use, at the recent egg show, held in Winnipeg in April.

The care of young chicks is again a timely topic, and the little details necessary in successful chick rearing, must be carried out without undue fussing. Chicks are killed by kindness, by the thousand every season. Warmth is the first essential. If incubator hatched have the brooder thoroughly cleaned before-hand, and heated from 90 to 95 degrees. The heat of the chicks will bring the temperature up to 100 degrees. This, of course, is only necessary at first, as chicks must gradually be hardened to a moderate temperature.

There are many good brooders on the market, and the portable hoover works out well especially if electric light can be used. On large plants the stove brooders seem much in vogue. They can be used in an ordinary colony house, at moderate expense. A wire fence, or one made of ready-roofing cut to half its width, placed around the stove, is needed to guard the chicks from too much heat. They will cuddle down in the most comfortable place, without crowding together, chirping as they drop off to sleep. Rest means as much to the baby chick as heat. Watch a hen, she constantly calls her chicks under her wings to cuddle and rest them during the first 10 days in particular. Chicks soon learn to run to the hover or source of warmth, and like all other young things can be taught. Gradually the enclosure round their hover can be enlarged, so they can have the run of the house. Draughts must be guarded against, as chilling is often fatal to young chicks. If weather permits, a run-way from the brooder house to the little out-door yard should be fixed up and a portion of their time can be spent outside. Root up some sods for them to pull to pieces, and enjoy. At 10 days old these chicks will be scratching "like veterans" if a piece of the yard is raked up for them to find broken grains in.

Incubator chicks need no food for sixty hours, when they will seem pretty hungry. The eggs that have been tested out of the machine, mixed with bread crumbs, when hard boiled scattered on grit and sand, make a good first feed, but, baby chick food is always good, and contains all they need. Clean water and a dish of sour milk should be always available for chicks. The sour milk, or butter-milk is more digestible than sweet milk, and furnishes chicks a suitable form of animal food. Pin-head oat meal, rolled oats and cracked wheat, make a change in their diet. Sand should be freely scattered on the floor of the brooder, and the chick feed fed in fine chaff. Clean shingles make feeding boards for the bread crumbs and egg. A tablespoon of this is enough for a first feed. "Little and often" is a reliable rule for feeding little chicks. Five times per day is right. At night give them all they want, at other times keep them a bit hungry, as chicks, if permited, will always eat more than is good for them.

When a hen and her brood leave the nest see that a good strong coop is ready. In early spring have it floored, later on, when the grass is green, I prefer a coop without a floor, as there is nothing like green grass for chicks to play on. The chicken coop should be moved to a fresh spot of ground once a week. In April, some fine chaff on the ground makes a good base for the coop.

Rats are numerous this spring, and traps or rat corn should be used to get rid of them. Safeguard the chicks at night, using a wooden cover in front of the coop, with a little mesh-wire opening for ventilation. Movable floors are needed if the rats are bad, as the "varmints" will not burrow under them, and the chicks are thus safe at night.

If the coops leak, the ready-roofing, sold everywhere nowadays, will fix them up at little expense. I have known rats to creep up through a small opening in a coop and kill several young turkeys from under a hen, at night. There is nothing more discouraging than hatching chicks, or turks, to be gobbled up by rats, or skunks.

White-wash, made with lime is a necessity in the chicken yard. In my opinion, all coops should be washed over in the spring, especially on the outside. The brooder and brooder house, if used several seasons, need a coat of white-wash to disinfect and keep down the lice and mites. Brooder chicks and hen hatched chicks, both need a weekly dusting with insect powder. Five minutes given to this often neglected duty, may save no end of trouble in the flock.

The province of Saskatchewan is leading the way in regard to making an improvement in the egg trade. The new regulations come in force on June 11, 1920, and every dealer, either wholesale or retail, must have a license to handle eggs, and a suitable place to candle consignments of eggs shipped to them for sale and candling. Records must be kept on file. All bad eggs must be rejected, and carelessness in handling eggs be eliminated. The Act reads: "Every person who receives eggs for sale, or on consignment from producers, or purchases eggs from producers for sale, at wholesale or retail, shall candle all eggs offered to him, and no such person shall sell or buy eggs unfit for human food." This Act should banish rotten eggs from the Sask. market, and should prove a boon. The Federal Live Stock Products Act, in force now two years, has raised the standard of Canadian eggs for export from Canada, wonderfully, so Canadian eggs have a premium of several cents per dozen in the English markets to-day. Very soon, all of our provinces will adopt this same measure. No fee is charged for a dealer's license in eggs, but they must register, and keep proper records of all eggs handlied.

J. E. Rhoades, Ottawa, won out in the whole contest of 22 weeks at Ottawa. Barred Rocks pen laying 747 eggs in that period. Both individual and general performance placed his birds first. "Good for the Barred Rock, she will always hold her own."

Save Soap Ends

In the bathroom keep a wide mouthed jar, and into it put the odds and ends of soap. When it is three-fourths full, fill the jar with boiling water, add the juice of a lemon, and a teaspoonful of glycerine, and you will have soap jelly, which will whiten and soften the hands.

Little Noises About the House

If the door creaks, apply a little kerosene to the hinges; if a drawer sticks, rub the sides and end edges with laundry soap; if a bed slat squeaks with every movement of the sleeper, silence it by covering the ends with felt or newspaper, or by snapping several rubber bands about it.

Classified Page for People's Wants

If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of Poultry, Farm Property, Farm Machinery, or if you want Help or Employment, remember that the Classified Advertisement Columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object. Cost 4c word. Minimum 50c. Cash with order.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS WANTED—100 per cent profit selling Vol-Peek. Mends holes in pots and pans. Graniteware, aluminum, etc. Different from other menders. Easily applied. Every housewife buys. Nationally advertised. Albert Sales Co., La Prairie, Que. 7-20

EDUCATIONAL

J. D. A. EVANS—Teacher of English Composition, etc., Crystal City, Man. t.f.

FRUIT AND FARM LANDS

SHAWNEE, OKLAHOMA, a growing city, center of a great farming country. Write for our free agricultural booklet. Board of Commerce, Shawnee, Oklahoma. 5-20

HONEY

60-lb. CAN CLOVER HONEY, $16.80; 60 lbs. dark honey, $14.00. Wilber Swayze, Dunnville, Ont. 5-20

MISCELLANEOUS

AN ESTABLISHED MANUFACTURING COMPANY wants a capable man in every town to open branch office and manage Salesmen, $300.00 to $1,500.00 necessary. Handle own money; should make $5,000 yearly. Prospective sales in every home. Expenses to Montreal allowed when you qualify. Sales Manager Walker, 225 West Notre Dame Street, Montreal. 8-20

ALL MAKES SEWING MACHINES REPAIRED — Send machine head only. Needles and parts. (Repair Dept.) Dominion Sewing Machine Co., 300 Notre Dame, Winnipeg. t.f.

CHOICE SILVER BLACK BREEDING FOXES—Also we are buyers of Raw Furs. What have you? What price? Reid Bros., Bothwell, Ont., Canada. 5-20

VICTORY BONDS Bought and Sold. J. B. Martin (Member Winnipeg Stock Exchange), 232, Curry Building, Winnipeg. t.f.

DISABLED WAR VETERAN knits men's high-grade wool socks at only $1.50 per pair postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address Edw. C. Coles, Salmon Arm, B.C. 7-21

WANTED—Ward maids, $30 per month and board, to strong, willing young women. Supt. of Nurses, Brockton Hospital, Brockton, Mass. 7-20

PARROTS, CANARIES, ENGLISH SKYLARKS, ETC.—Cages and supplies. Safe delivery guaranteed. Aviary and Pet Stock House, London, Ont. 5-20

PROTECT YOUR CHILDREN! Secure your copy of "What a Young Boy (or Girl) Ought to Know" from Eaton's before it is too late. Children's Protective Society. 4-21

HAIR GOODS — Catalogue, illustrated. Write for it to-day. Hanson Co., Box 12, Victoria, B.C. 5-20

"NEW HEAT WITHOUT COAL OR WOOD"—Price $15.00. Agencies open. 225 West Notre Dame Street, Montreal. 8-20

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Edison Amberola Phonograph, Model 50 diamond reproducer and golden oak record cabinet to match, with 56 Amberola indestructible records, all in excellent condition; outfit costs $188. First $75 accepted. Packed free and sent prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Other big bargains in phonograph outfits at $21, $35, $47.50 and $65, with records. Write for record lists free. Lambert's, 815 Alexander Avenue, Winnipeg. 5-20

FOR SALE — Two foxhounds, registered Russian Wolfhound, five registered greyhounds and pups of both breeds. These dogs hold Saskatchewan record for coyote catching and killing. Pheasant Valley Kennels, Abernethy, Sask. 6-20

NURSING

WANTED—Young women over 18 years of age with good education to enter Training School for Nurses. The term is 3 years and a full course in theory and practice given. The standard curriculum is followed. The school is approved by State Board of Massachusetts. $10 per month is given to cover cost of uniforms and text books. Supt. of Nurses, Brockton Hospital, Brockton, Mass. 7-20

PATENTS

PATENTS — Trademark copyright, consulting engineers. Agencies in all foreign countries. Inventories' Adviser sent free on request. Marion & Marion, 164 University St., Montreal; 918 F Street, Wahington, D.C. Over thirty years of continual practice. t.f.

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.—The old-established firm. Patents everywhere. Head office, Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto; Ottawa office, 5 Elgin St. Offices throughout Canada. Booklet free. t.f.

POULTRY

PURPLE STOCK FARM—Eggs for hatching of pure-bred stock. M. B. Turkey eggs, 50c each. No. 1 pen Single Comb Black Minorcas, large kind, $5.00; No. 2 pen, $3.00 per 15; Rose Comb R. I. Reds; lrage White Rock, the kind that lays, $2.50. Purple Stock Farm, Crandell, Man. 5-20

EGGS FOR HATCHING.—Exhibition laying strain. Silver Spangled Hamburgs, eggs, $5.00 per 15; Golden Laced Wyandottes, $4.00. List of winners at Regina Show: six 1st, three 2nd, one 3rd, one 4th, one 5th, three specials. J. Deitz, 1868 Ottawa Street, Regina, Sask. 5-20

HIGH CLASS ROSE COMB RHODE ISLAND REDS—Eggs from pen containing 1st and 3rd prize pullets Manitoba Winter Fair, 1919, $4.50 per 15; from pen 2, $3.00 per 15. John Duff, Mekiwin, Man. 6-20

STANDARD BRED BARRED ROCKS—Splendid winter layers, pens headed by Holterman's Aristocrats direct; pullet mating. Eggs, $3.00 and $5.00 per setting. Mrs. Dumbrill, Long Acre Poultry Farm, Charleswood, Man. 6-20

CHAMPION WHITE WYANDOTTES—International laying contests, six years, six prizes. Orders booked. $5 and $3 per setting. John Watson, Cromdale Poultry Yards, Edmonton. 5-20

ELMGROVE FARM—Eggs for hatching White and Barred Rocks, White Wyandottes and Rhode Island Reds at $2.00 per 13; $5.00 per 40. J. H. Rutherford, Albion, Ontario. 5-20

PURE REGALS, WHITE WYANDOTTES (exclusive). Eggs from my selected trapnested winter layers will prove a good investment. Cockerels for sale. E. Kiesel, Box 690, Regina, Sask. 5-20

EGGS FOR HATCHING—Barred Rocks, $3.00 per 15 eggs, $5.00 per 30. Mrs. M. Vialoux, Littlecote Poultry Yards, Varsity View, Man. t.f.

HATCHING EGGS from Houdans, single comb White and Black Leghorns and Rocks. Drop a card for price list. Fred Krell, Port Dover, Ont. 6-20

PURE-BRED BARRED ROCK EGGS from prize-winning stock, $3 per 15, $5 per 30, $15 per 100. W. C. Davis, Box 161 Springside, Sask. 6-20

PURE-BRED BARRED ROCK HATCHING EGGS from prize-winning birds 15 eggs, $3.00. Fertility guaranteed. Charles Locke, Watson, Sask. 5-20

STAMMERING

ST-STU-T-T-TERING and Stammering cured at home. Instructive booklet free. Walter McDonnell, 109 Potomac Bank Building, Washington, D.C. 2-21

The Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.,
St. John's Technical High School, Winnipeg

LUXURIES AND NECESSARIES

In Canada, a minor, that is, a girl under eighteen or a boy under twenty-one, is not legally compelled to pay for articles or services which under the law are classed as luxuries. The statute, however, does not set forth just what luxuries are. The decision on that point is left to the judge who is generally guided by the minor's "station in life." The purpose of the statute, of course, is to prevent unscrupulous people from taking advantage of those who have not yet come to years of discretion.

Many interesting cases have been fought over this statute, and it is sometimes very difficult to tell where necessaries end and luxuries begin. A case which affects the whole community was the recent decision on the control of newsprint paper, the opinion being that it was not a necessary under the terms surrounding the presentation of the case.

It is a good economic plan, however, for every man to have in mind a general idea of those things which are necessary to his work and well-being, as contrasted with those things which border on the luxurious. A luxury, by the way, is defined as "A free or extravagant indulgence in the pleasures of the table, or in costly dress and equipage; anything not necessary, but used for personal gratification. A necessity, on the other hand is spoken of as being "such as must be; that which is requisite."

TWO YEARS LOST

Some time ago, I heard of a lady who voiced regret at the fact that her child who wished to go to the city, had been compelled through circumstances to stay at home and work in a little Manitoba village. The lady expressed her conviction that "two years of the child's life had been wasted."

It is to be hoped that such ideas are not general for they indicate a regrettable lack of appreciation of local opportunities. I know the town in question. It is surrounded by a splendid farming district; it has a good public and high school, and is served by railway facilities to an exceptional extent; business is brisk and there are many local banking and governmental institutions that offer possibilities for careers and public service.

Time spent in work well done can never be regarded as lost, and work is worth doing well whether it is done in the country or in the city

IN A DEVOUT MANNER

Carlyle wrote: "A man cannot make a pair of shoes rightly unless he do it in a devout manner," and of all the wise things that Carlyle wrote, this is one of the wisest. There is too much in the world to-day of poor work "covered up." This applies not only to physical things but to service in professional and other spheres. The tendency of the age is to distract a man's attention, causing him to scatter his energies and his allegiance.

A man cannot serve two masters, and many a community would reap substantial benefits if men could get back the spirit that produced master workmen, men whose first care was the quality of their work. Why should things be made in a devout spirit? Because the materials which we fashion are not of our own creation. They were provided for our use, and not for abuse, and they are to be held in trust as sacredly as ever a great trust company regards the administration of estates under its control.

Do not forget this—a piece of leather, a plow, a spruce tree or a river—these things are to be held in trust and used devoutly. There are eternal reasons for this, and in an indirect way, enlightened governments recognize the principle; witness our own Canadian Commission of Conservation. Which, think you, is likely to be the warmer of two houses: one built in a devout manner, or one thrown together on a speculative basis?

Corroborative thought is found, too, in Ruskin, who says that "if stone work is well put together, it means that a thoughtful man planned it, and a careful man cut it, and an honest man cemented it."

YOURS SINCERELY

How many thousands of times have these words concluded letters of friendship and of business, but how many times have they been written in the full knowledge of their meaning and significance?

Two explanations are given. The words are from the Latin, sine, without, and cera, wax; so that when we sign "Yours sincerely.." we are saying in effect, "Yours without wax." The first explanation is that the Roman children went through the streets with baskets of honey, calling "Honey without wax," while the second is that in contracts calling for the erection of stone buildings, the stipulation was made that the cement used, should be "sine cera," without wax. Evidently, even in those days, there were men who were disposed to make an extra margin of profit by the substitution of an inferior article. So that "Yours sincerely" means practically "Yours honestly."

THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

This is the title of a little book to which I often refer and which indicates that words, like things material, are an inheritance, possessing in many cases a most interesting history. Among the many words dealt with are the following: Abeyance, analysis, ancient, asset, banish, beverage, bulwark, cancel, cartridge, catch, delight, deliberate, demure, eager, embarrass, employ, feeble, grief, infantry, remainder.

If you will take the trouble to look up any one or more of these in your dictionary, you will probably find that their derivations will furnish you with some very interesting facts.

MENTAL AND PHYSICAL WORK

In speaking of work, we commonly hold in mind physical effort, but mental effort put forth for industrial ends is also work. Indeed, a close study will show that the two kinds of work cannot be separated. All physical activity requires some degree of mental effort, and all mental effort is bound up with some degree of physical activity. Work is called mental or physical according as the one or the other of these two kinds of effort is predominant.

The work of the physician, the legislator, the teacher, or the preacher, is called mental work. The management of an industry, whether great or small, falls in the same class. On the other hand, carpenters, masons, and all men who follow trades, are classed as physical workers. The same is true of farmers, miners, employees of railways and the like. The impression to be gleaned is that the common distinction between mental and physical work is of slight importance. Both classes of workers are citizens of the business world, and both must be considered in a study of industry.—H. C. Adams.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ADVERTISING

In point of expenditure, advertising is now one of the greatest of industries and yet from the point of view of an income return, it has a very brief history. In England, newspaper advertising was first in evidence during the seventeenth century, in such publications as Mercurius Politicus, the Kingdom's Intelligencer and the Publick Advertiser.

In these papers, tea, coffee and cocoa were advertised as follows:

Tea: "That excellent and by all Physitians approved China drink, called by the Chineans Teha, by other nations Tay, alias Tee."

Coffee: "The grain or berry called Coffee, growing only upon little trees in the deserts of Arabia. It is a simple, innocent thing, composed into a drink."

Cocoa: "An excellent West India drink called Chocolate."

Many years ago, Dr. Johnson declared that the "trade of advertising had so nearly reached perfection that it seems impossible to suggest any improvement." What would he have said to advertisements costing a thousand dollars or more for one page in one issue?

To-day it is said of advertising that it holds its place side by side with the news of the day. As the news gatherer and publisher strive to collect and disseminate reliable and accurate information about current events, about the world of men and things, so the modern advertiser tries to inform the reader where to find the most desirable merchandise most easily and at the right prices.

DON'T GENERALIZE.

The disposition to draw a general conclusion from one or two instances that favor it is an almost universal fault. It warps the judgment, disturbs the feelings, and influences everything we do.

A man wrote me a letter complaining of hard-hearted employers, and venting his wrath on all employers in one breath. He gave an instance of a stenographer who, after working over a year without missing a day, was home for two days, and on returning found her position permanently filled by another. The manager said that as her health was uncertain they felt they must make other arrangements.

No one denies that such an act was a breach of the law of business ethics. But the important thing to know is that it is not a typical case. It affords no foundation whatever for criticism against employers as a class. Numerous instances might be cited where employers have paid salaries for months and even years to an unfortunate and unprofitable employee.—W. P. Warren.

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE EMPLOYEE

One of the most difficult problems which confronts industry in all its branches is the question of labor turnover. Investigations held recently showed that one organization in one year completely changed the personnel of its employees. To improve this situation, a number of firms now engage in a very thorough analysis designed to ascertain the fitness of any applicant for a position. But the plan goes farther than this. After the applicant has been at work for a stated time, he is required to fill in the following form which I am giving in full, because it affords a very fine opportunity for self-analysis, and helps to determine the responsibility of the employee to himself, as well as to his employer.

Read the questions carefully and give yourself a mental rating in each case:

Why did you seek employment with this concern?

Has your experience with this concern been such as to make you believe you are in the right place?

Do you find your work too difficult or hours too long?

Do you like the products you are handling? If not, mention other lines you would prefer.

What is your greatest ambition in life?

Are you making definite plans to attain it?

What were your last three positions, and how did you like them?

Are you subject to illness frequently?

Give date and duration of last illness?

What are you doing to improve your health?

What are you doing to improve your knowledge of the business?

Do you read the newspapers? If so, which ones?

What other lines of goods do you understand other than those in the department in which you are employed?

What is your school education?

In what studies are you particularly proficient?

Have you any bad habits which would interfere with business?

Do you have difficulty in getting along with your associates?

Are you honest in word and deed?

Are you especially fitted for some kind of work not now being carried on? If so, what?

Do you believe in working up to full capacity?

Do you experience difficulty in figuring sales checks?

Are you economical in providing for personal needs?

Are there any business problems you would like explained?

Do you read the advertising and other literature issued by this organization.

Have you noticed conditions about your department which might be improved. If so, what?

Do you believe that you are progressing rapidly enough in your work.

EXPLICITNESS

Dr. Fernald, well known as an educator and author, relates what he describes as a perfect example of brief explicitness as contained in a despatch from the English commander, Clive, to his native ally:

"Tell Meer Jaffier to fear nothing. I will join him with three thousand men who never turned their backs. Assure him that I will march day and night to his relief, and stand by him as long as I have a man left."

Everything is said: that the commander will be there in person; the number of his force; their quality of tried and dauntless valor; his rapid march and unflinching steadfastness; and all in forty-two words, that stir the blood like a trumpet blast.

THE ENERGY OF THE ATOM

That there is enough energy in one atom of radium salt to blow the submerged German fleet in Scapa Flow to the top of the highest mountain in Scotland, is the assertion recently made by Sir Oliver Lodge, who, whatever may be thought about his opinions in regard to spiritualism, holds unquestionably the highest place in the scientific world as an authority on radio-activity. The world may well hope that if science ever finds means of releasing atomic energy to its utmost, civilization will be so organized as to protect itself against such terrific power of destruction being used improperly. Until civilization is so organized, civilization will be safer with such a stupendous secret locked in the secrecy of Nature. These reflections are prompted by the recent cable despatch from London which told of the concentration of certain radio-active material by a long, difficult and costly process, resulting in about a teaspoonful of a certain salt of radium being secured, which was so highly powered that it has to be kept in a lead safe weighing one and a half tons. It cost nearly £100,000 to secure it; of course, it is incalculably far from possessing the power of giving off fully its energy. Any radio-active material that science is able to maintain only gives off an exceedingly small fraction of its energy. The horrors of the world war give superabundant cause for thankfulness that humanity is as far as it is from mastering all the destructive forces there are in Nature.

UNION MADE

GWG

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Overalls

"They wear longer because they're made stronger"

Insist on getting

UNION MADE

GWG

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Accept no substitute

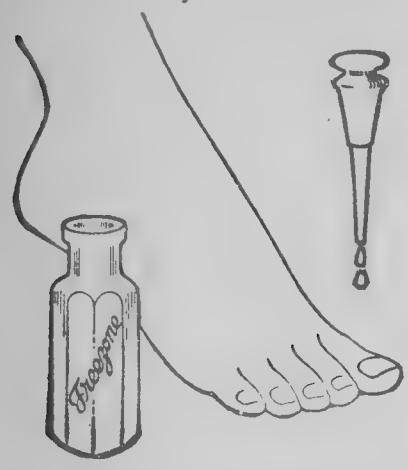
The Great Western Garment Co. Ltd.

Edmonton, Alta.

GUARANTEE Every garment bearing the G.W.G Label is guaranteed to give full satisfaction to the wearer in fit, workmanship and quality, and to obtain this satisfaction should the garment prove defective simply satisfy the merchant from whom purchased: he is authorized by us to replace it.

Lift off Corns with Fingers

Doesn't hurt a bit and "Freezone" costs only a few cents



You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

Apply a few drops of "Freezone" upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!

Tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs few cents at any drug store

THICK, SWOLLEN GLANDS

that make a horse Wheeze, Roar, have Thick Wind or Choke-down, can be reduced with

ABSORBINE

also other Bunches or Swellings. **No blister, no hair gone,** and horse kept at work. Economical—only a few drops required at an application. $2 50 per bottle delivered. Book 3 R free. ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Cysts, Wens, Painful, Swollen Veins and Ulcers. $1.25 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Book "Evidence" free.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 138 Lymans Bldg., Montreal, Can.
Absorbine and Absorbine, Jr., are made in Canada.

THE BEST LINIMENT

OR PAIN KILLER FOR THE HUMAN BODY

Gombault's

Caustic Balsam

IT HAS NO EQUAL

For the Human Body —It is penetrating, soothing and healing, and for all Old Sores, Bruises, or Wounds, Felons, Exterior Cancers, Boils, Corns and Bunions, CAUSTIC BALSAM has no equal as a Liniment.

We would say to all who buy it that it does not contain a particle of poisonous substance and therefore no harm can result from its external use. Persistent, thorough use will cure many old or chronic ailments and it can be used on any case that requires an outward application with perfect safety.

A Perfectly Safe and Reliable Remedy for Sore Throat, Chest Cold, Backache, Neuralgia, Sprains, Strains, Lumbago, Diphtheria, Sore Lungs, Rheumatism and all Stiff Joints

REMOVES THE SORENESS--STRENGTHENS MUSCLES

Cornhill, Tex.—"One bottle Caustic Balsam did my rheumatism more good than $120.00 paid in doctor's bills." OTTO A. BEYER.

Price $1.75 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by us express prepaid. Write for Booklet R.

The LAWRENCE-WILLIAMS COMPANY, Toronto, Ont.

SINCE 1870

SHILOH

30 DROPS STOPS COUGHS

The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

This summer, for the first time, the women of Manitoba will vote in a Provincial election, and it is rather interesting that this should happen on the fiftieth anniversary of the birth of the province. The west has travelled a long, long way since 1970, when, to quote from Beggs' "Ten years in Winnipeg," "We had no bank, no insurance office, no lawyers, only one doctor, no city council, only one policeman, no taxes—nothing but freedom, and though lacking several other so called advantages of civilization, we were, to say the least of it tolerably virtuous and unmistakably happy." From the same source we learn something of the first election to the legislature of Manitoba which took place on Friday, December 20th, 1870. On that date 24 members were elected and from these the first cabinet was formed consisting of Hon. M. A. Girard, Provincial Treasurer; Hon. Alfred Boyd, Provincial Secretary; H. J. Clarke, Attorney-General; Hon. Thos. Howard, Minister of Public Works and Agriculture.

Manitoba Elections

From Beggs' "Ten Years in Winnipeg" we learn further that "The first parliament of Manitoba will be held in the house of A. G. B. Bannatyne, the best and most commodious building in Winnipeg, and occupying a central position with regard to the province generally." As a matter of fact the house of 24 members, with the throne, table for sergeant-at-arms, visitors' gallery and press gallery were compressed into a room 17 by 20 feet and succeeded even in those cramped quarters in doing excellent work for the little province then launched as a part of the great Dominion of Canada.

The legislative assembly of 1870, had they been told that women would vote and sit in the parliament of Manitoba, would doubtless have thought the prophet of those days quite mad.

There is little doubt that women will run in the coming election and that some of them will be returned. The assembly elected in 1920 will be gorgeously housed in the new parliament buildings, and will consist of 56 instead of the original 24 members. The gain in numbers is hardly so great as one might have expected in 50 years.

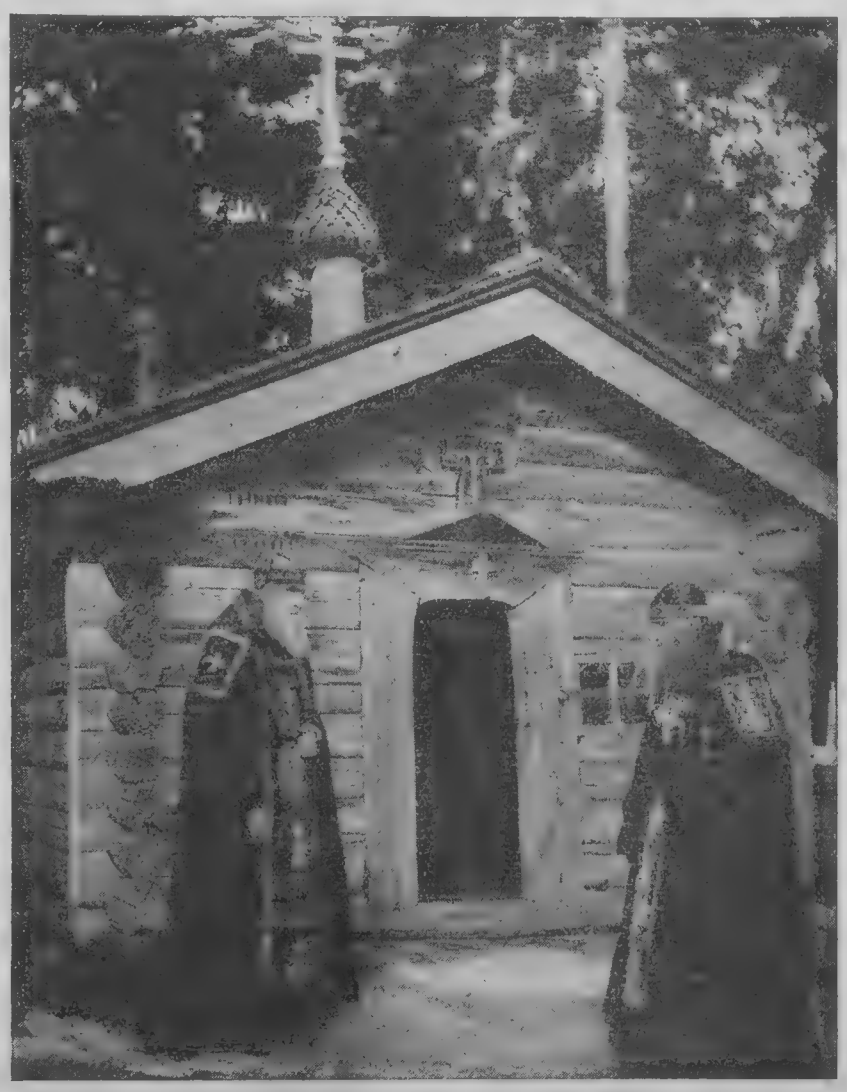
The first women to be elected to the Manitoba house will enjoy a great honor and assume a grave responsibility.

Although Manitoba was the first province of Canada to move actively in conferring the franchise upon its women the three provinces further west have, owing to their elections having come off during the later war years, had women in their legislatures for several years, B. C. one, Alberta two, and Saskatchewan one. In B.C. and Alberta, more especially, the women have applied themselves vigorously to the work before them, and while all of the women outside of the legislatures have not been able to agree with some of the stands they have taken, their record on the whole has been good. The one woman in the Saskatchewan house has been less heard from.

There is no doubt that the male members, and the public generally, have watched with keen interest to see what record these women would make. Those who were foolish enough to think that the interjection of one or two women into an assembly of 40 to 50 men was going to make a material change immediately are no doubt disappointed, but the men and women who realized that any changes must come slowly and only after a larger number of women members elected are on the whole satisfied with what has been accomplished.

Even when there are a number of women in each legislature it is not in the least likely that they will see eye to eye on all questions or that they will vote solidly as women. Women are quite as diverse as men in their viewpoint. What we have a right to hope for is that women in local legislatures and in the Dominion House when they get there will generally throw the weight of their influence towards reforms that will improve the status of the nation and make our country a saner and safer place in which to develop a really great nation.

Continued on Page 31



Prayer House, Solovietsky Monastery, at Archangel, Russia's famed seaport. (See page 6).

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The Woman's Quiet Hour

Continued from page 30

Who Should Go?

Frequently I am asked what class of women should run for the legislature? The following is a personal opinion only, but it is one which I have arrived at after giving the matter much thought and it is given to readers of this page for what they think it is worth. The first women to be elected should be native born Canadians (the opportunity for the naturalized Canadian will come later). They should be married women or widows, and I do not think that any woman under thirty-five should be elected, for the first few years at least. They should be mothers of families and if they have had a teacher's or nurse's experience before marriage so much the better. There should be women from both country and city constituencies.

Now for my reasons. They should be native born Canadians because they will be best able to express the viewpoint of the Canadian women and will have a better knowledge of what are Canadian ideals. They should be married women and mothers so as to have the home adequately represented in the councils of the province or the nation. There is many a single woman with more of a mother heart to the nation than many a married woman, but speaking broadly the married woman with a family is universally regarded as representing home and home interests. They should not be under 35 not only because younger women will, as a rule, have less mature judgment, but because younger married women would not generally be in a position to attend to parliamentary duties without neglecting or seeming to neglect the care of their children. Lastly, a training as a teacher or nurse would give a woman the poise and first-hand knowledge to handle questions of public health and education not possible to the non-professional woman.

Probably many will not think I have made out a case, and this may be true, but there is a firm conviction in my mind that these requirements are essential for the first women members of a legislative assembly or for the Dominion House.

It will be fatal to the cause of women, if women are run merely for the sake of having women in the house without the best possible qualifications for the tasks ahead of them. Later when the presence of women in all legislative bodies has become customary a member with fewer outstanding qualifications might do little harm, but on the start only the most truly representative women should be asked to run or should receive the suffrages of women. It would be infinitely better to have another house elected without a woman in it than to send to the next legislative assembly any but those who have all round qualifications and a broad experience of life.

People are apt to forget that a member of a legislative assembly must take a broad view of the needs, not alone of the constituency, but of the whole province and also the position of that province in the Dominion.

Maxims

In the February issue a number of girlhood favorites were quoted, and I asked if others had any to contribute.

A. M., of Winnipeg, has sent me a kindly letter of appreciation, stating that she, too, had come across some old copy books and found that from the time she was able to write up to 17, maxims had possessed a peculiar fascination for her. Here are some which she quotes: "It is better to be alone than in bad company."

"Do not look for wrong and evil,
You will find them if you do,
As you measure to your neighbor,
He will measure back to you."

"Palaces are dreary domes,
Fair domains but deserts wild,
If there be no happy homes
And manners mild."

Continuing, A. M. states that she finds among her favorite poems, "The Rainy Day," "The Death of the Flowers," and poems along those lines, but in later life has developed a real love for the humorous rather than the gently melancholy.

Country Boys Excel On The Mouth Organ

Country boys are the best mouth organ players in Canada to-day. City folks who visit friends in small towns have noticed how frequently in the evenings they hear the farmers' boys going home in buggies or automobiles playing mouth organs. And the visitors usually comment on the quality of the playing. These lads have been in town shopping or at market. They make the most of the time spent on the road home by going through the familiar and popular airs most of which they know about as well as their city cousins, because the player piano and the phonograph have taken the latest hits from the big music centres out to the farm homes, and that without any loss of time. There is a large sale of mouth organs in country towns, not to young fellows who merely ask for "a mouth organ," but to discriminating buyers who want a particular kind and who know a good organ when they try it.

A man who is now active in educational matters in his city often surprises his friends by his prowess in mouth organ playing. When a boy at school he used to spend the summer holidays in teaming boxes of merchandise from the railway station to his father's store four or five miles out in the country. It was during these trips that he became proficient on the mouth organ. His own comment was that he got a great deal of satisfaction out of what some folks would call a very humble musical instrument. City boys should take care not to allow the country boys to get a monopoly of mouth organ playing.

What Makes Value of a Song

Harry Hadley, the American opera composer, asserts that the value of a song lies entirely in the value the artist puts upon it. In other words, the worth of a song to any audience is in direct proportion to the value it has to the artist singing it. Dicie Howell also believes that the value of a song lies in its power to move the singer and that he will arouse in his audience the same appeal that the song creates in him.

On the other hand, Amparito Farrar claims that the value of a song depends entirely upon the mood and type of audience. Thus soldiers going to war want hopeful cheering music, while on returning from war, they want a sweetly sentimental ballad or a folk song. So too an audience composed of musicians would appreciate a song with more complex melody, while a lay group would desire something that did not have too much technique.

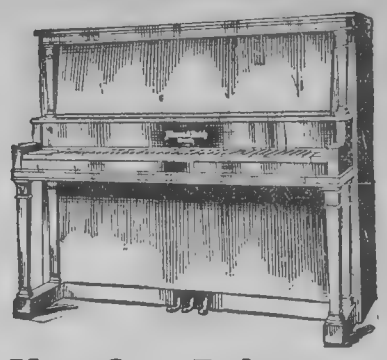
In order to be of value a song must be striking in originality and delicately fine. These are the requirements as Inez Barbour sees them. Reginald Werrenrath also believes that the worth of a song depends upon the artistry of the composition combined with the power of the singer to make that artistry live in the minds and hearts of his hearers. In short, he believes that a worth while song must reflect life.

Marcia Van Dresser not only favors these points, but even goes farther. In her opinion, a song in order to be of value must not only have excellent unison of words and notes, suit the singer vocally, and reflect life, but like a story it must have logical sequence, a climax and a direct message, which must be an emotional one, not a pensive or philosophical one.

NONSENSE VERSE

The moon is up, the moon is up!
The lark begins to fly,
And like a drowsy buttercup,
Dark Phoebus skims the sky;
The elephant with cheerful voice,
Sings blithely on the spray;
The bats and beetles all rejoice,
Then let me, too, be gay.

I would I were a porcupine,
And wore a peacock's tail;
To-morrow if the moon but shine,
Perchance I'll be a whale.
Then let me like the cauliflower,
Be merry while I may,
Ane, ere there comes a sunny hour
To cloud my heart, be gay!



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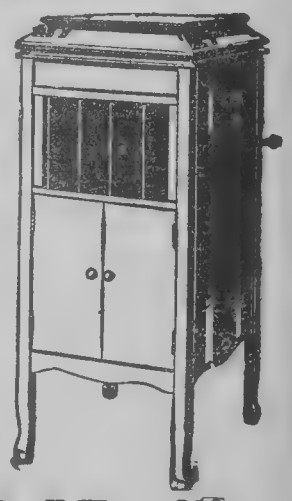

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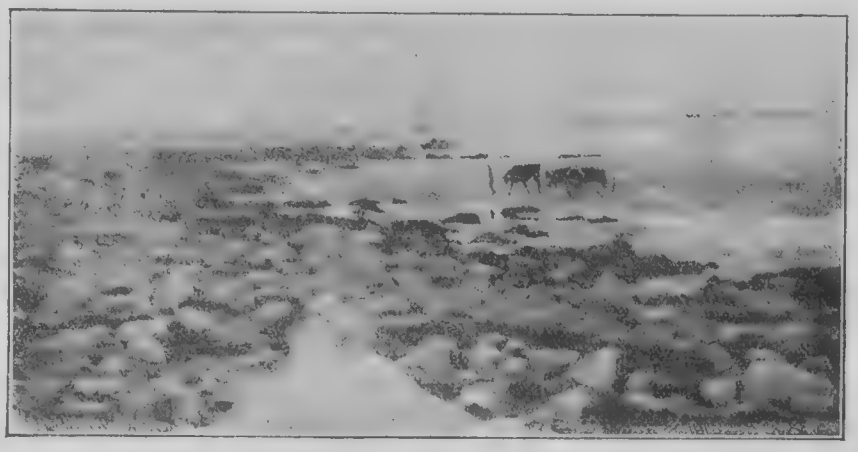
A Sailor's Tale of The Spiritualists and The Gale

Land Pictures of our Patient Oxen

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale

WE were interested in the way a boy trained a young ox in the way it should go. A long light trailing couple of poles formed the vehicle, and a light whip the persuader. You will notice that all our oxen in Nova Scotia are yoked by the horns. This young beast was contrary, the lad was teaching it to follow as he walked closely ahead, as all the ox drivers do. No matter how rough the trail or road (and some of these public roads are as rough as the dry bed of a stream), the road which runs beside our ancient home has boulders on it weighing a ton and more. It is odd to see one wheel of the highly laden ox cart ride up on the great rock and the patient ox still dragging ahead as if it were an asphalt road. Look at the big strong yoke (really a team, but they call the single ox "a team" here), dragging home our winter dry spruce. Again I have a picture of a young reddish team coming down for ellgrass for manure. Here is an excellent couple of oxen.

"You'll spoil your eyes there, come and sit by the fireplace," called Laddie.



The long-suffering ox does duty still on the shore of Nova Scotia.

While I was trying to tell you of our oxen "Zebedee," a deep sea sailor had passed quietly in, without knocking, into the big bare room, where the huge fire crackled and roared in the century old boulder and brick fireplace.

"Zebedee," seated before the old fireplace, filled his pipe with "Sailor's Delight," and said, "You want to know about our last trip to the banks, do you. Well, it was a bad 'un. We just got our bow out of 'The Head' when slam bang comes a norther. There was an 'old sea' running, made from last big southwestern, and soon the windchop on top of it soaked our decks. Yes, and sails, too. There was a hint of worse than bad weather as we bucked out into the open. I made the top to do a bit of work, and I tell you it was white as far as I could see. Soon the Easter beat the 'old sea,' and the schooner did better. But it was bitter savage work lashing things down and getting in shipshape for the blow. We made 'the banks' late in the evening of a dull grey December day. We was iced to the tops. We had to 'chop out' to use the galley. Cooke was below now, and we took our bite standing. The glass was going down, and the red sun was most below, now a big blot of flame in a dark black looking welter of water. It was my watch and I was oiled up well, but most frozen."

For my turn I staggered back and forth in the lea of the upperworks. The scud was driven across the sky, and a great silver moon as clean as glass rode above the topmast. It made a chap feel mighty lonely as we slid down the dark hills or rose into the shining chop. Once a mighty liner came staggering over the banks, her foamin' bow cutting the dark black seas and throwin' a very drift of glitterin' spray off her sharp bow. I had a flare burnin' and ridin' lights, but she came a bit close for all of that, and we bobbed in her wake like a cork as we lay close hauled to the breeze. The relief man came along. "East you make it," he answered, and I slid and crawled below.

By midnight it was blowin' great guns and the deck hamper was rattlin' and crashin', so it was "all out to lash down!" New lines were bent over the dories. All the bait tubs and boxes and fishin' gear was lashed, and we all got below with nothin' worse than a wettin'."

"All on deck" came the cry, and we twenty-two men crowded into our oilskins and scrambled up. It was hard to get a mite of breath in the great blow. The regular rollers that were comin' in from the east topped our riggin' a bit. One howlin' terror caught us aft and lifted us sideways, and the next one poured over our bows like a mill race and swept everythin', man and box and barrel clear aft. Then we lashed half the men and sent the other half below and made all fast again, only to call them up when the captain sings out "put her over." That means we are going off on the other tack in that boilin' smother. I knows that he knows; so we ties up some more men and' let her swing off. She rode up on a big 'un and slid along faster than I guessed wood could sail before a 50 mile 'easter. Off she went on a rollin' course; and put her rail under an' took in most a million gallons, but she spilled it on her next heave, just like a horse goin' over a fence. The deck was now like a waterfall of glitterin' cascades. We ran a bit before he began to haul her on her course. "Bightin' dogfish!" but she did nose into a black lookin' mountain that was tearin' west for all concerned. Well! we lashed down the rags of the big jib, with the boom swingin' with death in a touch of it. One old monarch of the Atlantic came shoulderin' along and we climbed and climbed until I thought we'd touch the north star. Then we took the last rag offen her and lay under bare poles. Two and two we watched, lashed down tight, too. Once I took my lifeline off, just as a nimble sea swept me up to the companion, and the sea and I went below deck together.

She was a good trim Nova Scotia craft, ninety overall, but we decided next day to run for it and we made port, in Boston, four days later without a stick standing or a rag flappin' and eatin' cold duffle all the time too and not a fish to divide fares on either. We was there two weeks, an' I really

Continued on Page 33

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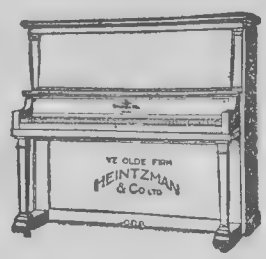

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A Sailor's Tale of the Spiritualists and the Gale

Continued from page 32

came to tell you about the spirits I met.

It was this way. Dory mate says to me:—

"Do you want to see your grandmother's spirit?"

"Never had none," I told him.

"How about talkin' to a deceased mother or wife, matey?"

"Not guilty again," I told him. "I was found under a cabbage leaf, I guess."

"Well, you're just the high jinks for a spirit meetin'. None of the ghostesses will belong to you, see?" he questioned.

That night matey and I blew up a dark street and planked down a good dollar each to join the gang. They was mostly women, and snufflin' women, too. All seated in a big double circle an all holdin' hands.

"What for?" I whispered.

"Search me!" he answered louder. "None of that rough house or pickpockets in here, or out you go!" said a real gruff spirit.

"Would any lady or gentleman here like to be photographed with a spirit?" said a fat old girl, who was squattin' on a sort of a low thrown soap box, I guess.

One of the snufflers fell for that, an' was led into the next room, and later we saw a snapshot of her with three ghostesses on it.

"You will all take hands and sing 'We will gather at the river.'" And out went the lights an' a scrawly lookin' curtain wriggled with the words on it in fire.

I was feelin' spooky like, if you know what that is, when a voice came out of the dark, "a sailor's mother has a message for him; will a sailor who expects one answer!"

"That's you," says matey.

"Guilty! I mean here," says I.

Then the old fat party on the soap box says: "Was your mother a beautiful lady?"

"Yes," says I.

"A sweet voiced woman?"

"Yes!" I spouts.

"Well, listen." (Her voice changed, and she said in a little squeak): "My boy."

"Yes 'm," I said.

"Your sister's child is ill—the money will come by mail. Take up no new business. Keep your share in the bank."

"Yes 'm, yes 'm. Who's got it now?" I asked.

"Use the liniment, sell the fruit before it rots, take care of the street cars and accept the blonde girl."

Then a guitar began to swing about in the dark. A tambourine I had noticed far up on the black wall began to rattle. A white head and face and arms swung about above in front of us, and many of the snufflers groaned and said "Oh!" and "La!" and "My!" and lots of other grunts. Then the lights came on and we said good-bye to our dollars and slipped off to the boat.

Our mates said we were such and so liars whenever we told them about this ghost party. Finally we dared them to go, and the whole bunch accepted for the next evening, and promised to start early. One chap took up a collection for something to "help keep things going," and he slunk off and bought them that very afternoon.

Now there were just twenty of us, and the room only held about forty, so that's why the first of us arrived there at eight sharp. "Squeanch," or whatever it was, was announced for eight-thirty sharp.

I knew whenever pards arrived by their heavy breathin'. Soon every seat was filled. I looked at the black walls and the gravestone standin' there. And the tambourine up in the corner and the spirit table with the banjo on it and the soapbox thrown, and in comes the fat party.

First of all she brought a slate and showed it to us, and then she asked us to close it, and pretty soon she opened it with a nice message "to a sailor" written on it.

Then we wrote notes and put them in a basket, and she answered them without openin' the basket. Pretty slick, eh!

"Now holds hands and sing "Spirits of the blest."

Out went the lights and out flashed the spookey looking fire letters on the blackboard or cloth. Then came the voice: "Listen, while I speak to you."

"Oh, rats!" "I have a message for you," "I'm only a flapper!" came almost the very same voice.

I knew it was cookee's voice interrupting.

The spirit went on: Do not joke, this is serious. I seek to speak to a married man who has just lost his wife."

"That's me," said cookee.

"Listen: I am getting weak. You must take her back. She was faithful."

Then the voice died away and the banjo "tump tumped" and swung above us and the tambourine rattled at the white face and arms swung around, and low sweet music played and one dozen good flashlights burst out among the crew.

There was the old fat girl grinnin' on the thrown, and there stood a tall thin girl half in and half out of the wall of black cloth. One man grabbed a black string that ran from the fat one's foot to the tambourine, and the banjo fell off the wires as soon as a black hat came sailin' up from the back chairs.

The black curtain hung there blank, and the man at the door made to get through to the back wall where a telephone hung.

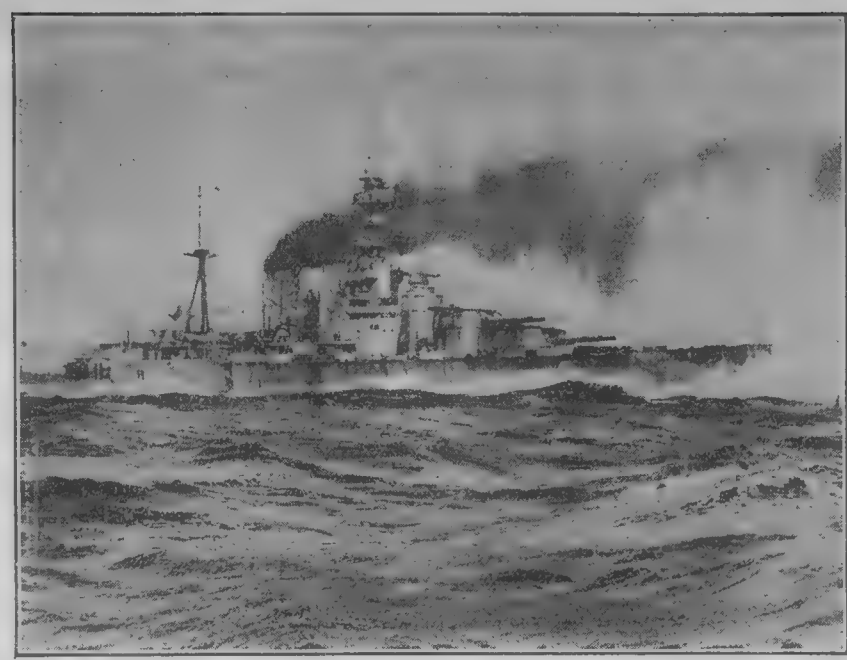
"Grab him!" said cookee, "he's got our dough."

In a moment the man was laid out over a chair and one of the men took the cash and returned a dollar to every one as they passed out.

"Twelve dollars left," he said.

"Give them the flashlights and pay us back," said a sailor, and it was done.

An off we went, hearing the old girl say, "Think you're smart, don't you! Wait till the demon of the seas gets your boat some dark night! You robbers, you! ! ! !



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"Course they ain't!" snorted the old man angrily as he pointed to a large and nearly empty mail bag hanging in a corner. "I haven't sent it off because it ain't anywheres near full yet!"

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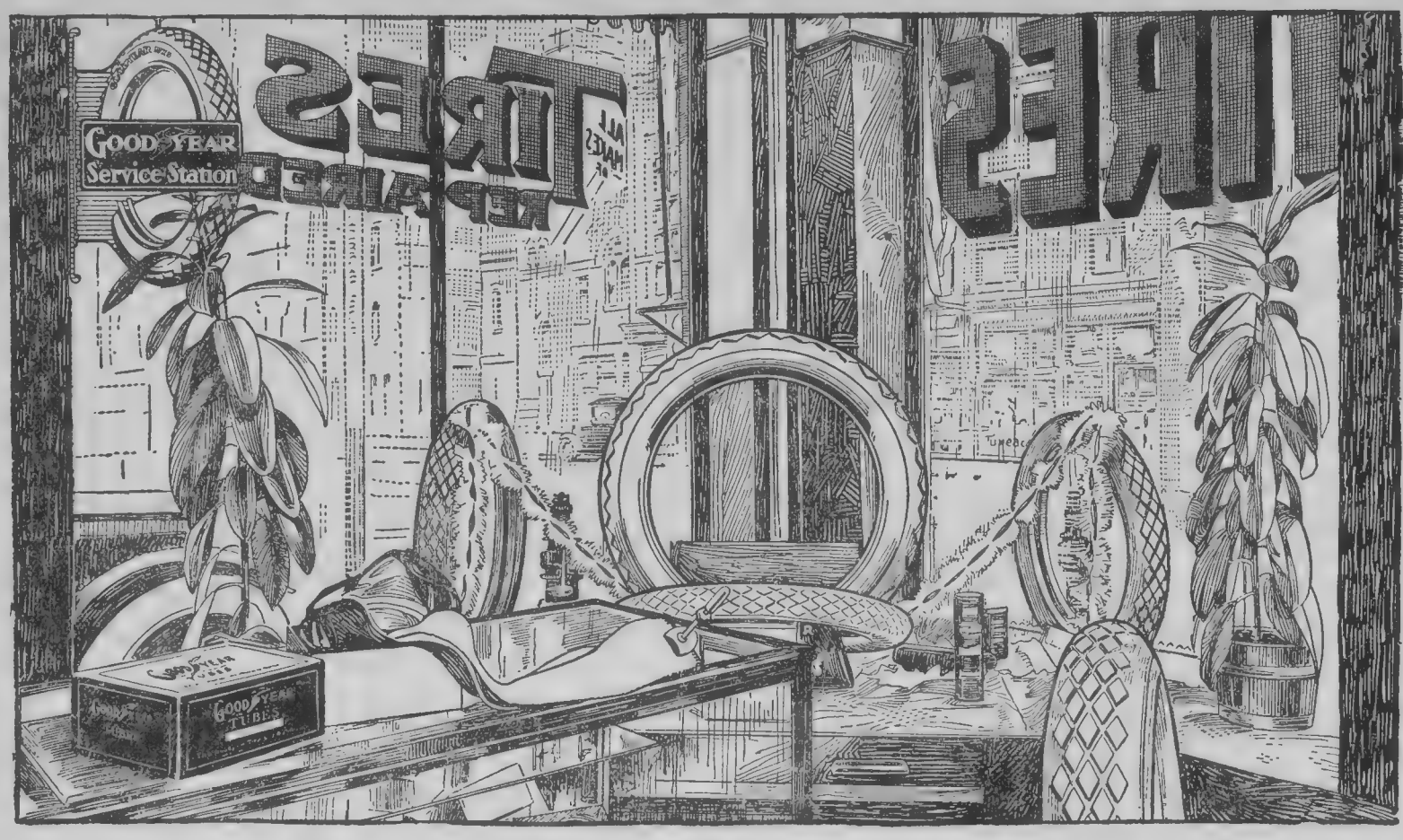

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MADE IN CANADA

The Life of the Silkworm

Few occupations seem more delicate and kindly than that of silkworm culture. In Japan at First Hand Mr. Joseph I. C. Clarke gives an unusually interesting picture of it as seen under the guidance of a young girl in a gray kimono who exhibited in a loving way the various stages of worm life. First, says the author, the shoji, or sliding door of a wooden shed, was pushed open, revealing a dusky interior, and a boy came carefully forward bearing a tray out of many scores seen dimly on racks within. The tray was about two feet by four, covered with shredded mulberry leaves and showing the silver-white bodies of hundreds of silkworms writhing lazily among the bright green shreds of leaf.

All seemed one wriggling mass at first, but the dainty fingers of O Suza San pointed to differences. These particular worms, two inches long, she said, were nearing their fourth sleep. You must not approach too close to them; they are sensitive to human breath. They sicken with a blast of air. They die of bad odors.

"They take cold," she said.

"Do they sneeze?" I asked.

"No, they do not sneeze." Then she gave me a sidelong glance, as if asking whether I meant it.

I noticed that the worms had faint but pretty markings of yellowish brown. Ever more of them seemed to be working up to the surface through the mulberry leaves, and surely they did eat voraciously, their little jaws closing on the juicy scraps like little pincers. Listening closely, I heard a faint, low munching sound like a whisper of mastication.

"They eat like that all the time for five days. They must be fed with fresh leaves five or six times a day and two times in the night. Look, here is one gone to sleep!"

The worm in question had raised its head until it looked like a miniature contour of the raven ships of the Norsemen with their figureheads, and so it remained.

"There is one that will be asleep in a few minutes," she said.

It was not eating but was swaying, lifting and dropping its head.

"And then what?"

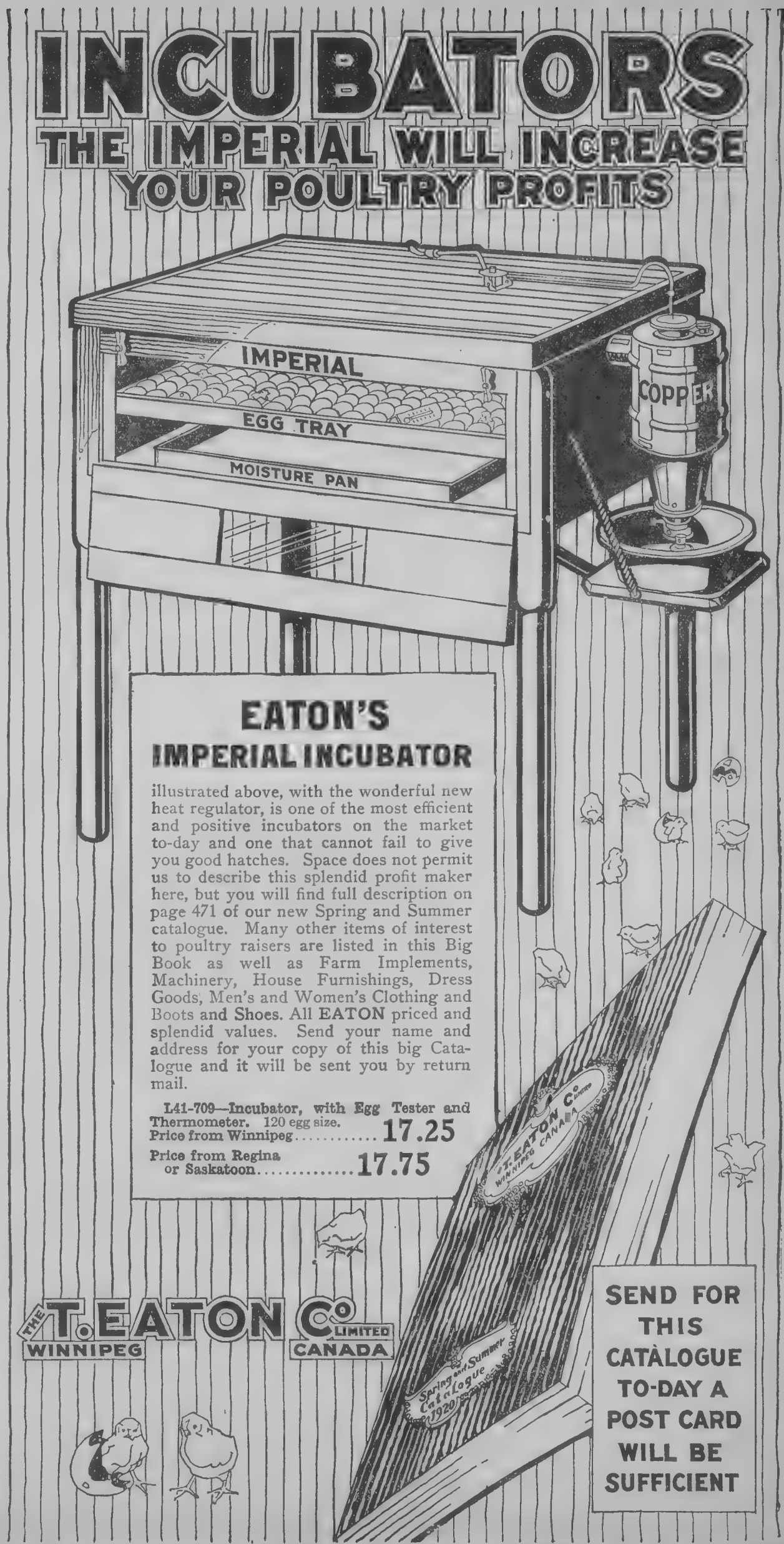
"Then it will be transferred to make its cocoon."

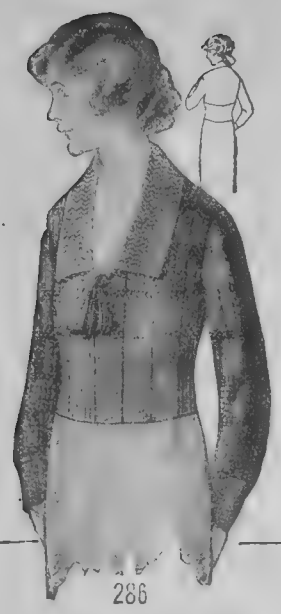
It takes thirty-three days for a worm, from the time it ceases to be an egg, to reach the making of its cocoon. With every batch of worms a certain few of the finest are selected for breeding. These are laid aside, and the butterfly is permitted to eat its way out of the completed cocoon—which it does after twenty-one days. It is a handsome butterfly, but it never flies. Without any feeding it is placed in a little round box an inch and a half in diameter, one of many that are laid in rows on a sheet of thick paper. In those boxes the butterflies lay their hundreds of eggs—little dots—in concentric circles.

"Then they die," said O Suza San with real pity in her tone.

The eggs hatch, and the resulting little threadlike worms are brushed off with a fine hair brush, placed on the tenderest buds of the mulberry and at once begin to feed for four or five days until their first sleep. They sleep two days, and then repeat the sequence a second, third and fourth time. They grow rapidly, and after the fourth sleep they are fed for a week and are ready to spin.

Then they are placed on mats to which bent straws are fastened. They climb the straws to the highest point, and there they begin giving forth the silk in a fine golden stream that as it hardens to a thread they wind about them. He—or is it she?—has a grand time for a month, but that is the end of him—or her. About the time he feels ready to come out the farmer places him in a lethal chamber, where he is heated and overheated until he gives up his ghost. But then the glory of his silkiness begins, for O Suza San or some other fine-fingered, clear-eyed daughter of Japan will tear off the outer skin of the cocoon and finding an end of the miraculous glistening thread, will place it in a little filature machine invented in Italy, and unwind it all upon a reel.





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Ably Assisted

By Jeannette Cooper

DID you notice that woman in gray, Diana?"

Miss Sinclair moved her eyebrows as a polite recognition of the fact that she had been addressed, and continued to read.

"The one at the next table who talked all through breakfast; what do you think is the matter with her, Di?"

Diana took time for a glance at her inquiring young cousin: "She is in the New Thought, Gracie," she said.

"Yes!" broke in Peter, who was just behind his sister. "She's got the New Thought with a string around its neck."

"What is the New Thought, Diana?"

"Give it up, Honey."

"Well, I thought," said Grace, "that she talked as if you were what you thought you were." Peter bent a glance of deep admiration on his sister.

"By jove, Gracie, you're a wonder!" he murmured. "And you got all that by just listening to a conversation that wasn't meant for you. Now I think I am——"

"Keep still, Peter! Say, Di——"

Miss Sinclair glanced up again. "Did I understand that you were each supplied with an apartment in this hotel?" she queried.

"But I want to find out about the New Thought," said Grace, "and, besides, my room is warm, and yours is nice and cool."

"How about the parlor?" suggested Miss Sinclair, "or the piazza, or the summer-house, or the tennis court, or the woods, or——"

"I never thought to see such hospitality," said Peter; "but I only dropped in to say farewell.

"Well, Diana," said Grace, in a voice of determination, "you know that Mr. Gresham I introduced to you last night?"

"Certainly she knows him after you introduced him," said Peter helpfully.

"You know, Di, he is staying at the Hunting Club."

"Yes," said Diana, with polite interest.

"Well, I met him on the links before breakfast, and he thinks you are Mrs. Sinclair."

"That is no matter. You can tell him that I am not."

"But I didn't. You see, Di, he is awfully nice. I used to see him last winter at Uncle Will's; and he doesn't like old maids."

Grace at last had not only an attentive but a convulsed audience. She was standing on one foot and kicking the skirt of her dress with the other, in a manner retained from childhood for moments of embarrassment, but she eyed her cousin and her brother argumentatively, as they wiped away the tears of mirth.

"Did you call her Mrs. Sinclair?" demanded Peter. She nodded.

"But anyone can see it in the register, you silly."

"Silly yourself! I put a big blot right in front of her name so that it looks like Mrs."

Peter gasped. "Do ou know where you will bring up, young lady?"

"And I called you Mrs. Sinclair to the clerk, too," said Grace, who had regained her assurance now that the news was broken, "and if you go around correcting me, Di, we'll get ourselves talked about."

"Wouldn't that jiggle you!" said Peter solemnly. "Our little Grace as a forger."

"I think, Grace," began Miss Sinclair, with sternness, and then the absurdity of it came over her and she broke into laughter. "There is only one thing," she said, when she had got her breath, "you can keep your Mr. Gresham at a distance. I don't like widowers. I prefer the young and fair—the Jackson boy for choice."

"He isn't a widower."

"No, the Jackson boy isn't a widower," said Peter.

"Mr. Gresham isn't a widower. He's a bachelor."

"Good heavens!" said Peter. "And you are trying to put Diana off with an old bachelor. Have you no family feeling?"

"I do wish you'd keep still, Peter. He's awfully popular, Diana; he is so clever, and so handsome, and——"

Diana waved an impatient hand. "Whatever he is," she said, "don't expect me to entertain him. Why, he must be nearly forty,"

"He is nothing of the kind."

"Say," broke in Peter, who had been doing some thinking. "Where is Mr. Sinclair supposed to be?"

"There isn't any. She's a widow."

Indignation sat upon Peter's countenance. "I refuse right now to be a party to anything of the kind," he protested firmly. "It is taking a mean advantage just because the man isn't here. Sit and laugh heartlessly if you will, Diana; I am not going to have Sinclair killed off in his absence."

Continued on Page 37

Lady Auckland Geddes, beautiful and accomplished wife of Great Britain's new Ambassador to the United States, Sir Auckland Geddes. This is the first portrait of the new envoy's wife to reach here. Lady Geddes is popular and courted in the social circle of England, and has many warm friends in America.

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Ably Assisted

Continued from Page 36

"You are a ridiculous pair," said Diana. "But you understand, Grace, that it is only because I do not intend to see your elderly friend"— Grace sniffed indignantly—"that I do not insist upon your immediately correcting your misstatements. I should advise your going away by yourself and meditating on the difference between George Washington and Sapphira."

"But, Di, if you'd only think that you are Mrs. Sinclair you see you would be."

"And to this has the New Thought led us," ejaculated Peter. "Let us shun it, my children!"

On a green bench under a spreading tree sat Diana, and before her stood Mr. Gresham. He was surveying her with interest.

"It is strange that you don't like me, Mrs. Sinclair," he said.

She looked up at him.

"Oh, by your manner," he answered as if she had asked the question. "You refuse to have anything to do with me. How often have I observed you and Grace and Peter having an hilarious time, but no matter how stealthy my approach, how unobtrusive my attempt to share the gayety, you invariably seek the seclusion of sphinxlike silence. Modestly, I wonder at it."

"You imagine—" she began.

"You are too honest to finish that," he said as she paused. "Besides, why should I imagine it? My opinion would naturally be that you would be glad to have me to talk to—considering the scarcity of people. On the contrary, you never bestow a word upon me unless I hold you up for it."

"I think this time I shall refuse to be held up," with a smile to temper the decision in her voice. The more the acquaintance grew the greater the complications. She picked up the book again deliberately.

"I will keep very still," he said. There was another green bench under the tree. He sat down on it and laid his hat beside him. He did not even look at her. When she unwillingly glanced at him, over the top of her book, he had his head thrown back and was gazing up into the green branches. He was very handsome. Miss Sinclair found this fact getting mixed up with Sidney Lanier's symphony when she returned to her book. She frowned and endeavored to concentrate her mind on the poem. Her neighbor was abnormally quiet. She closed her book and rose. Instantly he was on his feet.

"If you have finished reading I'll walk up with you," he said. There was solemnity in his tone. She smiled in spite of herself.

"I have not finished reading, she said. "I am going down by the brook."

"Then I 'll walk down there with you," obligingly. "There are cows."

Frances Diana Sinclair sat down again on the seat she had just left. She did not know whether to be angry or not, and while she was making up her mind Peter's voice came plaintively across the lawn, and the panting Peter followed.

"What is it?" she inquired with some asperity, the situation getting on her nerves. "It is that woman with the bird book," explained Peter in a tone of great exhaustion. "She made me walk across three fields to listen to a Wheeler and Wilson thrush, and I caught a little sunstroke. And here were you, my appointed protector, having a nice, comfortable, cool, and happy time under a tree." He dropped upon the bench beside her. "Did she ever attack you, Mr. Gresham?" he inquired.

"She never walked me across three fields," said Mr. Gresham. "She only asks me whether I've noticed the cloud effects."

"That's her," assented Peter. "I never look at the clouds any more. I inquire in the morning if there are to be any effects, and if there are I stay in. I used to be a perfect child of nature, too."

"I think you underrate that sunstroke, Peter," said Diana.

"Perhaps I do, Mrs. Sinclair," he murmured, and Mr. Gresham noticed how she colored and then laughed. Her face was charming when she laughed, and the fact that all her laughter seemed to be against her will made it all the more alluring. She straightened out the curves in her red lips and looked at Peter severely.

"Where is Grace?" she asked.

"Off somewhere with the Jackson kid. He's been leaving ever since we came; told me he only ran up for a day's fishing."

"How many guests are there?" Mr. Gresham appreciated Peter's presence as an aid to conversation.

"Well, there's Mrs. Ivorson. She reads Emerson between meals, and she says you are what you think you are."

"It isn't true," said Mr. Gresham. "I thought I was an interesting and agreeable companion, and I am not."

Diana ruthlessly interrupted Peter's demand for light on this statement. "Why, here is Grace," she said, as if she had supposed that young person to be in China.

Grace and the Jackson boy came up, smiling. Grace sat down beside Mr. Gresham and the Jackson boy dropped onto the grass.

"Caught those fish yet, Jackson?" inquired Peter.

"No," said the Jackson boy, solemnly eyeing the sky. "I believe I'll go tomorrow. It's been miserable weather for fishing."

"We have been telling Mr. Gresham about the guests," Peter observed, after he had waited successfully for the Jackson boy to turn crimson. "We began with the New Thought woman, the one that helps you with suggestions, Gracie."

"I wish some one would help you with a few in the way of manners," said Grace sharply. "You simply monopolize conversation."

"It is my one little gift. I do what I can with it. If I had your talents——"

"There are only half a dozen guests," put in Diana, with some effect of haste. She laid her hand on Peter's arm, and he subsided with a gentle grin at her. Mr. Gresham fell into a half-teasing conversation with Grace. His manner with her was charming, and such as the Jackson boy could see without a pang. Diana caught herself smiling once or twice at the badinage. He caught her, too, and smiled quizzically into her eyes. An air of peace hung over the group.

"Jove!" said Peter. "I wish William could come on for the fishing."

"William who?" demanded Grace.

"Why, Mr. Sinclair, of course."

Mr. Gresham paused a little in something he was saying. Grace gave a start and glared at Peter. Diana, who had kept her youthful proneness to laugh at the wrong time, smiled helplessly.

"If he could come on for a week and bring Willie," pursued Peter. Diana gasped. Grace tried to conceal her unwilling mirth in the lace of her handkerchief. Peter sat in placid and contemplative silence.

"I am afraid," said the Jackson boy "that they would find it pretty poor fishing."

"Not they," said Peter promptly. "Why, it wouldn't make any difference to Willie and his father——"

"Oh!" Diana appealed to the Jackson boy with sudden animation. "Will you come and show me where the fir balsam is?" she said. "I want to get some for a pillow." She went across the lawn with the Jackson boy. Mr. Gresham did not look up.

"Say, Diana," whispered Peter at her door that night, "he thought you were a widow. He did not say it in words, but I, Peter, could see it. He told me to say that he would not be over to-morrow; he is going to Boston."

Mr. Gresham had been gone three days. Diana had taken advantage of the uninterrupted solitude a deux to extract from Grace and Peter a solemn promise to refrain from all allusions to any husband, departed or otherwise. Now, with a mind at ease she sat on the piazza on the afternoon of Mr. Gresham's return, and denied to herself that she found it a natural and desirable circumstance when his tall gray-clad figure appeared at the turn in the drive. He came up the steps with his accustomed athletic stride and shook hands. Diana greeted him smilingly.

Grace and Peter, rackets in hand, came out from the house. "Come and have a

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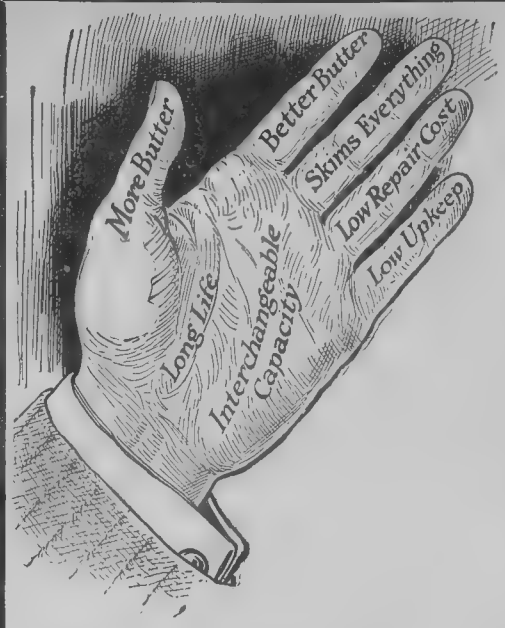

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TODAY

What the World is Saying

Our Senate is Different

A tourist regrets that the windmills of Holland are disappearing. Let him cheer up and visit our Senate. —Minneapolis Journal.

Wisdom in the Land of Gold

The Yukon has carried prohibition by substantial majorities. Intoxicating liquor may claim victims, but it has no friends.—Lethbridge Herald.

A Crown for Sale

Ex-King Constantine wants to sell the Greek crown. He might dispose of it to the property-man of some comic-opera company.—Winnipeg Tribune.

A Safe Prediction

A lot of members of the House at Ottawa will not be able to make a fuss over seating accommodation in the new chamber after the next elections.—Toronto Globe.

The Point of View

The hindsight of many of those criticizing the Peace treaty is better than their foresight was a year or so ago.—Saskatoon Phoenix.

When Governments Will Be Perfect

Not until the human animal has become perfect will governments be perfect. That day is still quite a piece off.—Winnipeg Free Press.

When Exchange Ran Differently

It should be borne in mind that the American dollar was worth only sixty cents in Canada at the close of the Civil war.—Canadian Finance.

A Query

A scientist points out that Brazil is the native home of the peanut. But was it there that the well known variety of politics originated?—Winnipeg Telegram.

High Cost of Hair Cuts

New York barbers are contemplating charging a dollar for hair cuts. If this goes into force only millionaires and convicts will sport close-cropped beans.—Toronto Star.

Fashion Notes

We note that the girls in the new fashion design plates all have quite a slant on them. Standing with the left hip about three inches out of plumb appears to be the latest.—Hamilton Herald.

Wealth for Posterity

The Canadian citizen who wants to get rich in ten days will find it difficult to see any virtue in planting trees so that future generations may be provided with timber.—Moose Jaw Times.

The Explanation

The maple sugar season has been a good one in Eastern Canada. Maple syrup is expected to be dearer this year on account of the increased cost of boring holes in the trees.—Edmonton Bulletin.

The Housing Problem

The fact that five racoons were found in one tree cut down by a farmer near London, Ont., indicates that the shortage of housing accommodation has spread to the animal kingdom.—Hamilton Spectator.

A Fateful Signing

Captain Persius, the German naval expert, says it will take years to rebuild the German merchant marine. It was destroyed in the couple of seconds it took the Kaiser to sign the declaration of war.—New York Tribune.

A Region of Embroilments

The Poles and Czechs have had a clash, with a number of casualties. It begins to look as if those central Europeans cannot pass each other on the road without making a pass at each other.—Brockville Recorder- Times.

Possibly So

Senator Lodge says that he doesn't believe that Marshal Foch is the least bit militaristic. Personally we think if the French gentleman isn't too old, he might make a successful soldier in time.—New York Sun and Herald.

What They Did Not Foresee

Probably the Germans, when they gloated over the number of other people they were killing in the war, had no idea that the day would come when they would be killing off each other with equal fervor.—Duluth Herald.

A Wise Decision

The St. John, N.B., Local Council of Women probably acted wisely in deciding not to declare for a uniform type of apparel for women. Such a declaration would have been valueless. What feminine person desires uniformity in dress?—Ottawa Journal-Press.

A Reasonable Opinion

A soldier's wife told the Police Magistrate of Toronto that the doctors ought to have more sense than to prescribe liquor for her husband, who had been shell-shocked and whose nerves were bad. The soldier's wife shows more sense than the doctors.—Brantford Expositor.

Flat Cars in Exile

The C. P. R. lost 2,800 flat cars in the United States in the past four months and has no hope of getting them back. The League of Nations might include in its duties the framing of an international railway code of ethics.—Montreal Standard.

An Impossible Task

A Toronto Bishop wants the men to quit smoking as an example to the women. What good would that do? Men have been wearing coats that fit right up to the neck for many years, but that example hasn't kept the women from wearing those pneumonia waists that are now so popular. The best man can do is to realize that the task of reforming the other sex belongs exclusively to women.—Border Cities Star.

Publicity Purifies

Admiral Sims' testimony is a matter for the people of the United States themselves. But washing linen in public may be a useful performance. The British did not hesitate to do it in the Gallipoli and Mesopotamia affairs. Secrecy is the enemy of good government. —Halifax Herald.

The Spirit Behind Him

The president of a Chicago trust company was arrested for carrying a bottle of 7-year-old stuff in his rear trousers' pocket. He says that he thought he was within the law, but probably now realizes that proHIPition is in force in the republic.—London Advertiser.

The Latest Triumph of Aviation

The appearance of an aviator over the Dutch East Indies so impressed the natives with the superiority of the white man that they rushed in droves to pay their taxes. When Torontonians see an aviator dodging in the clouds they wonder if he can soar high enough to touch the tax rate.—Toronto Telegram.

The Arch Criminal

The Dutch Government may send the ex-Kaiser to the Island of Curacoa, off the Venuzuelan coast. The climate down there is warm, but not so warm as that of the place to which we would send the arch criminal if we had the chance.—Peterboro Review.

Countries Are Not Chattels

Senator Kenyon's proposal that the United States should buy the Bermudas has excited even more indignation in the breasts of the islanders than the suggestion by Lord Rothermere that the United Kingdom sell the West Indies to help pay the war debt. Neither proposal is within the realm of reason.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

A Pertinent Question

A million children orphaned by war are wards of European States. And William Hohenzollern plans to spend a lot of money in making a comfortable home for his old age at Doorn. Should not the Crown lands of Prussia, at least, be used to support the orphans instead of the Hohenzollerns?—London Daily Mail.

The Astor Peerage

Viscount Astor, whose attempt to be rid of his peerage failed, has taken his seat in the House of Lords. Instead of sulking in his tent, the noble lord apparently has decided to submit to the inevitable and make the most of a bad job. Perhaps in time he will grow to like the hereditary honor so much that he will wonder why he ever sought to be relieved of it.—Montreal Gazette.

The Really Diplomatic Sex

Women, we are told, are not yet to be permitted to occupy posts in the British diplomatic service. Yet what higher form of diplomatic talent can there be than to convince some obstinate man that he is getting his own way when in reality he is travelling the road preordained by his clever wife?—Vancouver Sun.

..What Good Would That Do?

It may not be possible to decipher a wireless message from Mars, because the Martians doubtless speak a language different from any other on this planet, but one and one make two, even on Mars, and by the use of a series of signals in numeral form intelligent beings on Mars could get across to us the idea that they know how to count at all events.—Victoria Colonist.

It Might Have Been Worse

The depressing news that Mr. Douglas Fairbanks has broken one of his fingers, which shocked the continent yesterday, is relieved by later reflection that things might be worse. Mr. John Dempsey might have been kicked by a horse or bitten by a tarantula. —Edmonton Journal.

Room for a Racy Argument

The vagaries of exchange may throw doubts on sporting records. The American thoroughbred, Tracery, was sold recently in London for £53,000, which might be $265,000 on an ante-war basis, or less than $180,000 at the present rate, but the English horse, Prince Palatine, sold for $200,000 in 1913. Here is room for a racy argument.—Toronto World.

Would That They Grew on the Prairies

In the Province of Quebec they are wiser in many things than we are in Ontario. The farmers there didn't turn all their beautiful maple forests into cordwood and cow pasture as we have done around Belleville. They looked farther ahead than the immediate present. The result is, that owing to their forehandedness and enormous annual production of maple sugar they have been enabled to cut down the consumption of refined sugar in that province to 68 pounds per capita. In Ontario it is nearly twice that amount, or 130 pounds per head. The maple trees we have left, if put to work, would practically drive the Cuban product off the market.—Belleville Ontario.

The Cup And The Saucer

The editor of the Hamilton Spectator has been called upon to settle a rather serious dispute: Which is the proper etiquette—to drink tea from the cup, or to drink it from the saucer? We regret to note that the editor not merely evades the issue, but further complicates it, by answering that the drinking of tea from the saucer isn't done in the best families. This answer may not only leave the original matter still in doubt, but it raises another and perhaps even more important question: Who are the best families.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

A Natural Result

Charles Coolidge Parlin, speaking before the Robert Morris Club at Cleveland a week ago, said that in the year 1912 the total department store sales in the United States were $2,100,000,000, while the retail liquor bill was $2,450,000,000. These figures indicate why the people of Canada and the United States are able to buy far more clothes, and far more expensive clothes, than ever before. The general store takes in now vast sums that formerly went across the bar.—Kingston Whig.

British Currency and Gold

In the police court proceedings in London when a number of men were accused of obtaining from the Bank of England some eighteen hundred weight of gold coins which they melted and sold, it was explained for the Government that the value of the gold sovereign at current rates was twenty-six shillings in currency notes. At that rate the pound currency note is only worth in England about 70 per cent of its face value, when gold money has to be obtained. The high exchange rate has other factors than the balance of trade behind it.—Financial Chronicle.

Prison Reform

Prison reform in Canadian penal institutions is the next thing on the program of the Department of Justice. The policy that the department has been pursuing for the last generation, as outlined in frequent blue books, is not only heartless but out of date and unbusinesslike. The Dominion Superintendent of Prisons now urges abolition of the stone pile and the payment to the men of a small wage for their labor, to go to the family of the married man when he leaves the institution. That would be a reform along the right lines, and is the method employed in all up-to-date prisons. Canada is very far behind.—Calgary Albertan.

The Spirit of Courage

The cure of industrial unrest is trust. We must believe in each other. There is only one thing that can make Bolshevism, the social and industrial revolution, and all such threatening things dangerous—that is to be afraid of them. Humanity is always going up to possess the promised land. It is full of various Philistines, Hivites, and Jebusites. It swarms with dragons, monsters, and man-eating ghosts. Some are always trembling for the future and viewing with alarm. But ever the command of destiny is, "Be strong and of a good courage." So shall the promised land be yours.—Journal of Commerce.

Talkers, Not Producers

There is no record of any member of any of the more radical groups raising his food for himself. Believers in "direct action" with regard to a man's accumulated stocks and organized institutions, they take no direct action with respect to nature. Assuming some credit for courage in calling a spade a spade, they do not often use one. Much as he attacks capital, your radical reformer is always found where capital is. He does not appear on the farms. It is not a mistake to say that the Bolshevists took Russia and Hungary. The Bolshevists took Petrograd and Budapest, and held them for just as long as the country behind could or would provide food. Your American Bolshevist lives in New York, Chicago or some other large city. He is as likely as not to belong to the leisure classes, whose income was long ago guaranteed, or to be an artist or a poet to whom "society owes a living."—New York Tribune.

Ably Assisted

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set after you are through talking to Diana," they both urged. They were very fond of Mr. Gresham. But it seemed that Mr. Gresham was not even sitting down.

"I am on my way to the village," he said. "I didn't really mean to stop at all. Please don't count this one up against me. I am coming over later to call." Then he turned to Diana, who was looking unusually lovely in her best white gown with her head thrown against the high back of her chair.

"The world isn't very large after all," he said. "It is the proper preface, isn't it, for saying you've met some one that some one else knows."

Diana, forgetting her dual role, looked a pleased interrogation. "Did you meet some one that we know?" she asked.

"Yes, I met Mr. Sinclair."

Diana gave a start and stared, her face growing crimson. Peter murmured an exclamation. Grace spoke up excitedly.

"Why, you couldn't," she said and stopped.

"I happened to sit beside him on the train," he explained in answer to her contradiction, "and we got to talking about this place. He was good enough to tell me his name and say that Mrs. Sinclair was staying here. It was rather odd, wasn't it? I had supposed that Mrs. Sinclair, like you and Peter, was from the West." He had kept his eyes from Diana during this speech. Now he turned to her again. "Mr. Sinclair told me that he expected to run up over Sunday."

The open-eyed horror with which this was received was too patent to be ignored. Mr. Gresham turned to Peter, who was purple with repressed enjoyment.

"I'll make my formal call later, then," he said easily. "It is nice to be in the hills again." He lifted his hat and went down the steps, avoiding a look at Diana, The three left behind sat in silence. It was Peter who broke it. "It's up to us, now, to do something," he said briskly.

"In my opinion," said Diana, "you have done quite enough."

"Now, see here, Diana"—Peter addressed her with grieved firmness—"I'm not going to be blamed for more than I've done. I didn't put Sinclair on that train."

"Well, you insisted on his being alive," said Grace, "and now you see! It gives me the shivers. It's like Frankenstein, or something. You started him out, and now he' going on himself."

"Your little brain is liable to turn with this, Gracie," said her brother, looking at her anxiously. "You run along and play with Jackson. Leave it to mature minds to cope with this problem."

"I think," said Diana, "that I will excuse you both from further assistance."

Grace swung her racket excitedly. "Well, all I can say is," she remarked, "that if you had let him stay dead you would have saved yourself a lot of trouble." She started down the steps with a righteous switch of her skirts. Diana got her hat.

"May I ask where you are going?" said Peter.

"I don't know."

"I would offer to go with you," said Peter, "but——"

"It wouldn't do you any good," said Miss Sinclair. She pinned on the big white hat and gave an absent-minded touch to the lace of her high collar. Then she gathered up her skirts and departed.

Left alone, Peter devoted himself to meditation. As the man of the family it was his duty to straighten things out. He would go down by the big elm, intercept Mr. Gresham on his return, and explain matters. He gave Mr. Gresham half an hour longer to get through his errands in the village; then he put "Stalky and Co." in his pocket and strolled leisurely down through the fields to the big elm, and as he went he revolved in his mind how he and Mr. Gresham would laugh over the mistake, and how he would go back to the hotel and make Diana happy with the news that she was again at liberty to wear her thirty years in honorable spinsterhood. There was a bench under the tree. Peter laid himself down upon it and read.

A half hour later he closed the book with a reminiscent grin and raised himself upon his elbow to look around. One astonished stare he gave and fell back upon the bench. "Oh, my sacred Sam!" said Peter, out of Stalky and Co. Three people were approaching! Up the road from the village came Mr. Gresham. Down the road from the hotel came Diana. Across the fields came Grace!

Diana had reached the bench. She looked down upon the prostrate Peter, and her expression was such as to make that young man roll over and hide his face in his arms.

"I wish," said Diana, sharply, to his

"Two pairs of eager eyes fell upon it."

shaking back, "that it were possible to lose you for a moment."

"Have you noticed," gurgled Peter, "that Grace——"

Diana followed his pointing finger; then she sat down heavily on Peter's feet.

Grace climbed the stile in a rush, and descended upon them in a state of red-faced reproach. "Why in the world couldn't you stay away?" she demanded. "I came down here to tell Mr. Gresham——"

"Three souls with but a single thought," said Peter. "If you will remove a hundred and forty pounds of wrath and consternation from my feet, Diana, I will meet the approaching cause of all our woe."

Mr. Gresham exhibited no surprise at the sight of the three cousins on the bench. He was looking rather serious. He spoke directly to Diana.

"I, carelessly," he said, "neglected to give you something that Mr. Sinclair asked me to deliver." He proceeded with careful deliberation to look through his pockets, while varying emotions chased one another across the faces of the wait-

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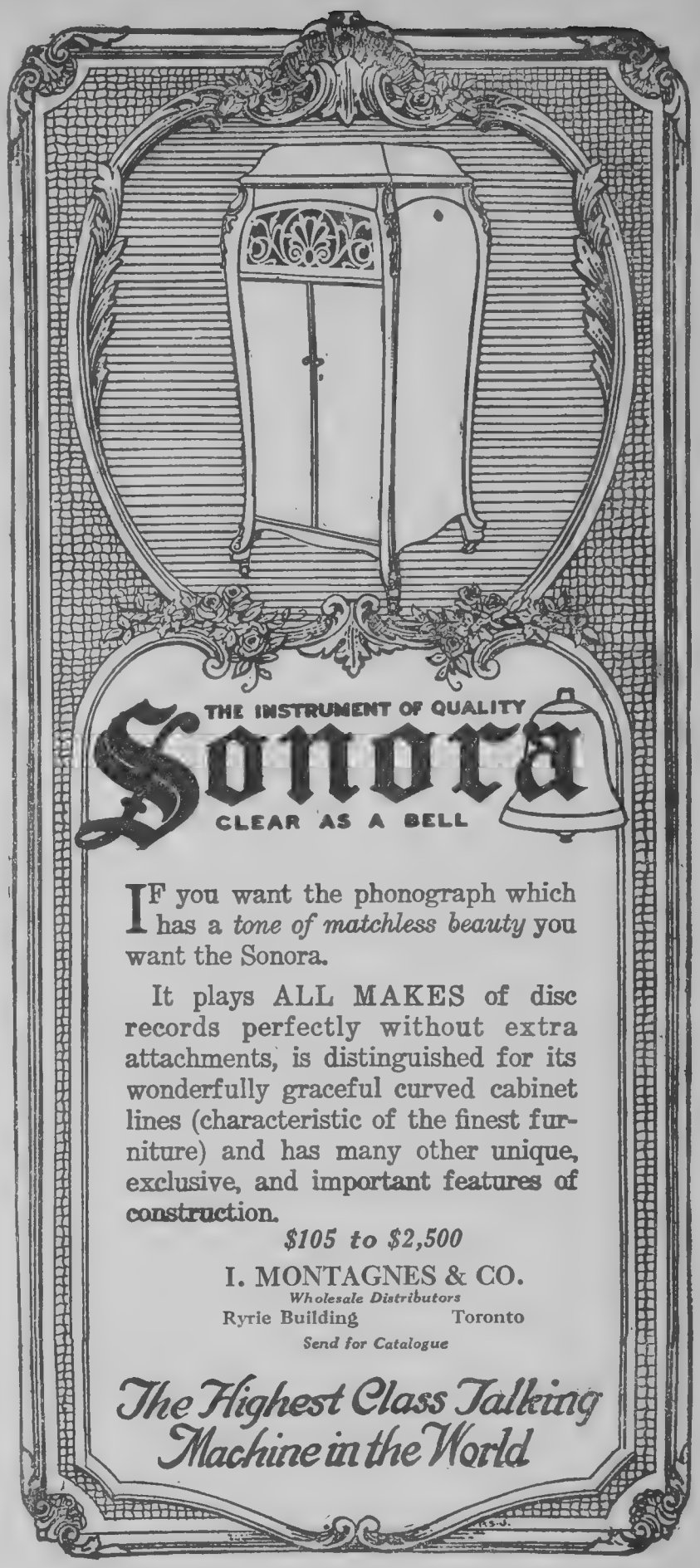

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Ask your dealer for a package of these wonderful new needles. They play from 50 to 100 times without being changed. They eliminate scratching and mellow the tone of the record. These new, semi-permanent, silvered needles increase the life of records, because the record-engaging point, being of the same diameter throughout, does not enlarge as it wears down.

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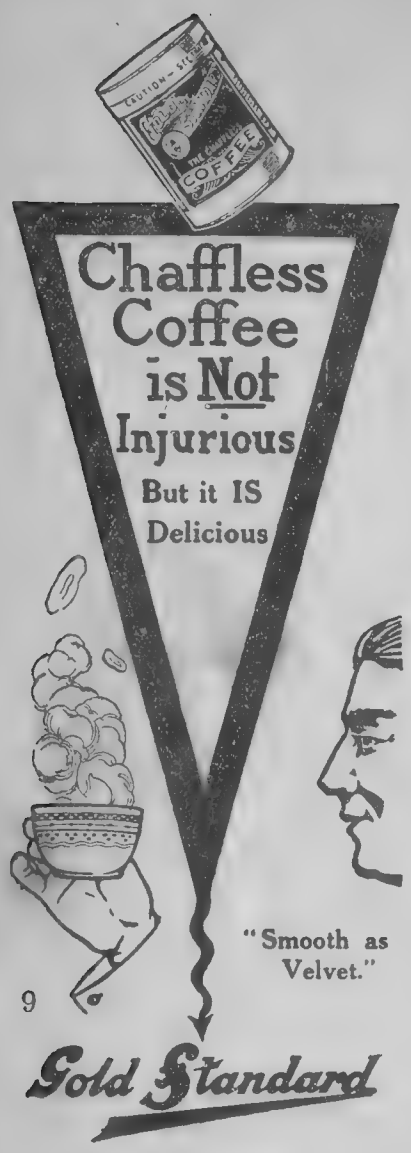

Ably Assisted

Continued from Page 39

ing trio. "Ah, here it is." He produced and handed to her a flat package.

Diana took it as if it were a bomb, and eyed it unhappily.

"It can't be for me," she said. "I——"

"It is for you," said Mr. Gresham, and Diana, after a helpless look at the others, opened it.

No one of the other three attempted to keep up any conversation while she slowly unwrapped the photograph that the package contained, and held it up before her. Even Mr. Gresham seemed to have forgotten that convention demanded a lack of interest in other people's packages. They were all openly watching Diana, and Diana was growing redder and redder.

It was a long time that she looked at it. Then she dropped it into her lap and two pairs of eager eyes fell upon it. The other pair smiled into Miss Sinclair's.

"Why," cried Grace, "it's you, Diana! Who is it with you?"

Mr. Gresham answered: "The other is Mrs. John Gresham, a cousin-in-law of mine."

"And you knew all the time." Reproach, relief, indignation, and much embarrassment mingled in Diana's tone; then a little hauteur crept in. "I don't understand how you got this," she said.

"There is a note with it," he answered.

Diana was a good deal longer reading the note than she had been looking at the picture. Nor did she lay it down when she had finished. It ran this way:

Dear Bob: I am sending you this photograph you have wanted so long. I am sure Diana will not care, though I always meant to write her about your infatuation with her pictured self. By the way, I hear from the Osborns that she is going to Kearsarge for the summer. Too bad your business is taking you to Europe instead of to the mountains.

Affectionately,
Helen.

"But how did you see Mr. Sinclair?" said Grace.

Mr. Gresham laughed. "Mr. Sinclair is for you to explain," he said.

Grace's round eyes were still glued to the photograph in Diana's lap.

"I don't understand," she said, "how——"

"A natural desire to get even," explained Peter, "combined with the pernicious influence of the New Thought——"

"But I don't understand how he came to have Diana's picture."

The solemn expression on Peter's face deepened.

"I believe I am beginning to—" he said; then he got slowly to his feet. "You go back and finish your game, Grace. Jackson is waiting. I am going up to the house and find the bird woman. I want to find out whether the yellow-tailed warbler eats seeds or worms." He pulled his still dazed sister after him and they departed across the fields.

Diana folded up the note and sat silent, her eyes on the picture in her lap.

Robert Gresham sat down on the bench beside her.

"Do you understand, Diana?" he said.

WANTED A DOG

A boy wanted a dog, and the rich uncle said:

"Well, Eddie, suppose I give you two hundred dollars for a dog. Would you spend that sum for one dog, or would you buy a pretty good dog, and put the rest of the money in the savings-bank"

"Well, uncle, if you just leave it to me, I'll buy two hundred one-dollar dogs."—The New Guide.

WHY FRECKLES ARE SIGNS OF YOUR NATURAL VIGOR

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, M.A., B.A., M.D., (Johns Hopkins)

"Do you know Jimmy Ransome, doctor?"

"Who is he?"

"He's the boy that is such a great goalkeeper on the City College team."

"Oh, the chap who caused the City College and the Polytechnic to suspend athletic competitions?"

"Yes."

"No, I don't know him personally, what about him?"

"Well, he has the jolliest freckles you ever saw. I'm proud of my own since I saw his."

A beautiful girl of 16 said this. She exhibited good sense beyond measure.

Odd to say, ninety-nine girls and men with freckles are forever tormented by the thought of these indices of good health. Indeed, this pretty maid, so sensible and sweet and innocent in her naive remark about a boy of her own age, is one of millions. She unconsciously realizes that freckles are the envy of all physiologists as well as medical men who know.

The demand for drugs, medicaments, inside and out, as far as kinds and qualities are concerned, makes the tub of Pantagruel look like a teacup.

"Is he conceited?" I asked this more and more wonderful maid.

"Of course not," she archly answered. "Nobody with freckles is egotistic. He has too many to be so.

"And," she roguishly added, "so have I."

This is in part true, and Solomon was never more wise. The vanity of any one with freckles is exactly in inverse ratio to the number and extent of the freckles. With ten freckles you are 95 per cent. conceited. With twenty freckles you are 93 per cent. vain. With thirty freckles you are 90 per cent. egotistical.

From this degree upward vanity begins to grow less and less until a myriad of the pretty, little sere and yellowish brown dotlets are legion and accountable.

Modesty, humility, bravery and bashfulness are in direct proportion to the swarm of proud freckles. While it is true that many persons are foolish about a few freckles, those with teeming faces full pay no heed to them.

It is their lack of personal self-conscious and looking glass egotism which precludes their attention to themselves.

Strange as it at first blush appears, freckles are deposited by a combination of circumstances, which ancient philosophers and modern alchemists have eternally sought.

This, to wit, is actually the life-giving power itself. If chemists knew how to make freckles, to dab this ethereal pigment of nature upon the modest cheek of man, they would have solved the mystery of the ages.

A drop of blood surcharged with an overabundant food and fuel saturated, as it were, with more electric sparks of human vitality than is needed, reaches the anvil of the deeper folds of the skin.

Now, Apollo, the sun god, shoots a few darts of his burning beams through the semi-transparent layers of the epidermis. Lo! a freckle appears. Phoebus with his magic sword has struck a spark from the rich and pure blood against the anvil of the healthful, invigorating skin.

Thus it comes to pass that the pale, wan, anaemic, debilitated, run-down, badly ancestored individuals are woefully in want of these hygienic smiles of Jupiter and Juno.

Skin peeling from the face usually is the price of using all sorts and conditions of flesh applications. Really, the queries leveled at the dermatologist about freckles are only equalled by the questions asked about methods of treatment for "peeling skin".

This peeling, it must be plain, is due to the sad and hopeless attempt to remove freckles with lotions, which remove the superficial strata of the face. Actually, it is much the same as the peeling after an infectious disease, such as measles.

Proserpine with freckles gathering flowers is herself a fairer flower, so let well enough alone. Be proud of these brown badges of beauty.

Winnipeg Piano Company Purchase Large Building

A business transaction of considerable size and importance was consummated last month in the purchase of the Builders exchange at the north-west corner of Portage and Hargrave, by the Winnipeg Piano Co., Ltd. from W. Grundy, of Long Beach, Cal. It is understood the purchase price was about $500,000.

It is quite a coincidence that when Mr. Grassby arrived in Winnipeg, from London, England, in 1900, he entered the employ as director and secretary of the Grundy Music Co.

A. E. Grassby, president of the Winnipeg Piano Company, states that the business of the Winnipeg Piano Co., had become so extensive that he considered the present the logical time for carrying into effect the intention of acquiring their own building, with the additional advantage of staying on the site they had established as one of the recognized piano and phonograph centres of the city. The real estate or speculation feature did not enter into it at all. It was simply a matter of permanently establishing their location and protecting the large asset and connection built up during the last 17 years.

The Home of the Winnipeg Piano Company.

Established in 1903, with only one line of pianos, the Winnipeg Piano Co. has increased its business till it now carries 12 leading makes.

In 1907, the late Jock Smith, one of the best known and admired piano men in Canada, purchased an interest in the company, and at his death in 1917, his son, Lieut. W. A. Smith, vice-president and secretary treasurer, returned from overseas to help in the management of the business.

Buying in large quantities and handling the whole business from one headquarters, where the organization is under the direct supervision of the directors, the many different lines carried, the established quality of the instruments, and the easy terms and generous treatment, explain the phenomenal growth of the company, which is easily one of the largest music concerns west of Toronto, in fact few piano houses on the continent handle so wide an assortment of high grade and reputable instruments.

Special care is taken with out-of-town orders. Indeed, the extensive piano and phonograph mail order department is at once an important branch of their business and a striking tribute to their business-like methods.

SPRINGTIME

By M. L. Campbell

Bring the grain out from the garner,
Scatter it o'er all the earth;
For the joyous Springtime cometh.
All the land is full of mirth.

Listen to the robin singing,
And the merry meadow lark;
See the trees and flowers springing,
All upon Life's ship embark.

Hear the band of merry voices,
In the grove and on the plain;
Bird and beast and herb rejoices,
'Tis the Springtime once again.

Hear the little children's voices,
As they swell the joyous throng;
Man with all the earth rejoices,
All the earth is one sweet song.

Bring the grain out from the garner,
Let it multiply—increase;
Know that while the earth remaineth,
Seedtime and harvest shall not cease.

FOLKS

A Kensington boy of seven, who was sent to a boarding school, according to a London paper, was instructed by his parents to write long letters to them, with all the news about himself, the school and his companions. His letters, however, proved to be noteworthy for brevity and for a finely impersonal touch. Among others he sent the following:

"My Dear Father and Mother. Do you know that salt is made of two deadly poisons?

"Your loving son, John."

Work for Women

We have pleasant, profitable work for women in all parts of Canada in introducing our cooking discovery in their own town or neighborhood. Territory awarded General Agents.

Department B

Flavors and Provisions Ltd. St. John, N.B.

GREAT PROBLEMS
Perplex the World To-day
BUT
the solution of the
LUBRICATION PROBLEM
Soviet
O.B.U.
H.C.L.
Taxes
Is In
This Can
Peace Treaty
League of Nations
MY PROBLEM IS
Caring for the Wearing of Millions of Bearings
In Tractors, Motors, Reapers, Threshers, Separators, Autos and All Farm Machinery—*Prof. Nicholas Turner*
Prohibition
CROWN OIL COMPANY LTD.
160 PRINCESS ST. WINNIPEG, MAN.
Write for Price List and Full Particulars
Fuel

CALGARY EXHIBITION
June 26th to July 3rd, 1920
$34,500 in Prizes
Live Stock Prizes Increased Over $7,000
SEND FOR PRIZE LIST ENTRIES CLOSE JUNE 13TH
Grand Programme of Attractions
Special Passenger Rates
Information and Prize Lists may be obtained from
E. L. RICHARDSON, Manager Victoria Park, Calgary

FREE PREMIUMS
2 for 1
ROYAL CROWN SOAP
May is the big month for users of Royal Crown products. Every coupon you have counts as two in purchasing premiums during May. Have you written for our new catalogue, listing over 700 beautiful premiums? Better send for one to-day. The double offer is good for May only, but the coupons are always valuable.
SEND TO
The Royal Crown Soaps Ltd.
654 Main Street Winnipeg, Manitoba

CUT OUT AND USE THIS FOR AN ORDER FORM

Trees and House Plants by Mail

These Will Interest You

ANY OF THE FOLLOWING BY MAIL, POSTPAID $1.00

These are all young plants raised in our Nurseries and Greenhouses, packed right out of pots in moss and air-proof wrapping.

Please Note Condition: Choice of varieties must be left to us, the purchaser simply mentioning the number of the collections wanted.

SET No. G.10—8 Rooted Plants, assorted varieties.
SET No. G.12—6 Rose Plants for Garden.
SET No. G.14—4 Rose Plants and 4 Geraniums
SET No. G.21—7 House Plants, foliage and flowering.
SET No. G.22—3 dozen Outdoor Bedding Plants.
SET No. G.24—2 Ferns and 6 Flowering Plants
SET No. S.25—20 Gladiolus, best mixed.
SET No. S.28—2 Dahlias and 12 Gladiolus.
SET No. S.29—Box of 50 Potato Eyes for Seed, best varieties.
SET No. N.31—15 Assorted Hardy Herbaceous and Biennial Plants, 1 year old.
SET No. N.34—12 Rhubarb Plants, 1 year old.
SET No. N.35—12 Everbearing Strawberry Plants.
SET No. N.37—6 Native Plum Seedlings, 1-2 feet.
SET No. N.40—100 Caragana Seedlings, 6 ins.
SET No. N.41—100 Cottonwood, 6-9 inch Seedlings.
SET No. N.42—100 Maples, 6-9 inch Seedlings.
SET No. N.46—100 Russian Poplar Cuttings.
SET No. N.47—100 Russian Willow Cuttings.

(The above will be sent as early as moderate weather will permit).

NEW EVERBEARING STRAWBERRY

The Greatest Acquisition Yet Introduced into the West to Provide Fresh Fruit Constantly. Order some this Year. See Catalogue for full description and price.

Potatoes, Grasses, Clovers, Corn, Trees, Shrubs, Plants

THE PATMORE NURSERY COMPANY
Established 1883
BRANDON MAN.

Every Blemish Removed In Ten Days

I Will Tell Every Reader of This Paper How FREE

YOUR COMPLEXION MAKES OR MARS YOUR APPEARANCE

Pearl La Sage, former actress who offers women her remarkable complexion treatment

This great beauty marvel has instantly produced a sensation. Stubborn cases have been cured that baffled physicians for years. You have never in all your life used anything like it. Makes muddy complexion, red spots, pimples, blackheads, eruptions vanish almost like magic. No cream, lotion, enamel, salve, plaster, bandage, mask, massage, diet or apparatus, nothing to swallow. It doesn't matter whether or not your complexion is a "fright," whether your face is full of muddy spots, peppery blackheads, embarrassing pimples and eruptions, or whether your skin is rough and "porey," and you've tried almost everything under the sun to get rid of the blemishes. This wonderful treatment in just ten days, positively removes every blemish and beautifies your skin in a marvelous way. You look years younger. It gives the skin the bloom and tint of purity of a freshly-blown rose. In 10 days you can be the subject of wild admiration by all your friends, no matter what your age or condition of health. **All methods now known are cast aside.** Your face, even arms, hands, shoulders are beautified beyond your fondest dreams. All this I will absolutely prove to you before your own eyes in your mirror in ten days. This treatment is very pleasant to use. A few minutes every day does it.

Let me tell you about this really astounding treatment free. You take no risk—send no money—just your name and address on coupon below and I will give you full particulars by next mail—Free.

FREE COUPON

PEARL LA SAGE, Dept. 269
69 St. Peter St., MONTREAL, P.Q., Can.

Please tell me how to clear my complexion in ten days; also send me Pearl La Sage Beauty Book, all FREE.

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... Prov. .....

The M.A.C. and Our New Canadians

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mrs. E. E. Smith

MOST of us are more or less aware of the value of the Manitoba Agricultural College Extension Course, but perhaps we do not appreciate to the full the real "missionary" work this endeavor is doing with one class of our settlers, namely, the Ruthenian, Polish, Icelandic, etc., that as yet unassimilated element whom the philanthropic minded like to call our "new Canadians." With a view to showing in some degree what is being done, this little sketch of one particular evening's work (of which, as practically all the winter months of these speakers is spent in this way, must mount up well into the hundreds), is given.

Rembrandt is a little village, about 60 miles north of Winnipeg, on the Arborg line. The fact that it has four general stores does not convey an adequate idea of its size, as there is a section-house and a cottage as well, and the stores are commodious enough to afford a shelter for the merchant's family. More stores than houses is a common state of affairs in a foreign-speaking village, as the height of every Central-European ambition is to "make a business." In this regal state, he escapes the drudgery and exposure of work on an unimproved farm. He buys and sells, shrewdly enough, the wood and farm produce of his toiling brothers and receives the homage due to a financial king. Who can blame him?

But to return to our original topic, posters had been put up in prominent places for weeks advertising the fact that speakers from the M.A.C. would on such a night hold a meeting in their school and addresses would be given on the subjects of "Poultry" and "Dairying," whereupon the small boy got busy and industriously advertised the fact that there would be "movies." The teachers, urged by the young and gay of the district, proceeded to work up a dance afterward. This had the double virtue of adding to the social life of the community and helping out the attendance of the lecture as well. The enterprise merchant, who was fathering the concern, wrote letters to distant farmers and talked "lecture" to the crowds who came to his store every night for mail.

So, thanks to all concerned, there was a goodly gathering. The children, keen to see the "movies" (and didn't they enjoy "Rastus" and the elephant), were crammed into the front seats. Their fathers gratefully took what was left. The youths lined themselves against the partitions and the furnace and sat in the window-ledges. The teachers were happy in securing reserved seats on the carpenter's bench, where, if you sat still and didn't tip the top, nor lean back and get tangled up in the collection of bird's nests behind you, was really a comfortable perch.

Many things combined to make the evening a happy one, and just here a tribute should be paid to the speakers. They were on time, spoke to the point—good, common-sense doctrine, that took cognizance of the difficulties the settler here has in conquering brush and stone and swamp. Their lantern required no tiresome tinkering, using up the time and patience of the audience, and last, but not least, the people were so hungry for an evening's entertainment, prosaic perhaps city folks might term it, that they were in the highest good humor, and considering the lecture was to them in an alien tongue the order was wonderfully good.

The value of these lectures will be apparent when we consider the vital points touched upon by each speaker. For example, Mr. E. D. MacKenzie, who magnified the cow, emphasized cleanliness from the hands of the milker to the last resting place of the cream. He did not forget, as is so often forgotten, to include in this the calf's pail, and urged as well individual feeding in deference to the weaker animal. Light and ventilation as preventatives of tuberculosis were emphasized. The financial returns from shipping cream as given to them should make its appeal to these people, who have a daily train servive, and keep many cows, and have not as yet learned the profit of the transaction.

At the conclusion of the speeches, some humorous films were shown and enjoyed by all, judging by the happy gusts of laughter, from the children and the appreciative comments of the older people. Thanks be for the picture which speaks the same language to one and all of us.

Mr. H. Cross then bade us consider the hen, and be wise in our treatment of this money-making factor, on our farms. He cried shame on the prosperous Western farmer who, instead of tearing down his barns to build greater handed over the old shacks for his wife to keep her hens in, while he went on to put up beautiful barns for his stock. If there was inferior feed it would do for the hens, etc. He urged the women present if their husbands did not give it to them to steal it (unfortunately there was one class not present to any great degree). If anyone has to stay home, that one is our Ruthenian sister. He showed them that Russia, France and Itay, once world-wide exporters of eggs, would require years to meet even their own requirements, and it was up to Canada to supply this deficit and win for herself a revenue worth consideration. These and other valuable pointers were carefully listened to and surely in the years to come will bear fruit.

The speeches over and the National Anthem being sung by the children, the desks were hoisted upon each other in short order. The violin and dulcimer began their provocative strains, and a happy people responded. To the dear people who even in this day and generation find dancing an offence to their souls a visit to a Ukranian dance is heartily recommended as a means of eliminating this trouble. Married couples seem to enjoy dancing with each other, judging from the number of times they are seen on the floor together. The school children utilize the spare corners (when there are any), trying to pick out the steps and marking off the melody, and the most popular dance of all is the "Columaka," where boys and girls in any number and in any proportion may dance.

Here's to many another evening of mingled pleasure and profit, as one small boy frequently said, "O teacher, if we could only have such an evening every week.

Spring's Ballet

By Minna Irving

WHEN Spring rolls up the curtain
Of rainbow-bordered showers,
Upon her stage of vernal green
Appear the dancing flowers;
The daffodil in yellow,
The violet in blue,
The velvet pansy cherishing
An amulet of dew.

In tints of palest purple
And azure, white and gold,
And every shade of dainty pink
The crocuses unfold,
Like rows of incandescents
That fairy fingers string
Across the lawn—the footlights
Of the ballet of the spring!

Miss Grace Williams, recently appointed by Manitoba Government to take charge of the Free Employment Bureau for Girls and Women—See pages 46-47.

A Heart-to-Heart Talk with the Citizens of Manitoba

"That is the best government which desires to make the people happy and knows how to make them happy"—Macaulay

We believe that the functions of government are:—

(1)—To define and make known the rights and duties of citizens.

(2)—To maintain order and protect life and property.

(3)—To enforce the performance of duties and to punish, when necessary those who disregard them.

(4)—To regulate and conduct numerous activities which either cannot be performed by private activity or can be better performed by governmental action.

With reference to the first three activities, it might be said that Statute Law has long since defined the position of governments with respect to the administration of the matters enumerated, and a democratic government has little latitude for laxity under these headings.

The fourth statement, however, is the one which contains the germ of all progressive action necessary to cope with the rapidly changing conditions of the times, and on this basis the Government is pleased to discuss frankly its status before the people of Manitoba. It is neither necessary nor practicable to recount fully the history, progress and effect of the very numerous acts and reforms which the Government has initiated since it was honored with the confidence of the people of Manitoba.

Many of them are matters of common knowledge and many others, which beneficent in their influence, are of a structure too technical to detail at this time. In a tabulated fashion, however, it is possible to set clearly before the people some of the principal issues that have arisen during the several years of administration, and the manner in which they have been met.

These matters are grouped, somewhat informally, as follows:—

1.—Agriculture	5.—Departmental Administration
2.—Education	6.—Industrial Development
3.—Financial Administration	7.—Natural Resources
4.—Community Building	8.—Taxation

1.—Agriculture

The Government has initiated and carried on vigorously a programme of legislation and administration which has proved of undoubted benefit to the farmers of Manitoba as a whole. Included in this are the following:

The Settlers' Animal Purchase Act (Cow Scheme); furnishing cows under easy purchasing conditions.

The Stocks and Feeders plan and the Heifer plan, retaining in the province valuable stock which would otherwise be slaughtered or shipped out.

The extension of practical agricultural education through the Extension Service Department, particularly Boys' & Girls' Club work, which has been so successful that it would be impossible to estimate its value in the years to come.

Prompt "first aid" in the supplying of seed grain and feed when needed, the fighting of insect and other pests, expert co-operation and instruction of special problems, etc.

Encouragement of the dairying industry which has more than trebled in the past five years.

Cheaper money for the farmer through the Rural Credit system and the Manitoba Farm Loans system.

2.—Education

The principles of Compulsory Education has been adopted and successfully applied throughout the province. The bi-lingual problem has been faced courageously, and the plan adopted is proceeding satisfactorily. English is to-day the only language of instruction.

Non-English speaking communities have received very earnest consideration, and without fear of contradiction it may be said that never in the history of Canada has the educational problem of "The New Canadians" been so definitely dealt with.

In many isolated districts, residences have been erected for teachers, and this policy has resulted in retaining the services of instructors for much longer periods than has usually been the case.

A Teachers' Reference Board has been constituted which will make for the improvement of administrative conditions.

Grants to schools have been increased by nearly $500,000 per year as compared with 1914.

3.—Financial Administration

Matters of income and expenditure have been the subject of honest and careful administration. Unforseen expenses have arisen as a result of prevailing financial conditions, but the Government's record is open to inspection, and with particular reference to the disposal of bonds, qualified financiers have frequently stated that the position of the Province stands second to no other province of the Dominion.

The accounting system of the Province has been placed upon an absolute scientific business basis, like that of any big corporation and shows the actual financial condition in every detail.

4.—Community Building

Particular attention has been given to the question of community work in outlying and rural districts. As a result of movements set in operation by the Government, Community Clubs have been established in all parts of the Province, and the movement has reacted on the cities, with the result that they have followed suit.

The Public Health Nurses are now well known in many communities, and while they are dealing energetically with present problems, they are, by their preventive work, establishing foundations for a healthy Manitoba manhood that will prove an asset beyond computation in the coming years.

The Municipal Hospital Act provides simple and effective machinery whereby any community in the Province can have its own Hospital.

5.—Departmental Administration

The matter of the efficient administration of all departments has been the subject of earnest study and expert ability has been used freely in the planning of department routine for effective and economical administration.

A Civil Service Commission is in operation, which is securing employees under independent examinations held under the auspices of the Unversity.

6.—Industrial Development

During the Government's tenure of office, the period has been a most trying one industrially. In the matter of labor, the Government has put into operation the Industrial Disputes Act and its Joint Council of Industry, and the Minimum Wage Board, and these give promise of useful and harmonious service. The Minimum Wage Act, the first of its kind in Canada is an admitted and undeniable success.

The Bureau of Labor has been completely reorganized and is doing excellent work for the establishment of satisfactory working conditions, and especially in accident prevention.

The Workmen's Compensation Act is modern, fair and effective.

7.—Natural Resources

The matter of natural resources has been by no means neglected. Close co-operation has been maintained with the Dominion Government and plans have been initiated which will tend to develop the latent resources of our Province as fast as is compatible with the public interest and the financial condition.

The Government has never ceased its endeavors to get the natural resources of the Province transferred from the Dominion Government.

The Manitoba Power Commission affords to every part of the Province the opportunity to get electrical energy for lighting and power purposes.

8.—Taxation

Increasing costs have added greatly to the problem of taxation. The findings of the Commission on Taxation and Assessment have been extensively published, and it is believed that the Government's actions in the matter of regular, and special patriotic taxation have been generally approved.

The new permanent Tax Commission, recommended by the above-named Commission and by the Union of Manitoba Municipalities will undoubtedly aid largely in the solution of one of the greatest problems confronting all democratic countries.

What Do YOU Think?

Now, we want you to go at this matter in a systematic way. Your decision on all of these points is awaited with perfect confidence. The Government believes and affirms that it has performed its pledges in so far as the extraordinary general conditions would permit.

Voting time is not far away, but very far away is the time when men voted for a change on mere party whims. You will be exercising your voting privileges soon. It is more than a privilege—it is a duty, and in performing this duty, you will recall two things.

First, that your Government took over an administration that was admittedly in a very shaky condition. This task alone would have taxed to the utmost the energies of a new administration.

Second, the coming of the Great War, and all perplexities, suffering and emergencies that it entailed.

If the Government has served you faithfully and well under abnormal conditions, is it not reasonable to suggest that it will do even better under the normal conditions for which we ought all to be preparing.

We believe we are right in affirming emphatically that economic and provincial conditions generally demand the maintenance of the present administration.

Voting time is coming. Everyone should vote who is entitled to, and everyone should vote in the full realization of personal responsibilities.

Remember that in sane, progressive legislation, Manitoba in the past five years has led all Canada.

In that time Mantioba was:

First, in Canada, to give the franchise to women.
First, in America, with Public Health Nursing.
First, in Canada, with the Minimum Wage Law for Women.
First, in America, with the "Cow Scheme" for struggling settlers.
First, in America, with Mothers' Allowances.
First, in America, with Rural Credits.
First, in Canada, with Government Farm Loans at low interest.

Remember also that the Norris Government has redeemed every single item of the platform on which it assumed power in 1915. That in itself is a record unequalled in the history of democratic government in Canada or elsewhere.

Put the Boys in

FLEET FOOT

WHAT you would have to pay for a single pair of children's leather shoes will buy several pairs of Fleet Foot.

And Fleet Foot have many other advantages.

The rubber soles prevent slipping in play, and promote quietness in the house.

These shoes are easy on the feet—and so carefully made of such sturdy materials that they give excellent wear, even with boys who are "hard on shoes."

Put all the children in Fleet Foot this summer, and save money on their shoes.

There are Fleet Foot shoes in sizes for men, women and children.

Fleet Foot Shoes are Dominion Rubber System Products

CANADIAN CONSOLIDATED RUBBER CO. LIMITED
DOMINION RUBBER SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

The Best Shoe Stores Sell Fleet Foot

Order Seed Grain and Potatoes Now

at a reliable house that carries the stock

You may order by Wire or Letter and get Immediate Shipment

Wheat We still have 1,000 bushels of Durum Rust-Proof Wheat, which produces two weeks earlier than any of the main crop wheats. Per bushel **$3.50.** Marquis Wheat, per bushel **$3.00.** Early Huron or Preston, or The Kitchener, at **$3.25.**

Seed Oats and Barley We can still supply a few cars of good Seed Oats. *Get our prices.*

Potatoes Edmonton, the source of supply for the West. We still have twenty cars of main crop and early varieties. Prices are high, but ours are attractive.

Timothy Seed We are supplying first-class quality, high germination, government graded, at **$20.00** per hundred. We also have Western Rye and Brome Grass Seed.

Flax, Spring Rye Beardless Barley, Field Peas, Blatchford's Calf Meal, and a full line of Garden and Vegetable Seeds.

Wire Orders, as season is late

J. J. Murray & Co.

EDMONTON Seed Merchants ALBERTA

Electricity in the Farm Home

By Sidney F. Ricketts

The question of the electric light and power installation on the farm is becoming of such importance to every member of the family that we believe it is more in the minds of the farming community than any other apparatus now on the market.

There are several conditions governing the light and power installation on the farm which have combined to bring the question of electricity into such prominence. The chief causes are the shortage of all kinds of help; the growing demand for greater comfort; the increasing educational facilities which tend to elevate the mind above continuous chores; a better understanding and appreciation of all types of power machinery; the knowledge that a real investment cannot be considered an expense; and the generally recognized economy which follows on carefully considered power farming.

If the truth is really told, the farmer who has not a light and power plant is losing money. When we compare the operation of much of the improved farm machinery with a light plant, we find the official average works out as follows:

	days per year
Walking Plow	19
Sulky Plow	15
Spring Tooth Harrow	7
Spike Tooth Harrow	3
Disc Harrow	4
Land Roller	5
Grain Drill	5
Mower	3
Hay Rake	3
Grain Binder	3
Light and Power Plant	365

The use of these appliances may vary with the size of the farms, and when consideration is given to the larger apparatus, such as tractors and threshing machinery used by co-operative groups, we find more use made of the investment; nevertheless, one of the very few machines working on the farm day in and day out is the lighting plant.

Certainly there has been no improved piece of machinery offered the farmer during the last decade, which actually revolutionizes, not only the farmer's daily life, but the daily life of his entire family, to the extent that electric light will do if installed in the home with a number of the light and power accessories.

Only the experience with or without a plant can prove to a user the value of a light and power plant.

Increased production on the farm is absolutely assured to the man who knows how to use and adapt his plant to its full productive capacity. When consideration is given to the time spent running a churn, separator, hand milking of cows, light fanning mill, apart from the time which the hired help, wife and farmer give to that weekly drudgery—the wash tub,, and this time is properly reapplied to productive work, there is only a little arithmetic necessary to find out the returns in actual dollars and cents to the owner.

Added to this, there is the growing importance to the farmer of the question of hygiene, comfort and convenience. The old-fashioned idea that farm life, and being a farmer's wife meant real drudgery, is fast changing. There are still those who still believe that it is necessary first to have the fully modern house before the lighting plant is installed, not realising that the results obtained by a plant in the present home would more than outweigh the slight cost of making the change.

When a modern plant is installed, it is desirable to build a concrete foundation. This can be built separately, and moved into any desirable position. When the time comes to change the location, the plant and base can be moved over within a few hours.

The erection of wires and receptacles can always be carried safely on the surface of old buildings, and the materials used later in any new buildings which may be erected. The total cost is approximately two to three days labor of a skilled man.

Then there is the man who cannot afford a plant now, but sees it as a distant vision of good times to come. Experience teaches that some farmers have overbought on machinery which operates a few days during the year, but it has never been said by any man known, that a light and power plant did not save far more than it cost him to finance the apparatus through the bank. There are very few bankers, moreover, who will not agree to finance an installation if the farmer realises what he is going to save, and puts the matter up with understanding to his bank manager.

There are several factors that go to make the investment safe and reliable for the up-to-date, careful bank manager.

1. A light and power plant is stationary. It is not mounted on wheels. It cannot run into a ditch or hit telegraph posts.

2. The life of a plant is three to four times as long as any of the best pieces of farm equipment known to-day.

3. The installation immediately improves the real state and enhances the value of the farm property, probably several times more than the actual cost of the plant.

4. At the end of three or four years the plant is just as good as it was the day it was installed, and will probably sell for just about as much as it did when new.

5. The installation makes the farm home happier. The entire family is more contented, with the environment of the whole surroundings improved. It is the one thing that brings to the entire family mental satisfaction, and, therefore, does more than any other modern equipment which we know of to increase the efficiency of the farm home.

6. The plant actually pays for itself in saving of time and labor within a short period.

There remains, however, a very important factor in the consideration of a modern installation. It is necessary that a proper choice be made, for there are known to be at least 126 different makes of plants on the market.

The question of hygiene and its relation to the children, the stock, and the produce on the farm is another important point. Many a family has been reconciled to stay on the farm just at the point when they considered selling out and returning to the city, by the installation of a light and power plant. Running water, baths, electric light, social conveniences, electric washing machines, irons, toasters and vacuum cleaners, all help this decision. Clean rooms set aside for milk products, where the apparatus is operated by electric motors; water under pressure available at the tap in the barn for the stock, and for the watering of lawns, flowers, etc., all make an added attraction. A fan in the sick room may save a dear one's life, and we are now experiencing the development of electrical refrigerators.

It is not usually realised that of all the apparatus used with modern electrical machines, the iron and toaster are the big consumers. It is true they only operate for a short time, but it is necessary that they develop heat quickly. The average consumption of an iron and toaster is about 600 watts, whilst the quarter horse power motor driving the other apparatus only consumes about 400 watts. This emphasizes the necessity for the installing of special receptacles in locations where these appliances

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Electricity in the Farm Home

Continued from Page 44

are to be used, otherwise they tend to affect the brightness of lamps running on the same circuit. A little more care and forethought in laying out the wiring in the new home adds much to the general convenience and comfort obtainable. Those who are devoting more or less of their whole time to the farm lighting business are the best to advise on electric wiring. The average building contractor is not yet up-to-date in his electrical knowledge to be entrusted with this work.

The man with the automobile finds it more convenient to spend half an hour under his car with an electric lamp, adjusting trouble, rather than let the field work stop because he must get the job done whilst the daylight lasts. Only a man who has tried to work under his car with an oil lamp knows how much happier he goes into the house after doing the job with a portable extension lamp inside a wire guard.

Men too who are still milking five to eight cows by hand have not yet realised that this work can be done quicker, cleaner, and easier with a small motor milker; and the power taken from the socket in the barn. The saving in time added to the increase in milk flow pays for the machine within a short period.

There are many other features that tend to make the farm light and power plant more and more attractive, but one thing is necessary for every user to remember. No piece of machinery ever ran without some attention, and whilst the modern unit plant is as simple as it is possible to make it, and "fool-proof" in all its accessories, the machine needs attention in the form of a little lubrication and adjustment. The owner of a plant who will give a little attention regularly and consistently, always reaps the reward in the continual operation and absence of trouble, which his machine experiences.

The day is fast approaching when every farm home will be electrically equipped, and then there will be no further need for the "Back to the Farm" movement.

Wash day problem solved for the farm home.

The Calgary Exhibition

The Calgary Exhibition prize list for 1920 has been increased by over $7,000 in order to offer as great encouragement as possible to the exhibitors. The increase has been made in the live stock section to assist in offsetting the very great increase in the cost of exhibiting.

The prize list is now ready for distribution and may be obtained by writing to E. L. Richardson, Manager, Calgary. Entries close June 13th.

Special passenger rates will be in force for the Calgary Exhibition, June 26th to July 3rd, from all points in Alberta, Saskatchewan and east of Golden and Nelson in British Columbia.

The attraction programme provided for the forthcoming Calgary Exhibition is one of the best ever engaged, and includes horse races the first four days, auto races on July 2nd and 3rd. The 48th Highlanders Band of Toronto, one of Canada's leading bands, will provide a special musical programme. Auto polo will be seen at Calgary for the first time in the province, and it is the last word in thrills.

Putting Her To A Severe Test

The French people are delighted to be of any possible service to their "good friends, the Americans," but those who thought they had learned a fair amount of English from the British Tommies must occasionally find it hard to understand the free-and-easy English of our enlisted men. This conversation is a fair example of some of the problems the willing but puzzled French people have to struggle with:

American Soldier—Parly voo English, mademoiselle?

French Girl—Yes, a vairy leetle.

American—Good work! Say, could you put me wise where I could line up against some good eats in this burg?

Phelps

Housewives on "Phelps" equipped farms do not know what a half-heated iron is. Their's is piping hot, at the turn of a switch, any minute of the day or night

PHELPS Farm POWER Farm LIGHT

does every power chore of less than tractor size

"Phelps" gives BOTH *belt* and *electric* power. (1) Pulls a loaded line shaft from its belt pulley. (2) Drives individual power motors in all outbuildings and at the well. (3) Charges over size 16-cell battery for power use when plant is idle. (4) Gives an over-abundance of bright, safe electric light. *And it does these four things all at the same time.*

ALL the way from pulling the feed grinder to running the sewing machine "PHELPS" is "on the job"—day and night—to carry out your orders exactly as you say.

Out on your farm—miles from an expert mechanic—"PHELPS" is "on its own." It *must* make good. For this *one* reason "PHELPS" is built so *simply* that in many cases the housewife takes care of it alone. Starts itself. Stops itself.

Owners will tell you "PHELPS" is the *best* farm power farm light plant for you. For they know.

See the "PHELPS" dealer. Write for catalog and price on this simple, powerful "Phelps Farm POWER Farm LIGHT Plant."

MANIFOLD LIGHT & POWER LIMITED

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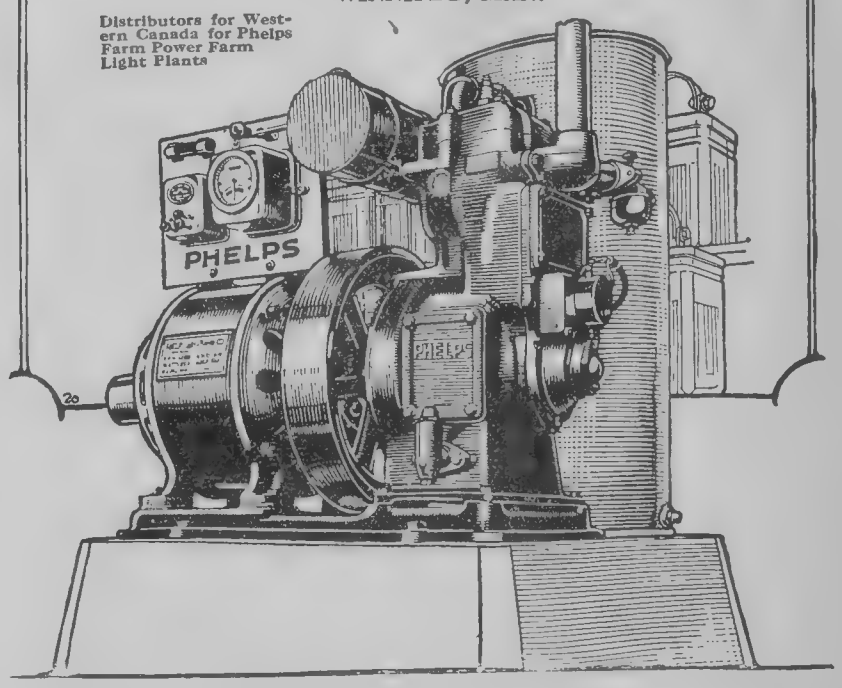
Distributors for Western Canada for Phelps Farm Power Farm Light Plants



Mail This Coupon To-day

MANIFOLD LIGHT & POWER LTD.
242 Main Street, Winnipeg, Man.

Please send me at once full particulars on the Phelps Farm Power Farm Light Plant.

Name.....

Address.....

W.H.M., May

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

Leaving School for Music

"HER PROBLEM" to me means "her opportunity." If I did not so translate it, I should ask the editor to change the heading of this depatment. Whenever I see a girl struggling over any kind of problem, I exclaim, "There is an opportunity for you, my girl—work it out!"

"Wishes are lost in empty air,
Unless the wisher does her share;
And fairy gift will always be
But golden opportunity."

When we worried through one of those long partial payment examples in school was it not "a grand and glorious feeling" to see the accurate result — especially when we had almost decided to give up?

"Why do we have theorems and declensions and discipline in school? Of what use are they?" I hear girls ask, impatiently.

They are drills to clear and develop the mind so we may get the best out of life. The spirit of joy and gladness characterizes all wholesome, successful careers. We are not successful if we are not optimistic.

"A happy mind, when ills would blight,
Is like a lantern in the night.
No path there is, however long,
But will be shortened by a song."

The other day two girls stood on the platform waiting for a street car, an old woman joined them, and this is what I heard:

"Are you not in school?" asked the older woman.

"No, replied the girl." I do not like school. I'm going to put my extra time on music."

"Well, it does not make much difference anyway, you will be in a house of your own someday, and you'll not need an education," said the older woman consolingly.

"Your mother needs you anyway," she added.

I looked at the girl and had a vision (?) of her with the rouged lips and dress in fashon's extreme—at home, washing dishes and sweeping floors as "mother's" help.

One time when I was about her age, I, too, had a similar experience, and went through a conservatory of music—that is I went in through one door and came out of another. It was enter and exit for me. The fates were against me, or rather fortune favored me, for I stayed only one week. I had not sufficient funds so I went back to school and because of that I have learned to appreciate music more. There are times when nothing satisfies me like the expression of my emotions in music.

The point I wish to emphasize is this—we need an education to develop musical talent.

When a young girl of thirteen or fourteen or even sixteen leaves school for music she is doing the very thing that will rob her of the best in music. An understanding of literature helps one to interpret music. The concentration that comes from the study of mathematics is an important asset to a musical education. Discipline cultivates attention and accuracy—both necessary qualifications of a musician.

The musician reaches his most sublime attainment when his art thrills the soul of humanity deepest.

Madame Melba says: "My success has been due to common sense, hard work, constant attention to health and health-giving occupations. Very few people know the true story of the struggles and discouragements of the early days of my career."

The luxury of independence—that lofty spirit that radiates power—comes only after extreme devotion to constructive labor. The musicians who have attained highest recognition were educated men and women.

It is a noble ambition to be a musician. Canadian men and women are making a priceless record of high achievement in music. Let us bear in mind, however, that the girl who leaves school in her early teens stands a poor chance of ranking in the class of our best musicians.

Real achievements have always been the outcome of long continued exertion.

PRIZE OFFER FOR GIRLS' CLUBS

We are pleased to note the interest taken in the article of last month on the Canadian Girls in Training. These clubs are being formed all over Canada. Without doubt it is the most important movement in Canada for girls of the teen age. Why could we not have a part of this page devoted to reports from girls' clubs? What is your club doing?

One leader of a girls' club writes me she lives on a half-section of land, does all of her own work and cares for her two little children. (As is often the case women who do most for others are busy women). This woman says she is still in her twenties and is happy in her work. Let us hear from other leaders of girls' clubs.

A book for girls' work will be given to the club that sends in the best report of their work. We want ideas from many clubs. The discussion will help all clubs.

We appreciative letters from girls.

Write to this department on anything that interests you.

Petrova

When Madame Petrova visited Winnipeg last month she said she had great respect for a girl or woman who scrubbed floors if she did her work well, but she had absolutely no respect for a young woman who lived a questionable life because she could not find work. The girl who scrubs renders clean service. She, herself, had lived on a pound a week and saved money too, she added, when we smiled. Petrova's ambition for a house-cleaning of the film is worth consideration. Barrels of films that our young people see are fit only for the bonfire.

THE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU OF "THE NEW DAY."

It is a matter of great satisfaction to learn of the appointment of women who are worthy in every sense of the word to positions under government control. Recently Miss Grace Williams of Winnipeg was put in charge of the employment bureau for women. Having known her personally a long time, I feel that a young woman of her experience and sympathetic judgment will be extremely helpful to women and girls in search of employment. The one in charge of an employment bureau realizes it is not only a question of finding positions for applicants or of obtaining applicants for positions, but the most difficult feature of the work is the adjustment of the applicant to the work for which she is fitted. Many applicants are determined on positions they cannot fill. There are girls who scorn work in homes. The time is not long before the household workers' position shall be a dignified one—for with the present courses in domestic science only girls and women of intelligence and skill can hope to become household helpers. The hours may be fewer but the household helper will accomplish more in eight hours than the unskilled in twelve. The employer will gain economically, for the household helper has made a study of economy of food, time and energy.

I really wonder if our girls who scorn house work realize the new dignity that honors the household helper.

In this new employment bureau under the Dominion and Provincial government, the terms, servant and domestic are not used. The term "household help" is a position of privilege to any ambitious girl. The most successful business women

Continued on page 47

Clear Your Scalp and Skin With Cuticura

After shaving and before bathing touch dandruff and itching, pimples and blackheads with Cuticura Ointment. Wash all off with Cuticura Soap and hot water, using plenty of Soap best applied with the hands. One Soap for all uses, shaving, shampooing, bathing.

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lymans, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

GIRLS! A MASS OF WAVY, GLEAMY BEAUTIFUL HAIR

Let "Danderine" Save and Glorify Your Hair

In a few moments you can transform your plain, dull, flat hair. You can have it abundant, soft, glossy and full of life. Just get at any drug or toilet counter a small bottle of "Danderine" for a few cents. Then moisten a soft cloth with the Danderine and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. Instantly, yes, immediately you have doubled the beauty of your hair. It will be a mass, so soft, lustrous, fluffy and so easy to do up. All dust, dirt and excessive oil is removed.

Let Danderine put more life, color, vigor and brightness in your hair. This stimulating tonic will freshen your scalp, check dandruff and falling hair, and help your hair to grow long, thick, strong and beautiful.

J. H. M. Carson
Manufacturer of
ARTIFICIAL LIMBS
338 Colony Street Winnipeg
Established 1900
The Latest in Slip Socket. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

'Baby's Own Soap'

A Sanitary wash
A Soft healthy skin
A lingering fragrance

"Its Best for Baby and Best for You."

Albert Soaps Limited, Mfrs., Montreal. 829

Bassinet, Crib and Play Pen Combined for the price of a good Crib alone

Give your baby the benefit of outdoor air on porch or verandah. Keep him healthy, happy and safe in a Kiddie-Koop.

Kiddie-Koop promotes the "better baby" and the healthier, happier mother. Day and night, indoors and out, from baby's birth to his fourth year, Kiddie-Koop protects the tot from floor draughts, insects, animals, and saves mother steps and abolishes worry when baby is alone. Safety screened—sanitary—folds to carry. For sale by the better class of stores—$26.75. Ask your dealer for a demonstration, or write for free folder.

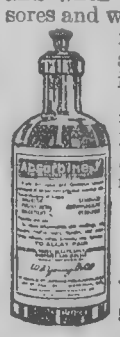
LEA-TRIMBLE MFG. CO.
291 King St. West TORONTO, Can.

Breaking the Skin

may be a trifling or a serious matter. The slightest cut exposes the tissue of the flesh to infection, and unless there is some dependable antiseptic handy with which to wash the wound, it is liable to become infected.

Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

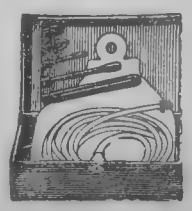
is a positive antiseptic and germicide, and when applied to cuts, bruises, sores and wounds, it kills the germs, makes the wound aseptic, and promotes rapid healing.



Absorbine, Jr. is absolutely harmless, being composed of vegetable extracts and essential oils. Contains no acids or minerals.

$1.25 a bottle at your druggist or postpaid. A Liberal Trial Bottle sent for 10c in stamps.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
509 Lyman Bldg. Montreal, Can



IF IT'S MADE OF
RUBBER
We Have It

Camera Supply Co.
P.O. Box 2704, Montreal

I know are good house-keepers. Any honest work is dignified service.

Girls are coming over from the Old Country but the Ontario government advances the fare from the port of entry to destination in Ontario; consequently the girls stay in Ontario. New Zealand also offers a similar inducement. Ontario is getting most of the girls. This is a matter the women's organizations should take up if Manitoba is to get much needed help. A movement is necessary that would make possible advance of fares from the port of entry to places in Manitoba. Women all through Manitoba need household helpers. Let us see that we get our share.

The establishment of this bureau by the government with the appointment of such an efficient young woman in charge, is proof of the rapid improvement made in this particular kind of work in the last few years. Only a few years ago women of unscrupulous, selfish ambitions placed girls in dangerous positions. To-day note the contrast! Women of sterling character and kindly sympathetic interest, who feel the keen responsibility of service to humanity, are appointed to these important positions that mean so much to our girlhood and womanhood. Think what it means to have safe women in these positions created for the protection of business girls and women! Only they who have known the perilous experiences of girls seeking work a few years past can appreciate the important value of this new bureau under the government. Mrs . Charles Robson, who is now in England on Canadian immigration work, deserves much of the credit for the formation of this programme of employment for women. Mrs. Robson's work is definite and logical and always results in honest service for Canada. She is a true representative woman and has worked hard for the establishment of these bureaus in every province of Canada. This is valuable constructive work. Manitoba is to be congratulated on the appointment of Miss Grace Williams to take charge of the free bureau of employment for women and girls. She is a young woman who forgets self in service for others. She has a charm and strength of personality that radiates right-minded ambition, enthusiasm, energy and honest purpose—she is womanly in every true sense of the word.

Climbing

When we stand at the foot of the rugged hill,
And lift our eyes to the heights afar,
Doubtful of heart and of wavering will,
Yet longing to stand where earth's brave ones are,
The way looks rough and the road seems long;
We fear we may fail if we start to climb;
And wishing for courage to make us strong,
We idle away the golden time.

There is only one way to get up the hill;
Step after step, with a steadfast heart,
An earnest purpose and dauntless will,
And we gain the summit if once we start.
Slowly but surely, day after day,
We climb toward the peaks from the lowly vale;
Over the rough and the rugged way
The brave heart triumphs and will not fail.

So by steady, hard climbing, we conquer the hill,
And at last we stand on the heights and see
The wavering ones stand at the bottom still.
He who would win must not idle be;
One step and another—so we climb:
The way may be long and the climbing slow,
But we reach the summit in God's good time,
And rest is sweet that is purchased so.

The Supreme Joy of Heaven

The Redeemer's presence constitutes the highest joy of heaven. "I will show thee all the glory of Greece," said an ancient to his friend, and so saying he took him to Solon the Spartan lawgiver. "And is this all?" said his friend. "Yes," replied the ancient, "when thou hast seen Solon thou has seen all." And so when the saints see Jesus, they see all the glory of heaven. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne is the Light thereof." St. Augustine said there were three things he desired to see—"Rome in its glory, Paul preaching at Athens, and the Redeemer at Bethlehem." "But," said St. Bernard, "what is the proudest spot in Rome compared to the meanest place in heaven? What is Paul at Athens compared to that same Paul in Paradise? and what is the Redeemer in Bethlehem compared to that same Redeemer seated at the right hand of the Majesty on high?" O wondrous thought! Our eyes shall see the King in His beauty and behold the land which is afar off.

Open and Secret Christians

There are always in a congregation some whose sympathies are with the Church, who accept Christ in their hearts, but do not confess Him openly. The Church has its hypocrites, but so has the world; for there are men who seem to lead a worldly life whose inner life is turned toward Christ. No one can doubt that there are such men; but they make three mistakes in their position.

They over-estimate the value of worldly friendships. How much will your friends among the men of the world sacrifice for you? They will desert you when your purse fails.

These silent Christians over-estimate the effect of confession on friendship. It will not drive away a true friend. What hurts us most is ridicule. Learn to live above it. Christ suffered the meanest insult. His followers have often sealed their faith with their blood.

Such Christians under-estimate their own strength. They are afraid of falling after they have made a public confession, and of giving opportunity to scoffers to blaspheme. They put too low a value on the strength Christ gives for every crisis. At the moment of danger Joseph of Arimathea came forward. His bravery gave Christ burial; his charity gave Christ a tomb. Is there a danger now that calls these silent Christians to come forth? There is, though this age is no worse than many others. Our literature is full of a lofty scorn, a condescending pity for Christianity. Many of our scientists are materialists. It is time to be brave and outspoken. Christ is polarising the world; there are but two classes of men.

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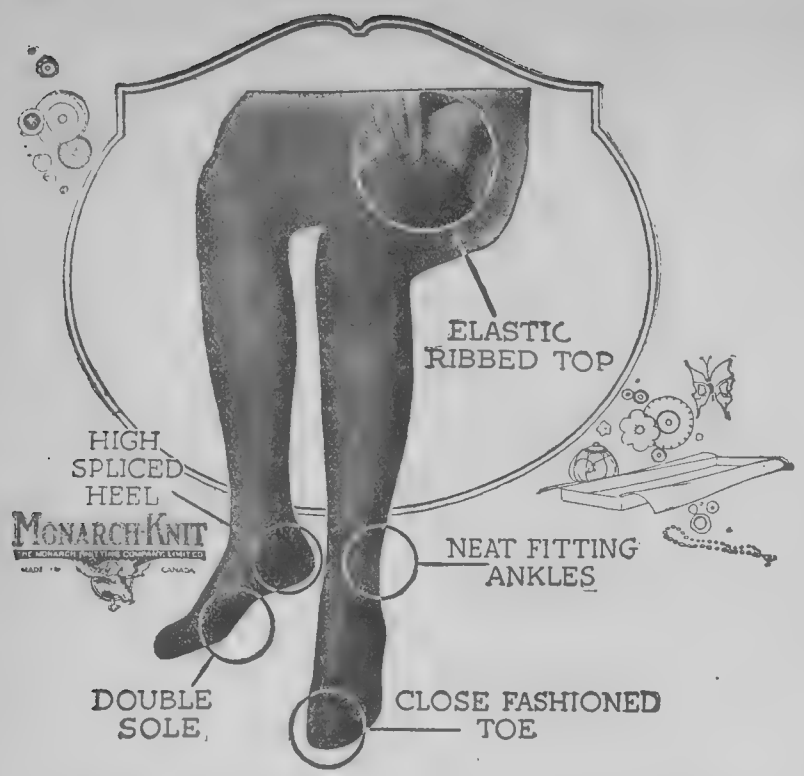

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Work for Busy Fingers

HERE are some simple edges to trim handkerchiefs, luncheon sets, luncheon cloths, luncheon napkins, collar and cuff sets, scarfs and towels. The number of the crochet cotton to be used in making the edge depends upon the use to which it is to be put. For handkerchiefs, Nos. 70 to 100; for luncheon sets and collar and cuff sets, Nos. 50 to 70; and Nos. 30 to 50 are suitable for scarfs and towels. Any of these edges can be crocheted on the dc over a hem or if you prefer crochet a chain the length required.

Simple Picot Edge

The picot edge which is the most simple to make, can be made with the picots either close together or farther apart than the illustration, which is 9 stitches between picots. For making the picot ch 4, sc in first st of ch. This edge is often used to finish pillowcases, table runners or handkerchiefs.

Rickrack Edge

An edging which has the appearance of rickrack braid, except that it is much daintier, is this little pointed design. It is made as follows: 1st row—*dc, ch 3, dc in same as last dc, skip about ¼ of an inch, repeat from *. 2nd row—2 dc, ch 3, 2 dc in each ch of 3.

Horseshoe Edge

To make this dainty little edge, *tc in st, ch 2, tc in same st, skip 2 sts, tc, ch 2, tc in same st, ch 4, take hook out of work, insert between the two tc's and join ch 4, fill ch with 6 dc, repeat from *.

Bumblebee Edge

Notice how the repeated design in this pretty edge resembles bees with outspread wings. Dc in st, *ch 6, ttc in same as first st, skip 3 sts, tc, 3 picots, tc in next st, skip 3 sts, ttc, ch 5, dc in same st as ttc, dc in next st and repeat from *.

Butterfly Edge

As the preceding edging resembles bees, this design resembles butterflies. To make it *dc 5 sts, ch 2, turn, tc in first dc, ch 2, tc in same st, ch 2, tc in same st, ch 4, turn, 3 dc in each of the 3 sps, repeat from *.

Forget-Me-Not Edge

Join thread to hem and make 1 dc, *ch 3, tc in first st (make the last 2 loops on hook extra long to form the center of the flower), ch 3, 2 tc in center, ch 3, dc in center, ch 3, 2 tc in center, ch 3, dc in center, ch 3, 2 tc in center, ch 3, dc in center, ch 3, 1 tc in center and join to top of half petal (which was the first made), 5 dc over hem, ch 3, take hook out of work and insert in center of petal, join the chain, ch 7, join to last dc, 5 dc over hem and repeat from * for the required length. If you wish to make this little edge separate, ch 3, tc in first st of ch, and make a long loop the same as mentioned above, ch 3, 2 tc in center, ch 3, dc in center, *ch 3, 2 tc in center, ch 3, dc in center, ch 3, 2 tc in center, ch 3, dc in center, ch 3, 1 tc in center, join to top of half petal, ch 9, take hook out of ch and insert in center of petal, join ch, ch 7, join to third st of ch 9, tc in third st from hook, make long loop or center, ch 3, 1 tc in center, take hook out of work and insert in fourth st of ch 7, join the half petal, tc in center, ch 3, dc in center, and repeat from *.

Scallop and Picot Edge

A very easily made edge crocheted over the hem of the article. 5 dc over hem, *picot, 5 dc, ch 11, take hook out of ch and insert in fifth dc from picot, join the ch, make a picot, 7 dc over ch, picot, 7dc in same ch, picot, 8 dc over hem, repeat from *.

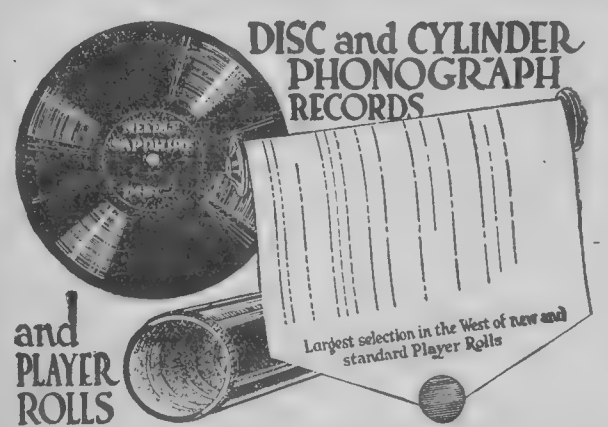
Four-in-One Scallop Edge

This edge is made on either a chain the required length or on the dc over the hem. 2nd row—Dc in first st, *ch 8, skip 6 sts, dc, repeat from *. 3rd row—*11 dc over first ch 8, 6 dc over second ch 8, turn, ch 4, tc between the third and fourth dc just made, tc between the third and fourth dc on opposite scallop, ch 4, dc in third st from tc just made, turn, fill ch 4 with 7 dc, 7 dc in next ch 4, 5 dc over remaining ch and repeat from *.

Shell Scallop Edge

Another edge made on chain the required length or on the dc over a hem. 2nd row—Dc in first st, *ch 5, skip 3 sts, dc, repeat from *. 3rd row—Sc to center of ch 5, *ch 6' dc in center of next ch 5, repeat from *. 4th row—Sc to center of ch 6, *4 dtc, ch 3, 4 dtc in next ch of 6, dc in next ch 6, repeat from *.

(1) Simple picot edge. (2) Rickrack edging. (3) Horseshoe edging. (4) Bees edging. (5) Butterfly edging.



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On the Trail to Santa Fe—Ballad.
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About the Farm

Conducted by Allan Campbell

THE HOPPER DOZER

Since grasshoppers have registered themselves as a pest to be reckoned with by the farmers of the West the ways and means for their control will be of general interest. The hopper dozer is a means at least of considerably reducing their numbers and bringing to an end thousands of insect lives the existence of which spells serious loss to the farmers.

A light trough-like structure should be put together, the dimensions being about eight feet by four. A pair of runners should be placed under the four feet ends; these runners should be about five or five and a half feet in length. The inside of the trough must be lined with waterproof material, such as canvas nailed at the edges. Now, the object is that this contrivance be drawn over the infested fields and collect the hoppers which will necessitate it being arranged in shape like a huge scraper, viz., the back and sides higher than the front, the front being only a few inches in height.

In order that the pests do not hop out as fast as they hop in, a few inches of water with a good thick coat of coal oil on it is placed in the trough, and which will prove to be the "last drink" for all the hoppers that jump in.

The hopper dozer is drawn across the infested fields, making an eight foot swarth per trip, and as the grasshoppers are disturbed by its approach and the tramping of the team which draws it, they jump up and fall back into the liquid in the trough and are thus accounted for.

The Currant Bush, a Hardy Fruit Provider

Currant bushes are among the hardiest fruit bearing plants to be found in the West, and will produce fruit where the conditions of climate make the production of other kinds of fruit almost impossible. When one considers what this means to the homesteader or overbusy farmer, there is good reason for the adoption of currant culture on farms where they have not as yet made their appearance. The fruit is delicious, and the three different kinds, viz., red, black and white, offer a food range of palatability to suit various tastes. These currants may be used fresh cooked in puddings, pies and as stewed fruit dishes to accompany blanc mange, etc., and are also an exceptionally desirable dessert when preserved for winter use to give a piquancy to the routine of the winter menu. From the medicinal point of view, many a sufferer from sore throat has had reason to be thankful for the presence of a few sealers of preserved black currants, the juice of which has given the longed-for relief.

The bushes are shallow rooted and prefer heavy clay loam, well drained, cool and moist in a partly shaded position, or with a northern exposure. If the soil is not rich in plant food, work in well rotted manure. The above conditions of course are the ideal, but other conditions do not exclude the possibility of the growing of currants.

The bushes may be propagated by means of cuttings, made in late summer from the season's growth and planted at once four inches apart in rows three feet apart. The cuttings should be eight or ten inches long, and should be planted so as to leave only one or two buds exposed.

In placing the plants plenty of space should be given, as it induces better growth. A good system that is recommended is to place them four feet apart in the row, and the rows being six feet apart. Strong one-year-old plants are the best, but two-year-old ones are more reliable. The plant should be set about an inch deeper than it was in the nursery row.

On account of the shallow root system, the cultivation should be shallow. It is advisable to cultivate frequently to conserve moisture and also to keep down weeds.

A currant bush should consist of six or eight stems forming a fairly open bush, therefore, in pruning, see that no wood older than four years is kept. Red currants and white currants bear most of their fruit on two or three-year-old wood. Black currants bear most of their fruit on one-year-old wood. If the old wood is removed by degrees year by year the bushes are kept prolific for many years.

As these bushes are entirely hardy, they do not need any winter protection other than that which is provided by shelter belts around the orchard and the usual amount of snow mulch which covers all vegetation on the Western prairies. If the soil appears to be getting poor, it is advisable to apply a mulch of good manure around the bushes in the fall and work it into the ground in the spring, being careful not to injure the roots of the plants during the operation.

It is considered that half a dozen plants is about enough to supply fruit for the average household. The average yield per acre is placed by authorities at one hundred and fifty bushels.

Among the most suitable varieties of currants are the following:

White: Large White, White Cherry and White Grape.

Red: Red Cross, Red Dutch, Raby Castle and Cumberland Red.

The black currants are, on the whole, stronger growing and more vigorous than the others, and the following varieties are recommended: Magnus, Climax, Eagle, Kerry and Eclipse.

Currants ripen during the latter part of July.

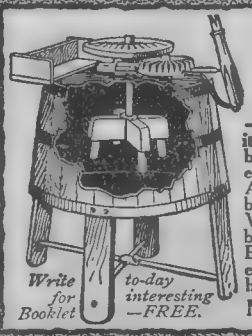
Like most other plants, currants are subject to attack from insect enemies and a little information on the subject will be useful to the growers of these fruits and may serve to be the means of turning the tide from failure of crop to success.

One of the worst enemies is the currant worm.. It is the lava of the sawfly which lays its eggs on the under side of the leaves. The worm is dark green in color and spotted with black. It injures the bushes by devouring the leaves.

Continued on page 50

SARNIA POULTRY FENCE

A peaceful nook on the shores of the Lake-of-the-woods.



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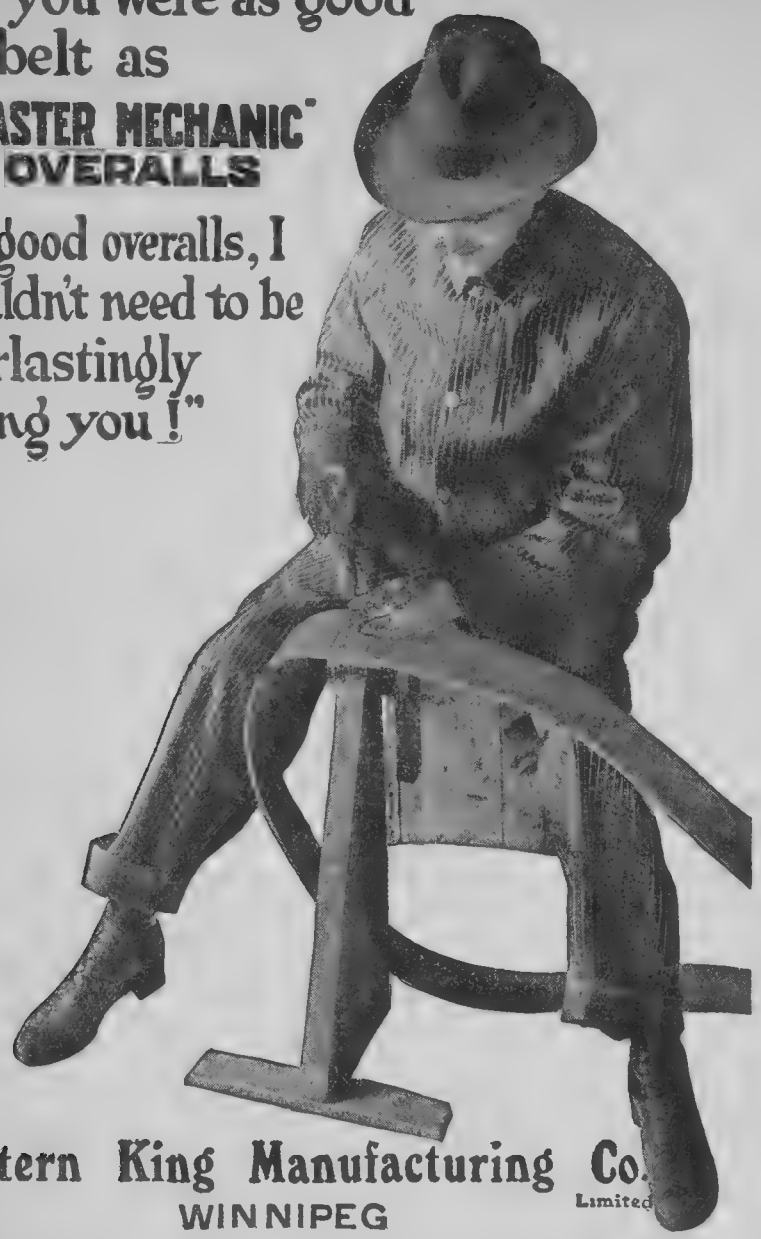

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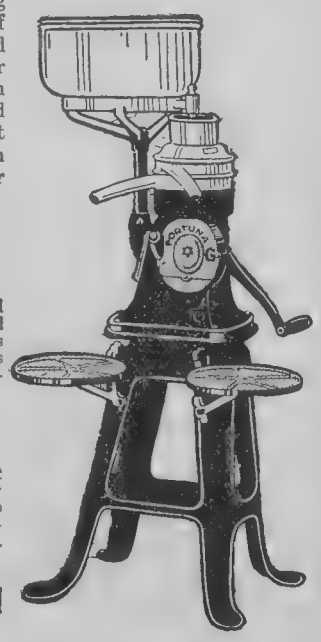

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Sweden's Greatest
CREAM SEPARATOR

About the Farm

Continued from Page 49

This pest should be destroyed at once by spraying with paris green, but as this is a strong poison it should not be used if the fruit is getting ripe and in the latter case white hellebore should be used.

The currant aphis is also a pest in the West, and has been responsible for reducing the crop. These plant lice infest the lower side of the leaves; the upper side blisters and becomes reddish-brown in color, and later withers and dies. A fine spray of kerosene emulsion or whale oil soap applied to the underside of the leaves will suffocate the aphis.

Be optimistic on your currant culture, but nevertheless be prepared for these robbers, and by systematic "espionage" you will learn of their arrival, and be able to deal with them in time.

The Busy Season in the Poultry Yards

The general food shortage following years of under production has caused the eyes of the world to look optimistically toward the domestic hen as one of the important solutions to a very involved problem. The half-cared for, rustle-for-yourself barnyard hen has finally come into her own, and the wave of democracy, of the saner order, has penetrated to the stock of the farm inasmuch as the hen has been given a chance to succeed by means of better environment and better recognition.

At the present season the swarms of young chicks are a valuable acquisition to the owners, and it is important that they grow up to become mature birds for the price of feed, labor, and artificial incubation where applied, has been considerable, and each death among the chicks represents a more serious loss than would have been the case in former years.

Among the cautions in regard to their welfare it may be said that an important one is that of preventing crowding. If they crowd more heat must be given, as the price of the additional heat will be considerably less than the other evil. Also do not put too many in a coop. Keep the disinfectant busy by frequent applications and beware of dampness. Give them a chance at dry cracked grain in hoppers when they are large enough to run. Do not keep them on a board floor.

When they are hatched by the natural method the hen should be allowed to remain on the nest until the chicks become too lively to remain, then the hen and chicks should be removed to a coop that has been prepared.

If the ground has not become dry, there should be a bottom in the coop, chaff or sand being used to cover the floor. Later in the season, the coops may be placed right on the ground if the ground is dry. It is a good plan to move the coop the width of itself; this ensures clean conditions. All coops should be thoroughly disinfected before use each season, and also between the use of it by different broods.

When artificial incubation is used, the chicks should be left in the incubator until perfectly dry, and in transferring them to the brooder the greatest care should be exercised to avoid chilling.

The brooder should be heated to about 90 or 95 degrees under the hover, according to the number of chicks placed in it, so that when they are placed in it the temperature will rise to nearly the same degree as what they were accustomed to in the incubator.

The chicks should be hardened off as soon as possible, but the temperature should by no means be lowered so as to cause discomfort to the chicks. If the chicks crowd, they are too cold, and in that case more heat must be provided until they separate and show the usual signs of contentment.

For the first few days, the chicks should be confined close to the brooder, then, as they become used to their quarters, they may be given more liberty and finally given free range, allowing them on the ground as soon as possible. Should the weather conditions be against allowing them to run free outside one of the next best things to do is to place a sod in the house with them so that they can pick at it.

Corn and Its Achievements in the West

With the growing necessity for the keeping of cattle on the western farms, the encroachment of weeds, and the need for rotation of crops to save the soil from being impoverished, corn is becoming more and more popular as a field crop. Its value as a cleaning crop on the land has been repeatedly demonstrated, and many who have used it are now its keen advocates, for not only does it recommend itself for general adoption as a cleaning crop, but its value as a feed for dairy and other cattle has given excellent reasons for growing it.

A field planted to corn may be described as a summer fallow plus a crop, for after the corn has been harvested all that remains to be done in the following spring is to give the land a stroke with the harrows and follow with the grain drill. The yields obtained from wheat following corn is markedly in favor of such a procedure. The method in question is to plant the corn in rows, but if it is planted in hills the cultivation and cross cultivation will be more advantageous, and will considerably reduce the work with the hoe. If it is planted in check rows and hills it will take about twelve pounds of seed per acre, but if it is planted in rows three feet apart, it will take nearly half a bushel, the seed measuring fifty-six pounds to the bushel.

The land in which corn is to be planted should get a good dressing of manure the previous fall. The best time for planting in a normal season is considered to be between the 20th and 25th of May when the soil is warm. After planting, the cultivating between the rows should be carried on until the corn has grown too high for the cultivator to pass over it conveniently.

Should an early frost come and the leaves be damaged, the crops should be cut at once. Of course, the best means of getting the very best out of the corn is by storing it in a silo, but on the other hand it will be found that cattle will relish the corn stalks as a winter feed and a welcome change if they are fed the corn just as it comes from the field in a cured state.

Among the best varieties of fodder corn are Northwestern Dent, Longfellow and Minnesota No. 13. Before purchasing seed corn it is advisable to procure a sample and test it for germination as the production of seed is by no means a common practice in Manitoba, except in exceptionally hot seasons, therefore it is as well to know the value of the purchased seed. A good system of testing such seed at home is to count out one hundred seeds of average appearance, and put them between blotting papers, lay the papers on a plate and keep them moist for about ten days, then count the percentage of germination.

THE AUTOMOS

A farmer who had never seen an automobile was mowing hay in a field near the roadside, when his mowing machine broke down. While the farmer was trying to fix his machine, a man came along in an automobile which also broke down just a few yards from the farmer. "What is that?" asked the farmer, pointing to the automobile. "That," said the chauffeur, "is an automobile, but it won't go. And what is that?" he added, pointing to the mowing-machine. "That is an ought-to-mow-hay, but it won't do it," said the farmer.

A Thorough Pill.—To clear the stomach and bowels of impurities and irritants is necessary when their action is irregular. The pills that will do this work thoroughly are Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are mild in action but mighty in results. They purge painlessly and effectively, and work a permanent cure. They can be used without fear by the most delicately constituted, as there are no painful effects preceding their gentle operation.

The Planting of the Home Garden

By Heten E. Vialoux

The garden should be placed near the farm house, or home, so the busy housewife can get her vegetables with ease, and perhaps run out and enjoy an hour working in the garden, when time will permit her to do so.

Exercise in the garden is a splendid thing for even the busy mother, who is wise if she can manage to spend some time out of doors each day in summer.

The size of the garden is determined by the needs of the family. Of course, on a farm, a man can plow, harrow and plant a nice garden in a day. All the vegetables should be planted in drills, with space enough between the rows to cultivate with the horse hoe, and thus the hand work is largely done away with. A plot in a small garden only 50 by 100 feet, well manured and cultivated, will produce a wonderful lot of good vegetables, as vacant lot gardeners have demonstrated. One such plot produced 10 bags of potatoes; 300 ears of corn, and 300 tomatoes; as well as 1,200 cucumbers. Another one—potatoes, 6 bushels; carrots, 1 bushel; turnips, 1½ bushels; beets, 2 bushels; 36 heads of cabbage; 16 gallons green beans; shelled peas, 10 quarts; 2 gallons onions; 13 dozen ears of green corn; 314 lbs. of ripe tomatoes, and 2 bushels green tomatoes. Still another plot, 50 by 100 feet in size, produced enough green vegetables for the summer for a family of seven persons: 6 sacks of potatoes; and cabbage; carrots; turnips; parsnips and onions for the winter's supply. Good seed, the best soil available, and honest labor are three essentials. for the making of a good garden in town or country. Half an acre of well prepared land will provide vegetables enough for a large family. The drills should be long and 30 in. apart, when the horse hoe can be used to cultivate. In small gardens, where "the Planet Junior cultivator" is to do the work, 18 in. apart will be right, and the hoe and rake can be used to advantage as well. Very choice vegetables can be grown in a small garden with constant cultivation during the growing season—especially after a rain, when the clods can be broken up, weeds removed, and moisture conserved. Fall plowing is recommended by many gardeners, but others prefer spring plowing as they claim that the eggs of insect pests are winter killed when near the surface of the soil in zero weather. I would advise the burning over of all garden plots before the plowing is done. The strawy manure and rubbish as well as eggs of our numerous garden pests are thus destroyed.

Rhubarb and asparagus, etc., should be placed where they will not be run over and disturbed, or interfere with the cultivation of other crops. Pease, lettuce and radishes, and cress etc., should be sown at least three times during the early part of the season, and a quart of onion setts should be planted where onion seed is sown, as the setts soon provide nice green onions whilst the seedlings are growing. Onion seed germinates very slowly, therefore, should be planted as soon as the ground can be worked up. Seed of all kinds is so expensive nowadays, that economy in seeding should be practised. The seeder attachment, which is a part of the "Planet Junior" cultivator will soon pay for itself in saving seed and time.

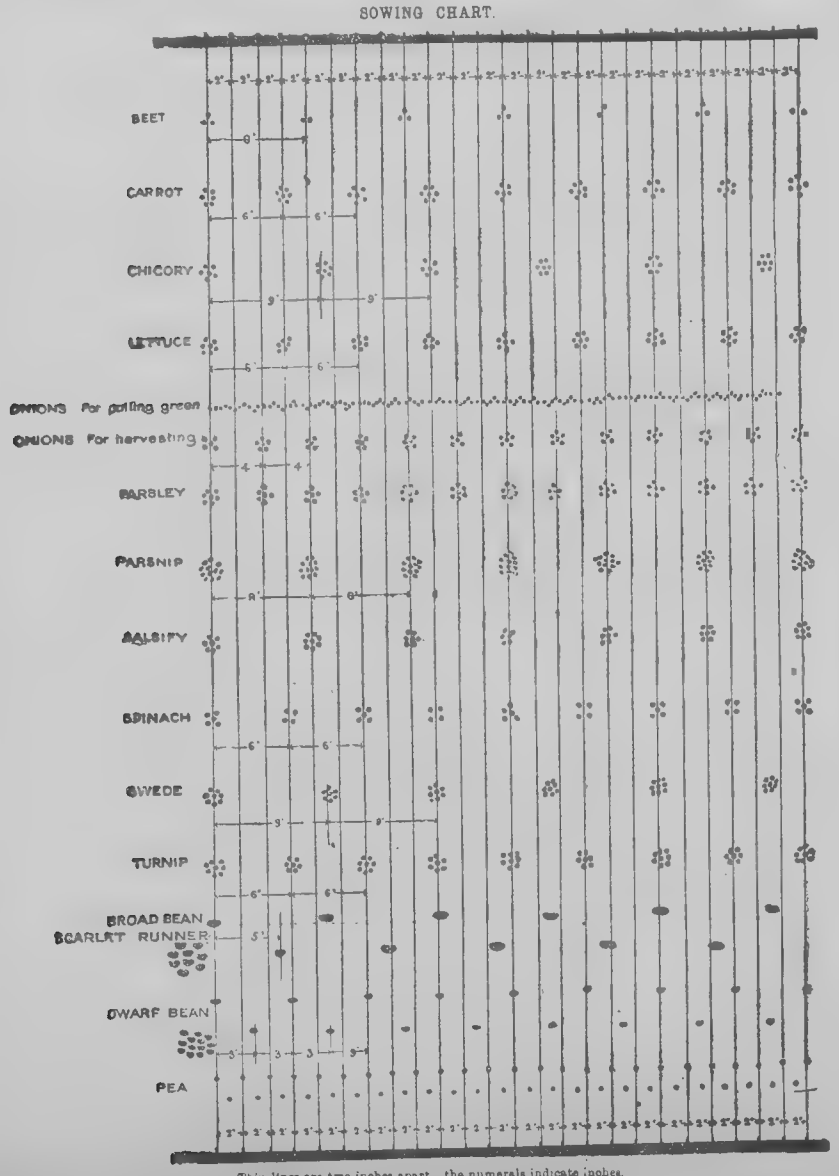
Onion seed, carrots, turnips and other small seed, should be mixed with fine sand if they are not sown with the seeder to prevent waste. Even the seeder can waste seed if run carelessly over a rough piece of ground. Turnips are better mixed with wood ashes and planted as usual. The turnip fly does not injure the plant so much if seeded with ashes.

The sowing of small seeds with a medium sized bottle as a seeder prevents waste, also, when there is no seeder available.

Peas and radishes, lettuce and cress, can be planted very early, then, as the soil grows warmer, sow beets and carrots, spinach and parsnips. If the garden is

Continued on Page 64

SOWING CHART.



Thin lines are two inches apart, the numerals indicate inches.

The Finishing Touch

that completes the charm of good furniture is Johnson's Prepared Wax.

For the charm of good furniture lies not alone in the grace of outline, the grain of the wood or the richness of upholstery—rather in the exquisite cleanliness and smoothness of surface that bespeak intelligent care.

JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

Paste - Liquid - Powdered

is the choice of a generation of discriminating housekeepers—it enhances and preserves the beauty of the finest furniture. It forms a satin-smooth, transparent coating on which dust and lint cannot cling or finger marks show. Its use takes all drudgery from dusting.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

Constipated Children Gladly Take

"California Syrup of Figs"

For the Liver and Bowels

Tell your druggist you want genuine "California Syrup of Figs." Full directions and dose for babies and children of all ages who are constipated, bilious, feverish, tongue-coated, or full of cold, are plainly printed on the bottle. Look for the name "California" and accept no other "Fig Syrup,"—Beware!

MONARCH-KNIT SWEATER COATS

BESIDES their wide variety of colorings and fabrics, the Spring and Summer styles are notable for certain refinements of design and finish hitherto lacking in garments of this kind. Naturally such things have to be seen to be appreciated. We would suggest now as the best time to visit your local merchant while his assortment is still complete.

THE MONARCH KNITTING CO., LIMITED
Dunnville, Ontario, Canada

Manufacturers of Monarch-Knit Sweater Coats for Men, Women and Children; also Monarch-Knit Hosiery for Men and Women and Monarch Hand Knitting Yarns

Fashions and Patterns

WHITE taffeta is having its annual revival, both in plain colors and two toned effects, there are also lovely satin finished crepes, flowered georgettes and chiffons and many new and novel cotton materials. Foulards, too, dotted swiss and linen will be worn. Fibre silks are very popular, some varieties are fine for one piece dresses of a simple character, sometimes embroidered with chenille or raffia, or, trimmed with wool angora or organdie.

For business and general wear, there are new serges, linens and ginghams.

Black taffeta is smart combined with white organdie.

Hemstitching, beaded seams, drawnwork, even machine stitching are all used with good effect on spring dresses.

A pretty effect is gained by binding tunic and flounce edges with a narrow bias of the dress material.

A straight, draped or fluffy frock may have a sash of organdie or a belt of gay colored ribbon.

Large collars are fashionable and for the sailor collar a strong revival is promised.

Tunic draperies, like shirt waists and chemise dresses, are ever popular. One may have a long tunic, a half-way tunic or a short tunic. Its shaping may suit individual taste.

Plaited skirts are shown in all sorts of plait forms; some with plain panels and the plaits over sides and back.

Organdie is still with us. It is pleasing in white and also in colors. Dresses of cotton net are trimmed with self ruchings with satin ribbons, taffeta bindings and embroideries, Attractive blouse dresses may be made of ratines aed eponges and also of the finer Japanese crepes.

Ginghams have grown more beautiful in patterns and colorings and it is no longer plebeian to wear a cotton frock.

Linens have lost none of their popularity. Dotted swiss is used in connection with organdie, taffeta, satin and printed georgette, but embroidery and lace and a ribbon girdle are the prettiest trimmings for these dresses.

A dress of cotton voile is trimmed with frills of taffeta.

A blouse of blue satin has a vest of silk duvetyn trimmed with a jabot of net.

A frock of two toned taffeta has plaited side sections of organdie.

A blouse of blue chambrey may be trimmed with shawl collar and cuffs of organdie.

A suit of blue serge has a vest, collar and cuffs of novelty check taffeta.

A gown of dotted foulard may be trimmed with satin in a matched shade.

Crepe de chine and net are a good combination.

A coat dress of serge shows a vest and sleeve trimmings of taffeta.

A breakfast coat of canton crepe has a yoke and front of Irish crochet lace.

A two piece suit of black satin has collar and cuffs of geranium red grosgrain silk and a narrow belt of red suede.

Black and white checked twill is used for another coat suit. The trimming is bands of white duvetyn edged with black satin.

A simple afternoon dress of gray georgette is ornamental with hemstitching in silver thread.

A dress of brown taffeta has a two tier skirt, each tier bordered with velvet ribbon in a matched shade.

The vest is composed of tiny frills of ecru net.

Navy blue tricotine was selected for a suit embroidered on vest, sleeves and collar with black silk floss and round cord.

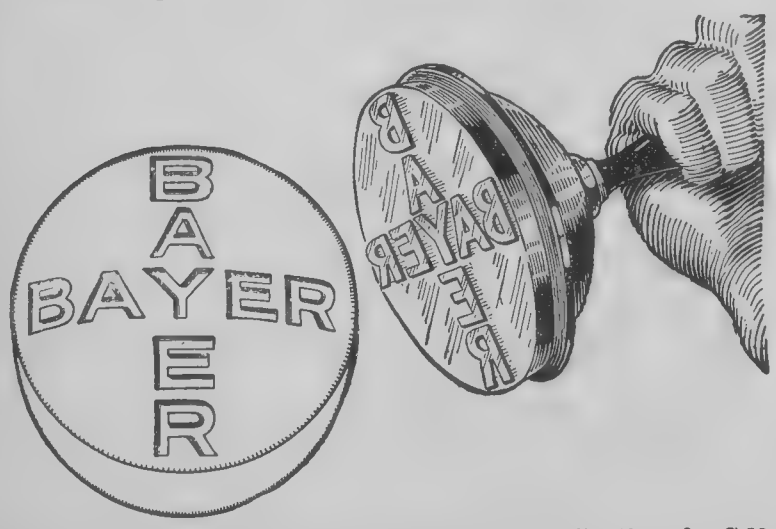
French blue satin and white sports silk make a youthful dress.

A dress of blue taffeta for a girl of ten is embroidered in bright colors.

Continued on Page 53

ONLY TABLETS MARKED "BAYER" ARE ASPIRIN

Not Aspirin at All without the "Bayer Cross"



The name "Bayer" stamped on tablets positively identifies the only genuine Aspirin,—the Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over nineteen years and now made in Canada.

Always buy an unbroken package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" which contains proper directions for Colds, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Joint Pains, and Pain generally.

Handy tin boxes containing 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer" packages.

There is only one Aspirin—"Bayer"—You must say "Bayer"

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

Fashions and Patterns

Continued from Page 52

A Splendid Style in One Piece Effect. Pattern 3197 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 3 sizes:16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year old size will require 4¼ yards of 44 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is 1½ yard. Serge, taffeta, gingham, shantung or linen could be used for this model. Braid or binding, embroidery or stitching will form a suitable finish and decoration. Blue taffeta with facings of jade satin would be effective. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Natty Play Suit for the Small Boy. —2838—Here is just the model for a beach suit, for romping and outdoor wear. It is good for linen, gingham, linene, drill, pique, seersucker, and khaki. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5, and 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards of 36 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pleasing Design. 2819—This neat, simple little model may be finished without the collar trimming. It is nice for all wash fabrics, and for serge, gabardine, silk and crepe. The closing is at the centre front under the crossing of the collar portions. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards of 36 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Serviceable Two Piece Morning Garment. Pattern 3209 is here portrayed. It is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 7½ yards of 27 inch material. This would be attractive in cotton crepe with binding of mercerized braid or "wash" ribbon. It is also nice for percale, lawn, figured voile, challie, albatross, silk and crepe de chine. The width of the skirt at its lower edge is 2 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical, Comfortable Dress for Maternity or Invalid Wear. Pattern 3198 is here portrayed. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2 yards. A medium size will require 7¾ yards of 38 inch material. Taffeta, serge, foulard, voile, linen, shantung, velvet, gabardine and gingham may be used for this design. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock for the "Little Tot." Pattern 3200 was employed for this style. It is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8 year size will require 3½ yards of 27 inch material. This model may be developed in blue chambrey with colored or white feather stitched braid, or in crepe, gingham, poplin, wash silk, shantung or linen. Unbleached muslin, with embroidery in rows of cross stitch, in red or blue would be simple, serviceable and effective. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Comfortable Frock. 2813—Voile, batiste, linen, chambrey, swiss, silk and lawn are good for this model. It closes on the shoulders. The belt holds the fulness at the waistline. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years Size 6 will require 2¾ yards of 36 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock. Pattern 3188 was used for this style. It is cut in 3 sizes:16, 18, and 20 years. A 16 year size will require 6¼ yards of 44 inch material. The width of the skirt at lower edge is 1½ yards Printed voile, challie, crepe or organdie will be attractive for this model. The tunic portions may be omitted. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable "Easy to Make" Apron. Pattern 3187 was employed to develop this model. It is cut in 4 sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. In brown and white check gingham with

Continued on Page 54

The Corset You Should Wear

What Is the Right Corset for You?

It is the corset that best expresses your own personality by accenting every natural beauty of your figure. Buy the corset that will give you comfort; the corset that will give you poise and perfect body proportions without a moment's feeling of restraint; the corset that will accent your every *natural* charm.

The Canadian H. W. Gossard Co., Limited
284-286 King Street, West Toronto

If You Are a Matron of Average Figure

—with all the possibilities of youthfulness dependent upon the right corset—you will appreciate the Gossard artistry that has given your problem especial care.

Hips and thighs reduce as if by magic; your front and back lines are the straighter lines of youth and you have that graceful poise only to be attained by complete corset comfort. Remember your figure tells your age.

If You Are of Full Proportions

do not think of corsetry as a succession of straps and buckles and excessive weight. Just analyze this natural photograph: the figure is as beautifully outlined, as well proportioned as any of the other ideal figures shown on this page. And it is all done so naturally. Gossard artistry has given the woman of full figure the grace and comfort of perfect corsetry.

In a Gossard you will never give the unfashionable impression of being "overcorseted."

If You Are of Slight Figure

do not think because of your slightness your corset doesn't matter." It does. Your chief charm is your poise—that lithe gracefulness that the predestined corset will enhance, and the wrong corset —well, you see on the streets every day glorious youth sacrificed to the fallacy, "I'm so slight it doesn't matter what corset I wear"

You will find

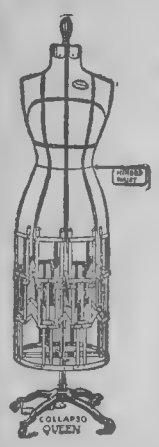
GOSSARD

Front Lacing

CORSETS

at those stores you like best

This Adjustable Dress Form WILL COST YOU NOTHING



The "Collapso Queen" pays for itself in the dressmaker's cost it saves

Here's an ideal way to circumvent the high price of spring and summer clothing. With the aid of the "Collapso Queen" Adjustable Dress Form, you can re-make those last year's suits and dresses—which are not worn out but only out of style—into beautifully new garments.

Or you can make a wonderfully-becoming new dress with only the cost of material; and often the saving gained in making it yourself pays for even the material.

A Perfect Fit Regardless of Your Figure

The "Patented" hinged waist of the "Collapso Queen" allows independent hip and waist adjustment. Each and every section may be changed without affecting other parts. There is no figure, normal or abnormal, which cannot be fitted with this remarkable form. By a simple adjustment your figure can be duplicated before you. You can fit all your dresses — party, street, or house — quickly, accurately and pleasantly, and your clothes will look better and feel better.

You can collapse this wonderful form and stand it on a table when fitting blouses and waists. And when not in use it can be stored in a special fibre box furnished for the purpose.

Our Special Instalment Offer

For a limited time we are giving you the opportunity of paying for the "Collapso Queen" while it is saving you money. The instalment price is $31.50. Simply send an express or money order for $10 to us, and the form will be shipped immediately. Then you pay the balance in monthly instalments.

And before the last instalment is paid the "Collapso Queen" will have paid for itself many times in dressmaking expense saved. Order the "Collapso Queen" at once and begin preparations for a summer outfit at very little cost. Send the first instalment To-day, or ask for our booklet on other adjustable dress forms. Address Dept. W.

What Size Form to Order

If your bust measurement is smaller than 35 in., order No. 1 Adjustable Form. If your bust measurement is larger than 35 in., and you have no occasion to use the form for any other member of the family, who has a smaller bust measure, order size 2 form. For those whose bust measurement is 40 in. or over, we make a special size, No. 3.

Adjustable Dress Form Co. of Canada, Limited
14 Millstone Lane TORONTO

Another Great Offer

The Western Home Monthly

FOR ONE YEAR

The Weekly Free Press Prairie Farmer

FOR ONE YEAR, AND

The Imperial Collection of Transfer Designs

ALL FOR **$1.25**

This is the Big Offer of the Year

The extraordinary success of the Parisienne Embroidery Outfit last season has led us to again make an offer which will appeal to our lady readers. Remember, the Imperial Collection has never before been offered, and we expect an extraordinary demand.

USE THIS COUPON

DATE.....

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

I enclose $1.25, for which please send me The Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year, The Western Home Monthly for one year, and Imperial Collection of Transfer Designs.

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

Fashions and Patterns

Continued from Page 53

facings of white drill, or in blne chambrey piped with white or red, this would be very pleasing. Sateen, alpaca, percale or lawn could also be used. A medium size will require 5 yards of 36 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A House Dress for Mature Figures.—2842—This is a good style for a work dress, but equally suitable for porch wear. Percale, gingham, linen, lawn, repp, poplin, and seersucker, are desirable materials for this design. The sleeve may be in wrist or shorter length. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 4¾ yards of 44 inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge, is about 2⅛ yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Model for School Wear. Pattern 3191 was employed to make this style. It is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size will require 4 yards of 44 inch material. Serge, linen, drill, jean, khaki, washable satin, madras and shantung could be used for the blouse. The same materials are good for the skirt which is also nice for serge, gabardine, voile or poplin. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Very Attractive Dress Pattern 3199 is here shown. It is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14, and 16 years. A 14 year size will require 3¾ yards of 44 inch material. Voile, gingham, crepe, taffeta, serge and gabardine may be used for this in combination with contrasting materials. The over blouse is finished separately. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Under Garment. Pattern 3206 supplies this style. It is cut in 4 sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Nainsook, lawn, batiste, crepe, silk, crepe de chine, cambric, and muslin may be used for this model. The yoke may be of embroidery, insertion, or lace. A medium size will require 3⅜ yards of 36 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

Countless have been the cures worked by Holloway's Corn Cure. It has a power of its own not found in other preparations.

14 Patterns of Essential Garments for Baby. Infant's Layette. 3112—These simple styles, all of which are provided in that pattern, are all practical and easy to make. The cloak may be cashmere, Bedford cord, serge or silk. It may be finished without the cape collar. The cap is suitable for the same material and for lawn, nainsook, cambric or corduroy. The Kimono and Sack will develop nicely in flannel, cashmere, silk, domet or outing flannel. The Slip is nice for nainsook, lawn or cambric. The Pinning Blanket may be of domet, or outing flannel or wool flannel. The shirt of cambric or flannel. The Diaper drawers of Cambric diaper cloth, or rubberized material. The barrie coat of cambric or long cloth. The Bootee of silk, quilted satin, eiderdown or suede. The band of flannel. The cold

feet gown of flannelet, flannel or cambric, and the bib of silk lawn or cambric. It will require of 36 inch material. (a) Cloak, 2 ¾ yards; (b) Carriage Robe, 2¼ yards; (c) cold feet gown, 2¼ yards; (d) kimono, 2⅛ yards; (e) Slip, 2½ yards; (f) barrie coat, 2¼ yards; (h) cap, ⅝ yards; (i) shirt, ¾ yard; (j) diaper drawers, ½ yard; (k) sack, ⅝ yard; (l) pinning blanket, muslin ⅜ yard, flannel, ⅞ yard (n) bib, ½ yard; (o) bootee, ¼ yard; (p) band, ¼ yard; Price 25c.

Infant's Short Clothes Outfit. 10 Practical Patterns of Baby Garments. 3125—Composed of a yoke dress to be finished with long or short sleeves. A simple double breasted coat with round collar and bishop sleeve, a cap in dutch style, a

Continued on Page 55

Stylish and Serviceable

This new All-Wool Slipover is becomingly useful for spring and summer wear. It is finished with bell sleeves, sailor collar and frilled skirt, trimmed with cord and tassels at neck, waist and cuffs.

Fashions and Patterns

Continued from Page 54

a night dress, a petticoat with added waist, a feeding apron, drawers, rompers and a play dress. Lawn, muslin, gingham or chambray, also flannelet may be used for the dresses and rompers. The coat is good for all cloaking materials. The cap will develop nicely in fur, velvet, corduroy, cloth, silk or lawn. The night gown, underwaist and petticoat in flannel, flannelet, muslin or cambric. The feeding apron in jean, toweling or oilcloth. The drawers in cambric or longcloth. The pattern is cut in one size. It requires of 36 inch material. (a) yoke dress, 2 yards; (b) coat, 2¼ yards; (c) bonnet, ¾ yard; (d) nightdress, 2 yards; (e) petticoat, 1⅜ yards; ruffle, ⅜ yard; (f) feeding apron ⅝ yard; (h) drawers, ¾ yard; (i) rompers, 1¾ yards; (j) underwaist, ⅜ yard; (k) play dress, 3 yards. Price 25c.

A Smart Costume for the Growing Girl. 2845—This makes a pretty suit for linen, taffeta, shantung, gabardine or serge. The waist could be of matched satin, or of organdie. The design is also nice for gingham. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes:12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 requires 5 yards of 44 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Suit Style. Coat pattern 3214 and skirt 3212 are here combined. The coat is cut in 7 sizes:34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It will require 4¼ yards of material for the skirt and 2⅝ yards for the coat of 44 inch material. As here portrayed plaid suiting and serge are

combined. One could use taffeta or satin, with braid or embroidery for trimming. The width of skirt at lower edge, with plaits extended is about 2½ yards. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Gown. Showing jumper blouse pattern 3213 and skirt pattern 3192. The blouse is cut in 6 sizes:34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. To develop this style as illustrated, will require 6⅜ yards of 40 inch material. Blue or grey taffeta or linen, braided or embroidered in contrasting or self color would be good for this style. The width of the skirt at lower edge, is 1¾ yards. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Dress for Mother's Girl. Pattern 3201 was selected for this design. It is cut in 4 sizes:6, 8, 10, and 12 years. A 10 year size will require 3½ yards of 36 inch material. For this model one could choose taffeta with satin for the trimming, or plaid suiting and serge combined. Shantung in a natural shade, would be effective with the bands embroidered in outline stitches or chenille. Linen with padded embroidery would also be attractive. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Boudoir Set. Pattern 3194 supplies the styles here illustrated. It is cut in 4 sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38,; large, 40-42 and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 2⅞ yards of 36 inch material for the sack and ¾ yard of 22 inch material for the cap. Lawn, batiste, handkerchief linen, crepe, silk, satin, crepe de chine, cretonne, flannel and flannelette are suitable for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

GO AHEAD AND TRY

Max D. Major

If you've got the notion that you are just the one
To put the Bolsheviki boy square upon the run.
If you've got the fancy that you're the proper guy,
The best thing you can tackle is to go ahead and try.

Refrain:

Go ahead and try, my bully,
Go ahead, and try,
The world is on the bally bum,
And everything's awry;
The whole concern is out of gear,
The bearing's squeaking dry,
Go ahead and oil it up,
Go ahead and try

Everything is going up,
Ain't nothing coming down,
If things keep on arising
We will all be on the town.
The whole thing's in a big mix-up
And everything is high.
That's the job you've got my boy,
Go ahead and try.

Pretty little tootsy girl,
Lives beside the lane,
You'd like to call her yours, you know,
And love her all the same;
You'd like to pop the question
But are just a little shy,
Cut out the foolish thought,
Go ahead and try.

Little cottage, 'neath the hill,
You'd like to call your own,
Handy place to bring her to,
And there to make a home;
True they will not sell it now,
They'll do so by and by,
Go ahead, and persevere,
Go ahead and try.

THE making of fine Chocolates demands more than men and machines. It is a science brought to perfection only by long experience and specialized endeavor. The experience of half a century is behind the "Delecto" assortment of G. B. Chocolates, which consists of Creams, Nuts, Fruits, Hard Centers, Nugatines and Marshmallows.

In ½, 1, 2 and 5 pound boxes. Ask for the "Delecto" Box.

Ganong's GB Chocolates

Originated by
GANONG BROS. LIMITED
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

Makers for 50 Years of Fine Chocolates.

14

Six Rose Bushes For You!

A GARDEN OF ROSES! How enchanting it is to loiter between the green-leaved bushes and to pick just the blossoms whose delicate color and perfume appeal to you! *The Western Home Monthly* offer you your own rose garden of six hardy ever-blooming roses of the choicest varieties.

The rose bushes you will receive are strong, healthy, one-year-old pot-grown plants, which will thrive in any good garden soil and bloom the first year if given ordinary care.

Well have the poets written so much about roses! The brilliant scarlet rose of infinite charm and grace—the Maman, with its double blooms of brilliant pink—the Cochet, so large, so appealingly white! Then there is the Etoile de Lyon, with its rich yellow blossoms and full form—the Maiden's Blush—and Helen Good, than so hardy a flower never bloomed—and the La France, whose thick clusters never lose their color.

Our Offer

We will send you the six rose bushes—if, when sending your own subscription to *The Western Home Monthly*, you also send the subscription of one of your friends. If your subscription does not expire for some time, you may send your renewal in advance. We will send you the roses and extend your subscription for a year from its present expiration date.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
Winnipeg

I accept your offer and enclose $2.00. Send the roses and *The Western Home Monthly* for one year to

My Name .....

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Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

Bobbie's Fishing Trip

By Harriet Sutherland

Bobbie started for a stroll,
In his hand a fishing pole.
"I'll bring home a whale," said he.
"How astonished mother'll be!"

So the straightest path he took
To the margin of the brook;
There he paused upon the brink,
For he saw—what do you think?

Why, a frog of shiny green!
Biggest frog he'd ever seen,
On a pad of monstrous size,
Looking right in Bobbie's eyes!

Not a word did Bobbie say,
But he turned and ran away;
Ran with all his speed until
He was safe beyond the hill!

And the frog with solemn eye
Watched him run and wondered why.
That is all the little tale
Of Bobbie fishing for a whale.

Something to Learn

There was a young man who was bitten
By twenty-two cats and a kitten;
Sighed he, "It is clear
My finish is near,
No matter, I'll die like a Briton."

Letty's Globe

When Letty had scarce passed her third glad year,
And her young artless words began to flow,
One day we gave the child a colored sphere
Of the wide earth, that she might mark and know,
By tint and outline, all its sea and land.
She patted all the world, old empires peeped
Between her baby fingers; her soft hand
Was welcome at all frontiers. How she leaped
And laughed and prattled in her world-wide bliss!
And when we turned her sweet unlearned eye
On our own isle, she raised a joyous cry,
"Oh, yes, I see it! Letty's home is there!"
And, while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.

Charles Tennyson Turner.

Tulip

Who wants a gown
Of purple fold,
Embroidered down
The seams with gold?
See here!—a Tulip richly laced,
To please a royal fairy's taste!

Darley.

How Tommy Atkins Got His Name

The English soldier was not always known as Tommy. It happened in this way. The war office issued a little notebook to the men requesting each one to fill out the little blanks in the front as to name, age, date of enlistment, etc. So that they would not make any mistakes a copy of the front page was filled out properly in each book under the name of Tommy Atkins. It did not take long for the name to stick to all the soldier boys, and it is to-day as significant of the English fighting man as John Bull is of England itself.

A Little Chat with Bobby Burke

Boys and Girls of the Cosy Corner:

It's not often that the Editor will bother you with a talk, but to-day I have a few things I want to say, a few explanations I want to make, so please come over in my corner and make yourselves comfortable and listen for a few minutes. I have been getting some pretty fine letters from boys and girls in the last few weeks, and you will find some of them printed in the corner along with the names of those whose stories or letters were perhaps too long to print.

With regard to the buttons which I spoke of in the first chat we had together, I want to tell you that the artists are even now working on a design to make a button suitable to give to the members of our Western Home Monthly club, and as soon as this button is completed you may be sure that the button winners will receive theirs and so become members of the club.

In future we are going to say very plainly every month under what headings we want you to write. We have received lately several contributions under the heading "Something to Read" and while these have all been good things to read, it is the Editor's idea that "Something to Read" should be provided for you every month and not by you. Look carefully over the corner and see just what the special competitions are for the month, and what the special headings under which we want you to write. Address your letters carefully, labelling them on the outside for the right department, and send them in so they will reach Winnipeg before the 8th of the month, that is, stories, etc., for May must be here before May 8th. Can you remember these few explanations, and forgive the Editor for taking up your space. Here's hoping to have a mail bag full of letters from you.

Bobby Burke.

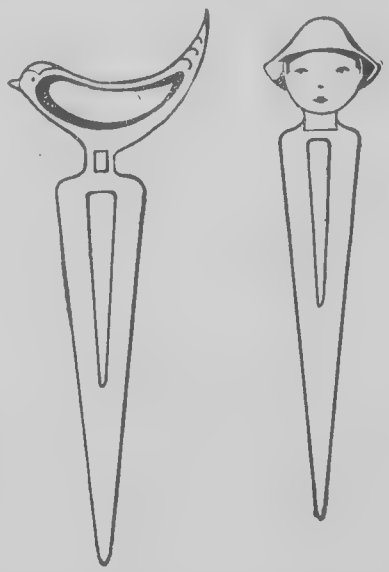
Something To Do
To Cook Eggs-Goldenrod

4 hard boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon flour, 4 slices toast, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, parsley.

Make a thin white sauce by melting the butter over the fire, stir in the flour, and when smooth add the milk gradually. Let it come to a boil, stirring as it thickens, add the seasonings. Remove the shells from the eggs and separate whites from yolks. Chop the whites and add them to the sauce. Cut the slices of toast in half lengthwise, arrange on a hot platter and pour over the sauce. Press the yolks through a potato ricer or strainer, sprinkle them over the top, garnish with parsley and serve very hot.

A Paper Cutter

Get some thin soft wood (basswood is good). You will need a piece from 8 to 10 inches long and from 1 to 2 inches wide. Draw your design on paper first,



transfer it to the wood by tracing and cut the wood following your outline with a fretsaw or a sharp knife. Bevel the edges of the blade and sand paper the whole very smooth. You may paint the faces if you like and stain the blade and apply shellac to it.

Something To Amuse You

Little Edward had not come up to his parents' expectations in his studies, and an explanation was demanded.

"Why is it," asked the father, impatiently, "that you are always at the bottom of the class? You never seem to get anywhere else. I should think you would feel ashamed!"

"I can't see that it makes any difference whether I am at the top or the bottom, father," replied Edward pacifically. "You know they teach the same thing at both ends."—Harper's Magazine.

Something Received

We have received very nice letters from the following boys and girls: Anna Kedziora, Cooper Creek, Lardo, B.C.; Maxine E. Sutherland, Hillcrest Farm, Excel, Alta.; Ethel Denoon, Birnie, Man.:

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Children's Cosy Corner

Continued from Page 56

Caroline La Rocque, Lebret, Sask.; Lena Elk, Makinak; Rowland Higgs (no address given) sent in both a story and a description of a bird house, which latter we will try and publish later with a few changes.

Dear Boys and Girls:—As our dear Editor plans to make a boys' and girls' club we have to help in order to get it started. I read the stories of March issue, it is so interesting and also the little verses and making useful articles. I like very much the bird bath.

Well, dear friends, I am sending a few funny stories as our Editor asked. Well, I think spring is here now because I saw a crow this morning and a summer hawk yesterday. I have never found any crocuses or any robin or pussy willows yet. but I will hunt for some this week as Easter holidays will soon start.

Unexpected Dramatics

"You look very sad, little boy," said the old lady. "Can I be of any help to you?"

The little boy who had been reading stories of the kind usually found in the "penny dreadfuls," struck an attitude and exclaimed:

"Hist, old woman! Thou can'st be of signal service to me, and thou wilt. See'st yon tobaccy shop across the way? Take this bronze coin and bid the scurvy knave within to supply thee with two cigarettes and a match! Be secret, mother, and betray me not, or thy life shall pay the forfeit! I will await thee here. Begone!"—Titbits.

Aunt Kizzie, a negro wash woman who had gloried in her widowhood, suddenly appeared with a new husband.

"I thought you were never going to marry again," her employer remarked.

"Well, I didn't 'low I would, but you see it was this a-way," Aunt Kizzie explained. "My washings was gettin' so heavy that I either had to marry Sam to tote 'em around for me or else buy me a mule, an' I decided it would be less trouble to marry Sam."—World Outlook.

The Manchester Guardian tells the following story.

Jimmy and Leo had been naughty, and the teacher had ordered them to stay indoors during playtime and to write out each his own name a thousand times.

The boys started to work with energy, but after five minutes Jimmy was observed to slacken, apparently thinking very hard. Then he stopped and burst into tears.

"What's the matter, Jimmy?" asked the teacher.

"Tain't fair!" he sobbed. "His name is Leo Ott and mine's Jimmy O'Shaughnessy.

Table Manners

The Goops they lick their fingers,
And the Goops they lick their knives;
They spill their broth on the table-cloth,
Oh, they lead disgusting lives;
The Goops they talk while eating,
And loud and fast they chew;
And that is why I'm glad that I
Am not a Goop—are you?

A Ready Answer

A man named Wood, who was proud of his reputation for making jokes, met one day a friend called Stone. "Good morning, Mr. Stone," said Mr. Wood, "and how are Mrs. Stone and all the little pebbles?"

"Quite well, thank you, Mr. Wood, and how are Mrs. Wood and all the splinters."

J. Gordon Dewar, Graysville, Man.

A riddle a riddle as I suppose a hundred eyes and never a nose.

Father, mother, sister, brother, run all day and can't catch each other.

What country is easily broken?

What country though old is always new?

Which country makes you shine?

Which country is always fat?

Jean Denoon, Birnie, Man.

The First Clever Man

Once before Canada was civilized when the trains were first brought to Canada, one farmer or gardener was getting a cow to a settlement and he had to go on the train. He got on the train, and when he got to the place he bought his cow, and on his return he tied a chain around the cow's neck and fixed it to the train behind the last car, and then he went in the train. Of course, when the train started to go fast the cow ran fast, but the train went faster and faster till the cow couldn't run fast enough, and, therefore, she was dragged. When the clever man arrived at the station he got out and went to untie his cow, but what do you think he found? He found just the head of the cow tied to the train. He was disappointed, he untied the cow's head and took it home.

Something To Be Answered

Who has a question they want answered? Send it in and the Editor will try to answer it.

Something to Exchange

How about that "swop" corner? Haven't any of you boys anything you want to swop.? If you have something send in a notice and we will print it for you.

Something For You to Try

Send us in the three best funny stories you know and the boy or girl who sends the best will receive a button.

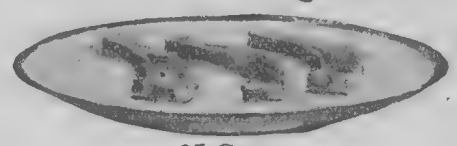
We want a pattern for an apron. Something pretty, useful and new. Now, girls, here is your chance.

We want from the boys a good description of a bird house that any boy could build and with it a snapshot of the bird house completed.

Sunbonnet Baby and Overall Boy for the wee folks to trace and cut out, or copy for themselves.

Price 40c—

The Cost of a 60-Dish Package of Quaker Oats



35 Cents
For Three Chops

A 60-dish package of Quaker Oats will cost you 40 cents.

A small fish will cost you the same amount—enough to serve four people.

Three chops will cost you nearly that—only enough for three. And seven eggs at this writing cost nearly as much as that 60-dish package of Quaker.

Mark the Food You Get

The package of Quaker Oats yields 6221 calories—the energy measure of food value.

The fish, eggs or chops which that 40c. buys will not average one-ninth as much.

As a food they cannot compare with oats. For the oat is the greatest food that grows. It is almost a complete food, nearly the ideal food.

About all the human body needs is in oats in right proportion.

35 Cents
For Seven Eggs

This is how the calory cost compares with other necessary foods, based on prices at this writing:

40 Cents
For a 60-Dish Package 6221 Calories

Cost Per 1000 Calories

Quaker Oats	6c
Average Meats	45c
Average Fish	50c
Hen's Eggs	70c
Vegetables	11c to 78c

The wise housewife's conclusion must be this:

The proper breakfast is Quaker Oats. It means supreme nutrition—foods that everybody needs.

And the 85 per cent that it saves on breakfasts can buy costlier foods for dinner.

Quaker Oats

Only 10 Pounds in a Bushel

Quaker Oats are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. You get the cream of the oats, the maximum flavor, without extra cost, when you ask for this premier brand.

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

3373

JOY FOR GIRL or BOY — WIN

This — Genuine Culver Chummy Racer, The Marvellous Boys and Girls Real Gasoline Auto.

A Genuine Motor Car—Not a Toy! Has real pneumatic tires, steering wheel and gears, steel springs, powerful brake. Easy to drive. Runs 30 miles an hour. Uses little gasoline.

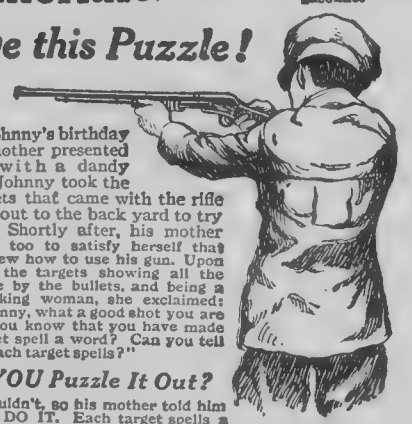
Something We All Do

Something We All Eat

Something We All Want

Something We All Wear

Solve this Puzzle!



FOR Johnny's birthday his mother presented him with a dandy rifle, and Johnny took the four targets that came with the rifle and went out to the back yard to try his skill. Shortly after, his mother came out too to satisfy herself that Johnny knew how to use his gun. Upon examining the targets showing all the holes made by the bullets, and being a quick-thinking woman, she exclaimed: "Why, Johnny, what a good shot you are—and do you know that you have made every target spell a word? Can you tell me what each target spells?"

Can YOU Puzzle It Out?

Johnny couldn't, so his mother told him HOW TO DO IT. Each target spells a word. Each circle of each target shows a number of bullet holes, as you can see by the targets, and each circle represents a letter. The number of holes indicates the position of that letter in the alphabet. For instance: "A" would be represented by one hole, "B" by two holes, "C" by three holes, and so on.

After you have worked out all the letters that are represented in each word, you will find that they are not in their proper order. Put them into their proper order to spell out correctly the names of the four things wanted.

In order to help you, we will tell you that the letter represented by the middle circle of first target is "A," because "A" is the first letter of the alphabet. This is not an easy puzzle, but with perseverance you can work it out—and the prizes are worth trying for.

Copy your answer upon a plain white sheet of paper as neatly as you can, because neatness, spelling, handwriting and punctuation count if more than one answer is correct. Put your name and address in the top right-hand corner of the paper. If you have to write a letter, or show anything else, put it upon a separate sheet of paper. We will write as soon as your answer is received and tell you if your solution is correct, and also send you a complete illustrated list of the grand prizes that you can win.

THE PRIZES:

First Prize - Genuine Culver Chummy Racer, value	$250.00
Second Prize - Magnificent Gold Watch and Chain, or Girl's Wrist Watch, value	25.00
Third Prize - Genuine Autographic Kodak Folding Camera, value	20.00
Fourth Prize - Solid Gold Ring for Boy or Girl, value	15.00
Fifth Prize - - Moving Picture Machine, with Film, value	10.00
Sixth to Tenth Prize - Self-Filler Fountain Pens, value, each	2.50

And 2,000 Extra Special Prizes Valued at $3,000.00.

What Others Have Done, YOU Can Do!

Here are the names of only a few of the boys and girls to whom we have already awarded big prizes:

Shetland Pony and Cart—Helen Smith, Edmonton.
Shetland Pony—Beatrice Hughes, Hazenmore, Sask.
$100.00 Cash—Lyle Benson, Hamilton, Ont.
$50.00 Cash—Helen Benesch, Junkins, Alta.
$25.00 Cash—Florence Nesbitt, Arnprior, Ont.
$150.00 Cash—Bryden Foster, Leamington, Ont.
$25.00 Eastman Kodak—Frankie Kirby, Three Hills, Alta.
$15.00 Bracelet Watch—Mary Procter, Vancouver, B.C.
$10.00 Doll and Carriage—Eva Gasson, North Bay, Ont

We will send you the names of many others too. Only boys and girls under 17 years of age may send answers, and each boy and girl will be required to perform a small service for us.

The contest will close on June 30, 1920, at 5.30 p.m. Send your answers this very evening.

Address: THE PRIZEMAN, Dept. 33
253-259 Spadina Ave. Toronto, Ont.

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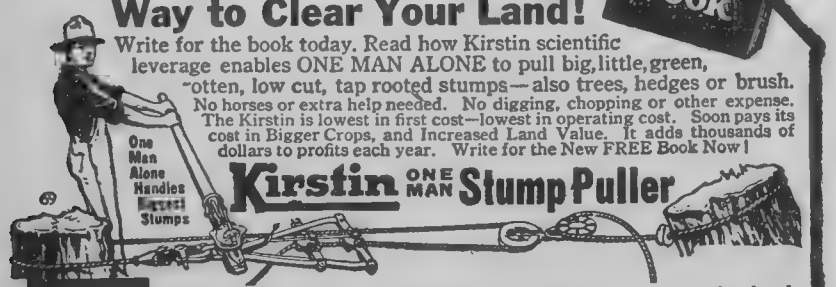
Tells the Cheapest and Easiest Way to Clear Your Land!

Write for the book today. Read how Kirstin scientific leverage enables ONE MAN ALONE to pull big, little, green, rotten, low cut, tap rooted stumps—also trees, hedges or brush. No horses or extra help needed. No digging, chopping or other expense. The Kirstin is lowest in first cost—lowest in operating cost. Soon pays its cost in Bigger Crops, and Increased Land Value. It adds thousands of dollars to profits each year. Write for the New FREE Book Now!



Six Months to Pay! Thousands of farmers now buy on Easy Payments. In that way the KIRSTIN usually pays for itself before you pay for it. You don't feel the cost at all.

The famous Kirstin is made of finest steel. Guaranteed 3 years against breakage—flaw-or-no-flaw. It weighs less—Costs less. Yet has greater speed, power, strength, and lasts longer. A few pounds on handle exerts tons on stump. Single, double, triple power. Several speeds. Low speed loosens the stump. High yanks it out quick. Patented quick take-up for slack cable. Easily moved around field. A WONDERFUL SUCCESS.

Try it 30 Days FREE

Send no money. Simply send for your Kirstin on my "no risk" offer. See how easily One Man Alone handles biggest, toughest stumps. Give it Every Test. PROVE all my claims. If satisfied, keep puller. If not return at my expense. No risk to you. Six Months to pay. Write for the big new FREE Book to-day.

A. J. KIRSTIN CANADIAN CO. 1118 Dennis St., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Mother's Section

It Can Be Done

How came the Pyramids to rise?
Some old Egyptian builder's mind,
Brooding beneath the desert skies,
Their vast sublimity outlined;
He knew the cruel toil they meant,
The shifting sand, the burning sun;
Yet steadfast to the work he went
With one brave will: "It can be done!"

How came the Parthenon to stand
Far-gleaming from its classic height?
The brain of Phidias, and the hand
Of staunch Ictinus, day and night
Shaped forth the vision—they alone
The triumph of its grandeur won,
For deeper than its corner stone
Stood their sure thought: "It can be done!"

O talisman of mighty deeds
Fronting all labors unafraid!
Thy power each young endeavor needs,
By many an obstacle dismayed;
New toils arise, new hopes are born,
New struggles daily are begun—
But still, above all foes, all scorn,
Ring the great words: "It can be done!"

Intercession

When the Bible Study Class dispersed after its morning session, Margaret Ryder sought out her roommate and suggested a walk round the campus. Evelyn Dodge glanced at her watch.

"Little juniors must be indulgently treated, I suppose," she replied whimsically, "and I have twenty whole minutes to spare before the history lecture. How many times round, Margie?"

"Oh, two or three, please! I'm troubled about something. I need you to help me think."

"Out with it!" ordered Evelyn as they started down the maple-boarded drive.

"It was our topic in class this morning—intercessory prayer. Dr. Lawson spoke of it as if it were an essential part of the Christian's life, and the class seemed to take the same attitude. But I don't believe in it. Do you, Evelyn?"

The older girl picked up a fallen leaf and studied its rich coloring before she answered, "Yes, under certain conditions. Why not?"

"It isn't reasonable!" protested Margaret. "If the relation between God and ourselves is really personal, like that of father and child, as Christ taught that it is, then why should anyone need another to pray for him?"

A shadow flitted over Evelyn's thoughtful face. Then her dark eyes smiled serenely into Margaret's troubled blue ones.

"I felt that way about it until a year ago," she answered slowly. "And then, during those months when I was so desperately sick and the odds seemed all against me, I had a strange experience. I think I had always had a strong personal faith since childhood, and believed that nothing could rob me of it. But when the pain and fatigue of those long months had weakened and unnerved me, I little by little lost all my desire to live—all my interest in life. I am sure that I still believed passively that there is a God, and that He is an all-wise and loving God; but I seemed to have lost all sense of personal communion with Him—all real consciousness of his presence."

She paused, looking out toward the lake that sparkled in the October morning sunlight, and Margaret waited in silence.

"Then one day Dr. Stanley called at the hospital to see me. He had always appealed to me as a college pastor, although I had never known him very well as a friend. I was too weak to say much, but he somehow grasped the fact that I was being swallowed up by the darkness; and before he left he knelt at my bedside without permission or apology and offered up a prayer that I shall never forget: it was so simple and fervent, so intimate—so powerful. As I lay there wonderingly—just listening—tears crept down my face, and that little sick room suddenly became a shrine. At least one of the meanings of intercession became very clear to me then. I was all out of tune with God and with life. He was in close communion with God and in ardent touch with life. So ever since that hour I have thought of earthly intercessors as tuners, whose sensitiveness to God's voice and contact with human hearts enables them to bring the two into harmony. I know it's not by any means a full answer to your question, but it satisfied me."

Margaret pressed her friend's hand affectionately. "It satisfies me, too," she said gratefully. "You are always such a first aid to doubters, Evelyn!"

THE UNWELCOME ANGEL

One evening after dinner Robert Sanderson walked into his father's study with a troubled face.

"What's the matter, my boy?" asked the older man.

"Nothing very serious, I guess," said the son, "only I'm up against a decision, and, as you know, I don't like to be driven to that. It's against my nature."

"What's the decision you have to make, Robert?"

"Just this," replied the younger man. "The firm has offered me the managership of the branch in St. Louis, and I don't know whether to accept or not. They want my decision to-morrow morning, and I don't know what to do. You see I'm not worried about the branch in itself. It is successful. The thing that troubles me is whether I'm big enough to swing it. There's more money in it than in my present job, and I shall have a chance to show what's in me, if there is anything. But I know my job here as superintendent, and this other is a leap into the dark. And yet it seems to be the parting of the ways: it's either take this now or settle down in the present job forever."

I know what you're facing, Robert," said the father kindly. "None of us likes to be driven face to face with a difficult decision, and yet all growing men have to face it. It is only the static persons who are never troubled by it. I should be anxious about you if, after five years as superintendent, they hadn't seen fit to offer you this position. Decision has been forced on you by opportunity. And let me say further that the greater responsibility that opportunity opens up always leaves the right sort of man anxious and sober. You'll pardon my illustrating what I mean from the Bible.

"Do you remember how young Gideon was threshing wheat by a cave one day to hide it from the Midianites, who were oppressing his people when the angel of the Lord came and told him to go forth as leader and redeem his people? And he said, 'Alas, O Lord God! for because I have seen an angel of the Lord face to face.' That angel was about as welcome to Gideon as this larger opportunity is to you. He accepted the responsibility and succeeded, but just at that time he wished the angel had appeared to some one else.

"As I follow the stories of Bible leaders I find that nearly all of them had this shrinking in the face of new responsibility. Moses had it when God told him to go to Pharaoh. Isaiah had it when God told him to preach to the people of Judah. Jeremiah had it when he was called to prophesy, and said, 'Woe is me!' Saul had it when he was called to preach, and he hid his face and sank to the ground. Yet none of those men failed. I think that their very modesty was part of their qualification for big things. They knew a big job when they saw it. And no man is fit for a big job until he has measured it and learned to respect its implications. On the other hand, only a craven backs away when a big opportunity challenges him. You know the old saying: 'To dare to fail is noble; to fail to dare is ignoble.' I'd take the dare and leave the rest to God. If He has called you, He'll equip you, as He did those of other men."

FAMILY WORSHIP

"I studied for the ministry," said a successful business man, "but I broke down midway in my course of study.

Continued on Page 59

Mothers' Section

Continued from Page 58

Four years in college and two in the theological seminary, working my way and spending my vacations in earning money undermined my health. I had to give up the ministry, but I resolved when I entered business that I would carry with me all the ideals and principles that had been mine when I planned to be a minister of the gospel. All in all, I think it easier to practice than to preach; but I have had to modify a number of my theories, often very much to my sorrow.

"I started family life with daily worship and maintained it with increasing difficulty as the responsibilities and cares of business grew. Finally—and I confess it with sorrow—I gave it up. It was almost impossible to get the family together at any time in the day, and the hurried, perfunctory attempt grew wearisome and unprofitable, and I doubt if its value repaid the effort. I gave it up, and, although I am unhappy about it, I do not see a remedy."

A similar experience has occurred in many homes. It must be confessed that regular family worship is nearly obsolete, yet the custom involves much that is precious.

It may be true that the old-fashioned forms and methods of conducting family prayers are not well adapted to the modern home with its great variety of demands and interruptions; yet any home is blessed that can gather its members for even a quiet two minutes for a united upward look. A single verse of Scripture, a good thought upon it and a moment of united prayer would bless the family life of America and unify the higher interests of the home as almost no other one thing could do.

In the midst of so many interests that tend to disintegrate home life—the separation of the children into different rooms at school and into different groups of friends outside, and the diverging avenues of life open before the feet of the older members—every influence is to be cherished that daily unites all dwellers under a common roof in a moment of uplift and inspiration. If the morning meal could be preceded or followed by a few minutes of devotion, home life would gain a quiet and repose that would have vast value for bodily health, for poise of spirit, and for all that is best in character.

THE LAST SHIFT

By Mary Carolyn Davies

God did not finish the world He made,
but left to us the last;
Why should we cringe or be afraid, why
should we stare aghast?
See! it is work for a master hand, steady
and firm and sure,
Building a world that is built to stand,
to stand and to endure.

A man's work, a man's work, here, lend
a hand, you're needed.
What if a thousand men have failed
where one man has succeeded?
We're not the stuff for failures—bend to
the task again,
Thank God, He left us a piece of work
that is big enough for men!

There's need of many a toiling man, and
need of men who dream,
For dreamers are the ones who plan the
building, beam on beam;
Shoulder to shoulder, breathing fast,
eager and tense and glad,
Oh, thus, like the men in ages past, we
work for the Master, lad.

A man's work, a man's work, here in the
broiling sun,
Giving our muscle and brain to do the
task God left undone,
Shoulder to shoulder working on, till our
backs refuse to bend—
A man's work, a man's work, and a man's
wage at the end!

To Asthma Sufferers.—Dr. J. D. Kellogg's, Asthma Remedy comes like a helping hand to a sinking swimmer. It gives new life and hope by curing his trouble—something he has come to believe impossible. Its benefit is too evident to be questioned—it is its own best argument—its own best advertisement. If you suffer from asthma get this time-tried remedy and find help like thousands of others.

The Kitchen

Meat with Macaroni

Chop two cupfuls of cold meat, add one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, the beaten yolks of two eggs, salt, pepper and powdered nutmeg to taste. Heat one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, add two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, one-half cupful of stock or water and the meat mixture. Divide into small greased molds or cups. Set the cups in a pan half filled with boiling water and bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes. Turn out on a hot platter and serve with nicely seasoned cooked macaroni and hot white sauce.

Bath Buns

Mix well together one pound of flour, half a pound of butter, five eggs, and half a cup of good brewer's yeast; set before the fire to rise: when risen add a quarter of a pound of sugar, one ounce of caraway seed, make in small buns, let them rise again for half an hour, then bake in a hot oven for half an hour.

Graham Bread

Scald a pint of milk; add half a pint of water; when lukewarm add one yeast cake dissolved in half a cupful of water; add a tablespoonful of molasses, a level teaspoonful of salt, and sufficient graham flour to make a batter that will drop from a spoon; beat for five minutes; cover and stand in a warm place, 75 degrees Fahrenheit, for three hours. Add one pint of graham flour, beat again; pour in three greased square pans; cover and stand aside for one hour. Bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour.

One, Two, Three, Four Cake

One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, four eggs, half cup of milk, a little salt, flavoring of lemon peel or lemon brandy, two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Method:—Beat the butter and sugar to a light cream. Break in the eggs one at a time. Mix the flour, baking powder, and salt together, and

Continued on Page 60

The Kitchen

Continued from Page 59

sift into the other ingredients with the milk. Bake in a flat tin for about an hour. This cake may be iced with advantage.

Virginia Biscuits

Rub one teaspoonful of shortening into a quart of soft white flour; add a level teaspoonful of salt. Mix two-thirds of a cupful of milk with an equal quantity of water; add this gradually to the flour, stirring all the while; the dough must be hard, not wet. It may not take the entire quantity of moisture; for this reason add it gradually. Knead the dough continuously for fifteen minutes longer, folding and turning constantly. Roll in a sheet as thin as a wafer, cut in biscuit shape, prick the top of each one with a fork. Stand in a baking-pan, where they will not touch each other, and bake in a moderate oven until crisp and brown.

If well made these biscuits are very light and digestible.

Excellent Cookies

One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a little nutmeg, flour to make soft dough.

Nut Wafers

Nut Wafers are a delicious accompaniment to a cold or frozen dessert and are equally acceptable with afternoon tea. Perhaps they are never more happily in evidence than when found in the school luncheon basket.

Do you know how valuable nuts are as food? Food experts say that we eat far too few of them. For the nut wafers work two tablespoonfuls of butter until creamy, using a wooden spoon, preferably a wooden cake spoon which has the slits, then add gradually while stirring and beating constantly one-fourth of a cupful of granulated sugar and one egg well beaten. Mix and sift one teaspoonful of baking powder, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, and half a cupful of pastry flour (once sifted). Add to first mixture then add two teaspoonfuls of milk, half a cupful of fine chopped peanuts and half a teaspoonful of lemon juice., Drop from a teaspoon on an unbuttered thin sheet one inch apart and place half a peanut on top of each. Bake fifteen minutes in a slow oven. This recipe should make two dozen cookies.

Sausages with Tomatoes

Skin one half-pound of sausages, and divide each in halves. Cut even-sized tomatoes in halves, and remove any rind from three slices of raw bacon. Shape the sausages into flat round cakes, rather larger around than the halves of the tomatoes. This is necessary because, when fried, the cakes shrink as the fat melts out. Fry the cakes a light brown on both sides and flatten them out a little to make them match the tomatoes in size. Lay a sausage cake on each half tomato, on that put half a slice of bacon and then the second half tomato. Press them well together, and heat the tomatoes in a quick oven until they are tender but not broken. Put a short thick piece of parsley stalk into the top of each tomato and serve hot.

The Kitchen Garden

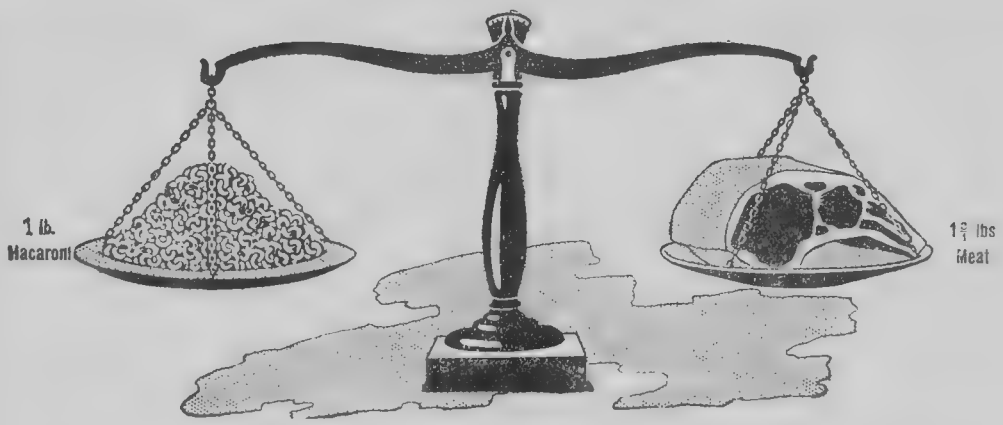
During the spring and summer months every able-bodied person ought to get up earlier than is his custom and work in the garden. There will be few persons outside the tenement districts of the cities who will not have some kind of garden this year. The success of the garden will be measured entirely by the intensive cultivation that the owner is willing to give it. Good seed and fertilizer are essential, of course, but they are not of themselves sufficient to produce good results; and the gardener who buys good seed and fertilizer and then plants his garden only to neglect it is in his little way a slacker. He not only is not helping the cause of conservation along, he is hindering it by wasting materials that in the possession of another might have been three or four times as productive.

To lay out your garden with mathematical accuracy and artistic eye, to dig it deep and fertilize it well, to harrow it and rake it and smooth it, to plant it with care, to exult over the small green rows when they appear, to hoe and water and weed, to thin out the plants that grow too thick—there is no better occupation for the early morning or early evening hours, except indeed harvesting the crops when they ripen. To work late in the garden and to go to bed early means usually that you will get up early to do some early work in the garden. It means a saving at both ends of the day. It means filling not only the market basket but the barrels and the bins and the glass jars; it means taking yourself and your family out of the vegetable market, and leaving for some family that could not do any gardening the food that you, if you had not labored with your hands, would have bought; it means relieving the railways of the necessity of keeping you supplied with articles that you can produce,—all good enough reasons for conquering the sluggabed laziness of the morning, the apathy of late afternoon, for toiling and sweating and blistering and aching, and for being glad to undergo discomfort and weariness.

Fill the market basket, fill the barrels and the bins and the glass jars!

Tripe with Oysters

Cover one pound of well washed tripe with silghtly salted water and cook slowly for one hour. Blend two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour in a saucepan over the fire, add the water in which the tripe was cooked, bring to a boiling point, add the tripe cut in small pieces, twenty-four oysters, and salt and white pepper to taste. Simmer until the oysters are cooked and serve very hot.



Their Food Values are the Same

Government analysis will verify the fact that MACARONI contains nearly twice the food value of sirloin or any other choice meats. The thrifty housewife will also appreciate the difference in the cost of the two—she will appreciate this economy more when she realises that Macaroni can be prepared in over 100 delicious and appetizing dishes.

A pure hard wheat product made in Canada in sanitary sunlit factories where every safeguard is taken that the finished product reaches you in its purity, packed in dustproof package.

Try Macaroni for dinner tomorrow—today. It is easily and quickly prepared.

YOUR GROCER CARRIES MACARONI—ASK HIM FOR IT.

A food for the hungry—rich or poor.

2

The Oil of the People.—Many oils have come and gone, but Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil continues to maintain its position and increase its sphere of usefulness each year. Its sterling qualities have brought it to the front and kept it there, and it can truly be called the oil of the people. Thousands have benefited by it and would use no other preparation.

Economical Egg Recipes

By Miss Gertrude Dutton, Agricultural Extension Department

THIS is the season of the year when eggs are most plentiful. Now is the time to preserve them in waterglass for next winter.

Eggs are a very valuable, highly concentrated food. They are rich in protein, necessary for building muscle. They also contain a large proportion of iron and phosphorus, both very essential to the well-being of the human body.

There are a great many recipes for cooking eggs, but they are all really variations of a few simple methods—boiling, poaching, scrambling, frying, baking and making into omelets.

Boiled Eggs

Place the eggs in a saucepan of boiling water, sufficient to cover the eggs. Keep the water below the boiling point. Cook them five to ten minutes, according to the consistency desired, for "soft-boiled" or "coddled eggs."

For "hard-boiled" eggs, leave in the water forty-five minutes. Plunge at once in cold water to prevent discoloration of the yolk, if they are not to be used immediately.

Golden Rod Eggs

Chop the whites of hard-boiled eggs, add to white sauce, serve on toast, with the yolks, put through a potato ricer, sprinkled on top.

Scalloped Eggs

Put alternate layers of sliced hard-boiled eggs and white sauce in a bake dish, cover with buttered crumbs, and heat thoroughly in the oven. Layers of cheese or any desired chopped cooked meat or fish, may also be added.

Curried Eggs

Make a white sauce of: 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon curry powder, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, 1 cup hot milk.

Reheat hard cooked eggs, cut in quarters lengthwise, in this sauce.

Japanese Eggs

Slice hard-cooked eggs. Reheat in white sauce. Serve on toast. Garnish with green peas.

Stuffed Eggs

Cut hard-boiled eggs in halves. Remove the yolks, setting the whites aside. Mash yolks, season with salt and pepper, and any desired cold meat or chicken chopped very fine, or cheese. Moisten with melted butter or salad dressing. Refill the whites with this mixture.

Poached Eggs

Serve poached eggs on mounds of boiled or steamed rice, with tomato sauce.

Cover slices of toast with mushrooms salted in butter. Place a poached egg on each. Pour over them white sauce seasoned with cheese.

Fried Eggs

Serve fried eggs in the centre of a latter, surrounded by a border of riced potato, and around that a border of potato, and aroun dthat a border of green peas and slices of broiled ripe tomatoes.

Baked Eggs

Butter a baking dish. Break eggs carefully into it. Season with salt and pepper and grated cheese if desired, and place in the oven till whites are firm.

Eggs in Potato Nests

Make cakes of mashed potato, seasoned well. Make a depression in the centre of each. In this drop an egg. Place in the oven till the egg is cooked.

Scoop enough pulp from ripe tomatoes to make room for an egg carefully dropped in each. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, and cook in a baking dish in the oven till the whites of the eggs are firm.

Scrambled Eggs

Use tomato sauce in place of milk in scrambling eggs.

Add cooked diced bacon to scrambled eggs.

Add sauted mushrooms to scrambled eggs, and serve on toast.

SOME APPETIZING BREAKFAST RECIPES

Many consider breakfast the most important meal of the day, and while eggs are generally the most popular item on the breakfast bill of fare, yet there are many other delightful appetizing items to consider, a few of which are listed here below:

Cocoanut and Cornmeal Waffles

Beat two eggs until light, add two cupfuls of sour milk or buttermilk, two cupfuls of flour sifted with one teaspoonful each of baking powder, salt and sugar; melt one tablespoonful each of butter and lard and add them with one teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in one tablespoonful of warm water, one-fourth cupful of cornmeal and one-half cupful of chopped cocoanut. Mix carefully and cook on hot, well-greased waffle irons. Serve hot with butter and syrup.

Cream Toast with Cheese

Sprinkle hot toasted bread thickly with grated cheese, and place in a moderate oven until the cheese melts. Pour over white sauce and serve hot.

Another method is to cook one tablespoonful of flour in two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, add one teaspoonful of salt, and gradually stir in one pint of hot milk or cream. Stir until it thickens, then pour over slices of dry toast. Sprinkle over with grated cheese and serve hot.

Fried Hominy Slices

Pack some boiled hominy very closely in a greased bread pan. Cool, cut into thick slices, and fry in hot fat. Serve on hot platter alone or with chops.

The Frequent Cause of Nervous Breakdown

NOTHING so certainly breaks down the nervous system as constant straining of the eyes.

You may think that sewing is light work and wonder why it tires you.

It is the strain on the eyes.

The controlling of the sight is the most delicate work of the nervous system and when there is strain on the eyes there is an enormous waste of nervous energy.

There are times when it seems necessary to stick at this work for long hours and to sew by artificial light, but you may have to pay for it by a nervous breakdown.

It is then well to know about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, as a means of restoring a run-down nervous system.

Whatever may be the cause of your nervous breakdown, it has been demonstrated in many thousands of cases that there is nothing like Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to restore the depleted nerve cells.

Headaches, tired feelings, sleeplessness, indigestion, lack of energy and appetite are some of the indications of an exhausted condition of the nerves.

Your digestive system is failing to supply the necessary nutrition to the blood and nerves, so it becomes necessary to employ such restorative treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Rest will help. Eating only wholesome, nutritious food will benefit. But restoration is very greatly hastened and ensured by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. 50 cts., a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. On every box of the genuine you will find the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author.

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In Natural Wool, finest Cashmere and Light Weight Wool. Every garment unshrinkable—every garment of the popular Mercury quality.

If your dealer does not sell Mercury lines, send us his name.

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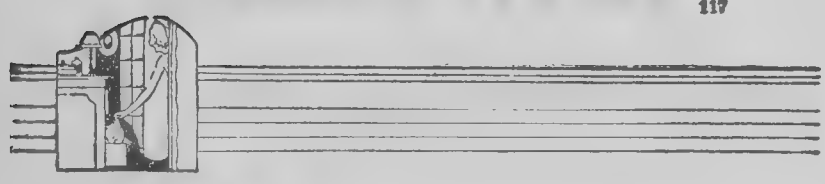

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Correspondence

CAN YOU OBLIGE?

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I have been going to write for a long time, but it seemed I always kept putting it off till now.

Haven't we had a very severe winter. It has been terribly cold around here, but spring will surely be with us soon and we will forget our troubles through the winter.

I agree with what "Lover of Home" says about dancing. I enjoy reading the stories in "The Western Home Monthly." Do any of the members take the "Illustrated Companion?" I would like to get the August, 1919, number. I would be very thankful if anyone would send it to me. My address is with the Editor.

Morning Glory.

A FARMER AND TRAPPER

Dear Editor and Readers:—

May a lonely bachelor of twenty become a member of your jolly circle? I have only been a reader of your fine paper for a short time. I left England 12 years ago, and have been in Canada 10 years. I like Canada.

Spring will soon be here, and I expect, like myself, you will all be glad to see it. I am a farmer and trapper. I like trapping very much, and do a lot of it. In the summer my uncle and I work the farm, and in the winter I go trapping, and uncle looks after the farm himself. It is a stock farm we have. I am very fond of hunting, shooting, etc., and do a lot of it.

I agree with "Canadian Girl." I think her letter was just right.

I have a folding camera and take snaps. I would like to hear from some of the girl readers. My address is with the Editor.

Love Sick Farmer.

NOT FROZEN

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I have been an interested reader of your page for some time, so I thought I would now write a letter.

I live in the country and am certainly having a good time. I enjoy and join in all sports.

I am sure everyone will be glad when summer comes, as the winter has been so long. We have had seven months of it now, and we shall be glad to see green grass and flowers again.

I wish to say that the English brides have been welcomed in this district. We have not been "frozen" as "Ex-Sergeant" says. I don't think he can know Canadian girls very well. I wish he would come out to our part of the country for a while.

I must close before I make my letter too long. Would like to correspond with any members of my own age (17). I will sign myself,

Curls.

THE FREE JOLLY GIRLS

Dear Editor and Readers:—

For several months I have been an interested reader of "The Western Home Monthly," and consider it a very fine paper indeed. I notice there has been some discussion this last while about the frivolous kind of girls who go with the boys for the good time they get only. Now I think some of our readers have been rather hard on these kind of girls. Myself I think it is quite all right for a girl to go out with a boy of an evening, and have a good time, even if they don't ever intend to get married and I also think a great many will agree with me when I say a young fellow is a great deal better off with the company of a girl than with a bunch of his chums. Now, as for the money question. If any of the writers would like their girl to pay their own way, why, I wouldn't care to be in their boots at that time. After all, it only amounts to a few dollars, and what is money if not to spend. I like the free jolly girl who can have a good time wherever she may be, and not the one who thinks she must not look at a boy unless she intends to marry him.

I will close now, hoping to see my letter in print in the near future. My address is with the Editor.

Happy-go-lucky.

GIRLS, GET BUSY

Dear Editor and Readers:—

For two years I have been a reader of "The Western Home Monthly," and enjoy reading its stories and Correspondence Page.

I see that in some districts the girls are taking advantage of leap year and having dances, etc. If the boys here were to wait for the girls to get up a dance we certainly would have to wait. Perhaps it is on account of the cold weather that we have had here that the girls are so "frozen," but we hope that when spring comes they will thaw out.

I am a nineteen year old farmer, five feet ten inches in height, and weigh 186 lbs. I play the violin and accordion. and am fond of dancing, riding and motoring and all other sports. I have three-quarters of a section and fifteen horses. I like farming best of all.

Well, this being my first letter, I think I will close, with best luck to the editor and "The Western Home Monthly" readers.

Violin Lover.

P.S.—My address is with the Editor.

A BOOSTER FOR "THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY"

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I have been a silent reader of "The Western Home Monthly" for a number of years, and thought I would like to write and thank the correspondents for

Continued on Page 63

The captain of the collie football team is taking no chances in the final game of the season.

Correspondence

Continued from Page 62

their interesting letters and the Editor for such nice reading. One could never get as good a magazine for the price, no matter where they may go, and look at the paper it is printed on. No cheap stuff at all. I am one of those western bachelors, and have quite a time sometimes doing my own housekeeping, especially when I am making flapjacks. One morning when I had quite a good batch made, the gander and one of the calves got to fighting, and I had to go out and separate them. When I came back, what do you think, the dog had just got away with the last flapjack. Won't some of the readers be kind enough to send me a recipe for another batch. The Editor has my name and address.

A Lonely Bach.

MY SECRET

By Grace G. Bostwick

It is such a little thing—my secret—and yet it has changed the world of dear people for me. It has made over my own life and given me an insight into the hearts of others, which makes them altogether lovable in my eyes.

Look for the good that is in everyone! That is all there is to it.

When you are looking for the good, you cannot see evil, for you can see only one thing at a time. And the way in which goodness leaps toward you, in response, is truly marvelous. I have seen a crabbed, sour face that was lined with wrinkles or bitterness melt like icicles in the sunshine before this resolute attitude of mind. I have seen that face smile tenderly and tears of compassion rise to the eyes that had been so prone to enmity. This, too, with a total stranger myself hunting for a room in which to live, with nothing at all to repay such kindly interest but loving thought.

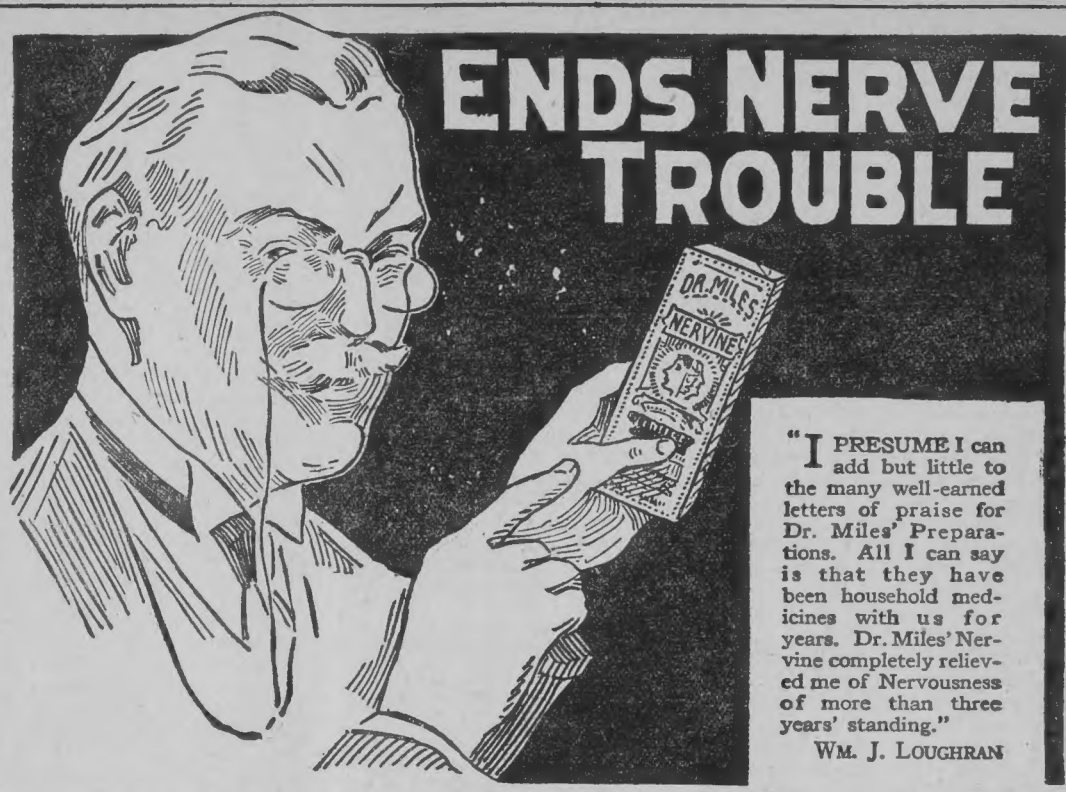
I have met with friendship among people of the highest classes as well as the lowest, during periods of seeming poverty, garbed in clothing that was shabby to the last degree. Why? Simply because I saw the sweetness within, and it leaped to meet me. I have conquered business difficulties with this same attitude, seeing only justice and consideration in place of the wrong intent that seemed so apparent.

I have found that one of the soundest principles of existence is that what we give out to the world in our own thought is exactly what we receive.

Oddly enough, when this attitude of receptiveness to good in others is cultivated, the petty characteristics of humanity, such as envy, pride, hatred, covetousness, criticism, jealousy, self-pity and self-love, seem to depart of their own accord, taking with them their baggage, which is discouragement, depression, wretchedness and unhappiness generally. Even the bodily health shows marked improvement, for it is a well-known fact to modern science that whatever adds to the wholesome content of the mental life also correspondingly affects the physical.

Now, after several years of this reformed way of thinking, I find that I rarely catch myself looking upon another with a thought of criticism. I, who used to pride myself on my critical faculty—thinking absurdly enough as I see now, that it denoted intellect—find that the good in humanity of every class and station is paramount. It is, in fact, the reality. It has become second nature to me to see the human heart as it really is under all the superficial faults of mankind—wholly good, and I wonder how I ever managed to live under my old ways of thinking.

It is "bearing no false witness" against my neighbor in my own thought that has been my salvation and my inspiration. And this, I believe, is the secret of happiness—as it is of brotherhood.



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WM. J. LOUGHRAN

DR MILES' NERVINE

LIKE the man who wrote the above, many people have found that Dr. Miles Nervine gives wonderful relief from troubles caused by irregularities of the nervous system.

Dr. Miles Nervine is the result of exhaustive study and research by a specialist in diseases of the Nerves and Brain. Therefore, we have no hesitancy in recommending it to you, if you suffer from Headache, Epilepsy, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Neuralgia and other diseases caused by a deranged nervous system.

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The Dr. Miles Guarantee:
If you think Dr. Miles Nervine is suited to your case, buy one bottle from your druggist, and take it as directed. If you are not benefited, return the empty bottle and he will return your money. We do not guarantee that it will cure you, but we do guarantee to return your money if you are no benefited.

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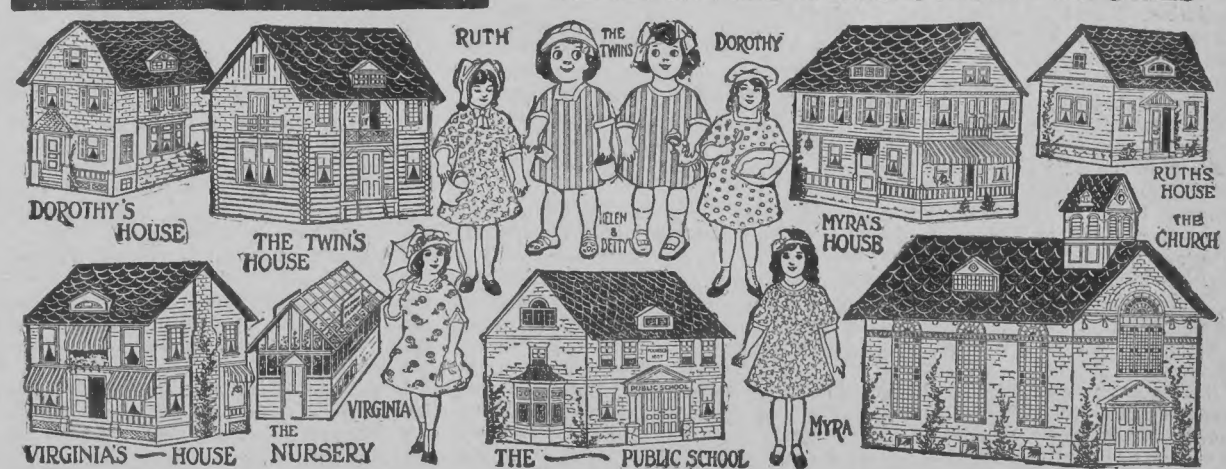

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GIRLS—We are giving you all these wonderful prizes free to introduce "Daintees," our delightful New, Cream Candy Coated Breath Perfume. Just send your name and address to-day and we will send you Free a big sample package to try yourself and with it just 35 big handsome packages to introduce among your friends at only 10c each. Open your sample package and ask all your friends to try a "Daintee." They'll like them so much that everyone will buy a couple of packages at once. Just one or two little "Daintees" instantly sweeten the breath, purify the mouth, and they are irresistibly delicious. You'll sell them all in an hour. It is easy. Then return our money, only $3.50, and we will immediately send you this complete outfit just as shown above—and all 27 other pieces to arrange the pretty village. Moreover, we will pay all delivery charges. Write to-day, girls. Don't lose a minute. Address: 18D

Gold Dollar Mfg. Co., Dept. V39 Toronto, Ont.

A Case of Natural Selection

Continued from page 4

ready simultaneously for an occasion like this. Usually they took their outings in small groups, which was less of a strain on the family properties such as hair ribbons, neckties, sashes, and the like, and much better for the disposition of Jim Schwind, who hated confusion.

When Elvira Middleton appeared there was a gasp of admiration. She was clad in pink silk, with shoes and stockings to match, and her naturally straight hair was in a riot of curls and crimps.

Rumors of the impending photograph had circulated through the Alley, and by the time the Schwinds were ready to start for the studio the neighbors were stationed at windows and doors. The procession was marshalled by Eloise, wheeling the twins, and flanked on either side by Mr. and Mrs. Schwind. Since little Mabel's funeral they had not been out as a family and they were not unconscious of the attention they attracted.

Facetious bystanders made the usual personal remarks. One genial person shouted:

"Say, are they all yours, or is it a Sunday School picnic?"

And Jim drew himself up with pride and answered loudly:

"They're all mine, you bet!"

Brady was much impressed with the importance of the occasion when told of the contest. He tried solicitously to give them his best work, taking them standing and sitting, and as a series of steps.

"Mother of Pearl!" she cried. "I'm tremblin' like I was goin' to the dentist."

He also gave them a choice of several backgrounds. On the whole, Mrs. Schwind felt that never before had she so completely received her money's worth.

On the Monday, when the proofs arrived, there was much excitement in the Alley. Helene, carrying a foaming pail from Tom Murphy's met the postman. After a glance at the envelope, she started on a run, screaming shrilly:

"The picture, Ma, the picture!"

The other Schwinds, who were playing throughout the street, with one accord started for the house. In the scramble, the twins, Royal and Patricia, were dumped from the baby carriage by the eager Eloise. It took several minutes to restore tranquillity. Then, in the order of their ages, they were each allowed one look. Presently Mrs. Middleton and Elvira appeared.

"It's more natural than life," declared Mrs. Middleton, "and Elvira shows up real good too."

"It was nice of you to give us the advantage of her," said Mrs. Schwind gratefully. "I kinder hated not to get credit for Mabel that had ammonia of the lungs."

"Have you got to write their names underneath?"

"Jim's going to do that," Mrs. Schwind answered with pride. "He's been takin' lessons over to the Settlement. Eloise, run over and ask Miss Howard for the lend of an envelope, a pen and a bottle of ink. Tell her it's a matter of big importance and we'll return the ink tomorrow. Helene, take this proof back to Brady and tell him to send it as quick as he can."

The picture arrived the following day. It took the entire evening and the combined efforts of the family to get it ready for the Elite Ladies' World. The four weeks that followed seemed very long to the waiting Schwinds. The postman had agreed that when he had something for them he would whistle three times as soon as he entered the Alley. At first the children stationed themselves to watch, but as the days passed their interest flagged and they resumed their usual games. At last a day came when the postman actually did whistle. Mrs. Schwind was so startled that she sank into a chair, her hand over her heart.

"Mother of Pearl!" she cried. "I'm tremblin' like I was going to the dentist."

By the time that Helene entered the house, carrying a letter and a small package, the news had gone forth. Since everyone knew of the contest, the Schwinds' friends lost no time in presenting themselves to hear the result. In her excitement, Mrs. Middleton came with her dust pan and broom. The children stationed themselves around their mother, who handed the letter to Eloise to read. It seemed an eternity before she succeeded in opening the envelope. Then she read in her shrill little voice:

My Dear Mr. and Mrs. Schwind,

We are in receipt of your splendid photograph, and on behalf of Mr. Thomas Blackwell, the Elite Ladies' World congratulates you upon your large and fine-looking family.

The response to our prize offer has been most generous. In fact, owing to the large number of pictures submitted it has been difficult to award the prize. Since a family from Eau Claire, Wisconsin, presented a photograph containing exactly the same number of children as yours, we were obliged to depart from our custom of rewarding the family as a whole, and decide between the merits of individual children.

After deliberation and consultation, we have awarded our prize to your particularly beautiful little girl of eleven years. Although the other children are attractive in looks, Elvira leads them all in her appearance of perfect and blooming health. We therefore send, under separate cover, a gold medal with the name "Elvira" engraved upon it.

With best wishes for your continued prosperity, we beg to remain, Very sincerely yours,

The Elite Ladies' World.

The atmosphere was vibrant with constraint that was almost consternation. Disappointment was written on the faces of the children, and the neighbors dared not express the sympathy they felt. Mrs. Middleton struggled nobly to hide her look of pride and satisfaction. Mrs. Schwind herself was the first to recover, and it was she who broke the embarrassing silence. She glanced affectionately at the twelve little Schwinds circled around her and against the wall.

"Now what do you think of that?" she began. "I was just wondering how I could ever pay Mrs. Middleton for the lend of Elvira. Helene, hand the bundle to her— She's welcome to the prize and she deserves it. Elvira is the prettiest, and being an only child, of course she's the healthiest, too. But," she continued, a hint of patronage in her tone, "for my part, I've always said it was a woman's duty to have plenty of children, although I have heard tell that the fewer you have, the healthier they are."

Worms in children, if they be not attended to, cause convulsions, and often death. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will protect the children from these distressing afflictions.

How I Learned to Swim

Continued from Page 13

earnest, and I began to plead and cry. Of course this was just what they wanted and they teased me all the more. Fear will often give one courage, and I guess that is what happened in my case, for when one of the boys stood up in a threatening attitude, I jumped over the edge of the boat into the clear water, through which I could see the bottom of the river. The water was much deeper than it looked here, and down, down I went until my feet touched the bottom, then I came up again. In the meanwhile the boys had been rowing, and when I came to the top the boat was at least ten yards away. I hoped some one would catch me and pull me into the boat, but no one could reach me, so down I went again, never expecting to come up. It would surprise you how many things even a small boy can think of when so close to death. I remember quite well how sorry I knew my sister would feel when she heard I was drowned. I also thought how disobedient I had always been, and in fact a million things seemed to run through my brain in a few seconds. But to go on with my story. For the second time I went down until my feet touched bottom, and then came up again, and this time I tried to paddle and kick, and did so well that I worked my way into water only up to my waist. Of course I was very weak by this time, and also nearly frightened to death, but after lying on the shore for half an hour I felt able to walk home. I had to tell my sister of my narrow escape, and I got a scolding for my disobedience, but she spared the slipper as she thought I had had lesson enough for one day. I had not only learned a lesson in that way, but I had learned to swim, at least I had learned what I could do when I had to. I have always tried to remember since that you can do anything if you must, and that lots of things that seem impossible are easy if we only try to do them with all our hearts.

I hope no one will try jumping in the lake to learn to swim just because they have read this story. They might not be as fortunate as I was, but I wrote this to show that success in life rests entirely in ourselves, and the confidence we have in ourselves.

The Planting of the Home Garden

Continued from Page 51

a large one buy the seeds by the ounce, but for a small plot, one packet of parsnips should sow a thirty foot row; 1 ounce of beet seed; ½ ounce of onion; 1 packet of carrot and 1½ lbs of onion setts will seed the thirty foot drill. Early cabbage and cauliflower and tomatoes are better set out as transplants, and twelve plants may be set in a thirty foot row. Beans and cucumbers, squash and pumpkins, as well as corn, must not be planted until the early spring frosts are a thing of the past (the last week in May or early June) as all these seeds germinate quickly, especially when the earth is warm and the June rains have commenced. About this time late cabbage and cauliflower, perhaps a packet of tomatoes should be sown in the open.

Transplants freeze so easily it is well to wait until June 12 to 15, before risking them. In this country squash or cucumbers may be planted in the drill where early lettuce, mustard and radishes have been pulled. Of course, these vines all need to be sown in hills placed 5 feet apart, plant 6 seeds in a hill. A little stable manure placed in the bottom of the hill ensures a better growth in the vine vegetables, such as marrows and cucumbers.

One of the most successful growers of potatoes, near Winnipeg, tells me he always plants his potatoes with manure in the drill, and has proven a better crop can thus be secured, in either a wet or dry season in Manitoba. So I pass on the "tip." Everybody enjoys potatoes about Dominion Day, or thereabouts, fresh from the garden, so a half bushel of early "spuds" should be planted in hills early in May. Sometimes Jack Frost will singe them severely, but they will survive a spring frost as a general rule, then the later crop should be planted the latter part of May.

Peppers can be grown successfully some seasons, and musk and water melons grew splendidly last season, but a short, cool summer does not suit them, they will not mature or ripen.

A bed of sweet herbs should find a corner in the garden. Parsley; summer savory; mint; thyme and sage are all delightful herbs. The bed should be well enriched, and hand-raked very fine and smooth. The seeds are tiny, therefore need careful sowing, and the soil barely dusted over them. Parsley takes a long time to germinate, but the other herbs grow quickly.

Celery, many people do not care to grow, finding its culture more difficult than other vegetables. A box of celery plants, say 5 or 6 dozen, should be set out in the home garden. A trench or deep drill made to set them in, 8 to 10 inches apart. Water well, and as they grow gradually work the soil up on the roots, always hilling them up to blanch the roots and make them shapely and firm.

A small hand roller is useful in the garden to "firm" in the seeds, such as onion and beets, etc. An old barrel may be utilized in this way.

In closing I must urge frequent weeding during the rapid growing season. Do not let the weeds get ahead of you, then gardening is a pleasure.

Through the Maritimes

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century. This is a testimony more authoritative and authentic than any other that has been so far discovered on New World soil. There is every reason to believe, so I was told, that the Vinland of the Northman was none other than Nova Scotia; and here at the southwest corner of the Province are several sea-cleaving headlands, one of which may have been that "Keelness" on which Leif Ericson built himself the first ship fashioned on the shores of the New World. Five centuries later, when Champlain had shown the French the way to Acadie, settlements sprang up about this southwest corner of the peninsula, where the climate was mild and the harvest of the fisheries rich. Yarmouth is picturesquely situated along a slope parallel with the harbor, which is a beautiful piece of water at high tide. Across the harbor are bold, wooded slands, and wide flats which the flood tide transforms to a placid lake. The houses of Yarmouth are almost invariably surrounded by well-kept hedges to which the cool, moist air imparts a delicious and lasting greenness. These omnipresent hedges are one of the first features to catch the visitor's eye, especially if he has come from sere August landscapes.

GOOD EVIDENCE

One day a teacher was having a first-grade class in physiology. She asked them if they knew that there was a burning fire in the body all of the time. One little girl spoke up and said:

"Yes'm, when it is a cold day I can see the smoke.—National Monthly.

WHO WOULDN'T BE AMAZED?

A freshman in a New York university who was asked to write a theme on his first impressions of the city began with this: "The most amazing sight I ever saw was the sky-scrapers of New York crossing the Hudson River on a ferryboat." Such optical illusions are not uncommon.

THE MOST FAMILIAR CONE

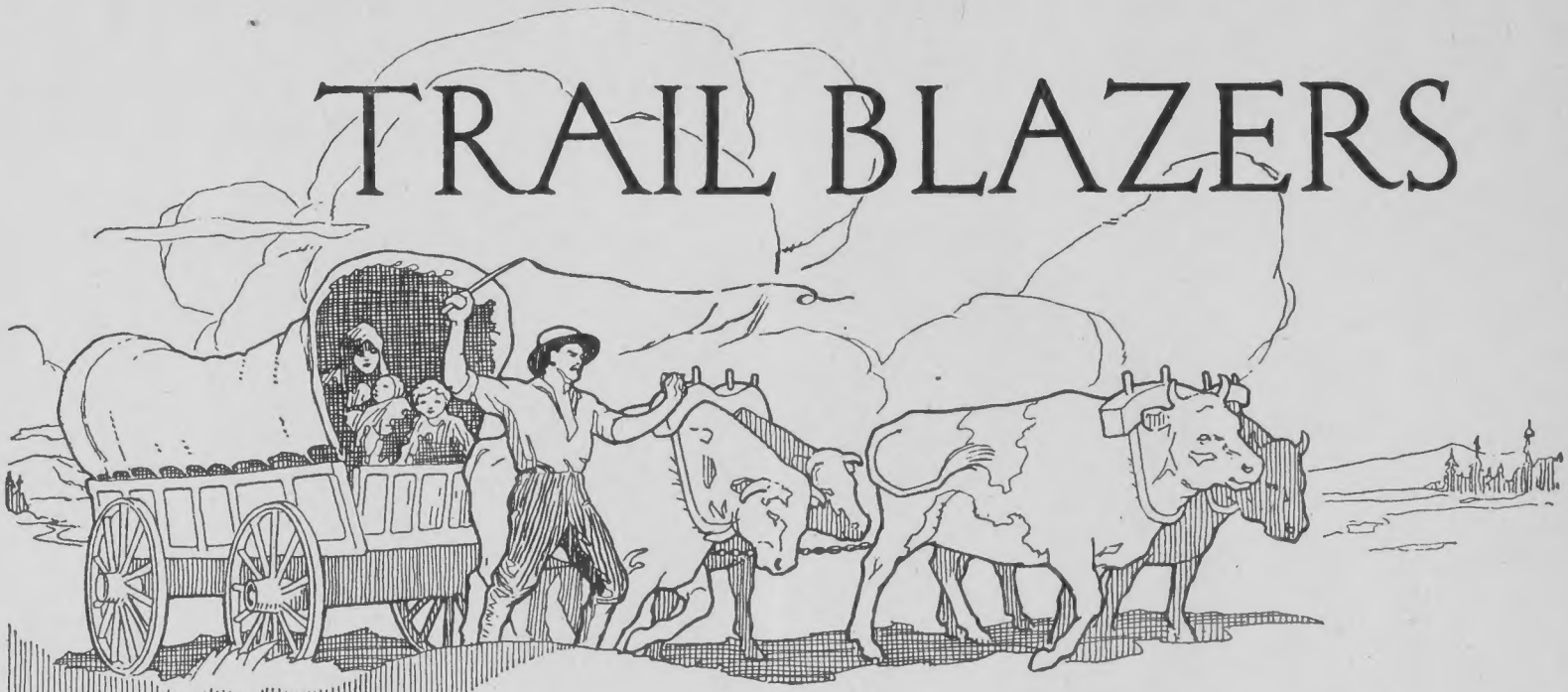
Teacher.—"Johnny, what is a cube?"

Johnny.—A cube is a solid, surrounded by six equal squares."

Teacher.—"Right! Willie, what is a cone?"

Willie.—A cone? Why—a cone is—er—a funnel stuffed with ice cream."—The Christian Intelligencer.

TRAIL BLAZERS



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